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THE
W O R K S

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

A NEW EDITION,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

WITH

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR LUKE WHITE,

1793.



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OF THE

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THE
L I V E S
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

S W I F T.

AN account of Dr. Swift has been already collected, with great diligence and acuteness, by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to say much of a life, concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying his narrations with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment.

JONATHAN SWIFT was, according to an account said to be * written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667 : according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire †.

* Mr. Sheridan in his life of Swift observes, that this account was really written by the Dean, and now exists in his own handwriting in the library of Dublin College. R.

† Spence's Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 273.

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During

During his life the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish; but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it.

Whatever was his birth, his education was Irish. He was sent at the age of six to the school at Kilkenny, and in his fifteenth year (1682) was admitted into the University of Dublin.

In his academical studies he was either not diligent or not happy. It must disappoint every reader's expectation, that, when at the usual time he claimed the Batchelorship of Arts, he was found by the examiners too conspicuously deficient for regular admission, and obtained his degree at last by *special favour*; a term used in that university to denote want of merit.

Of this disgrace it may be easily supposed that he was much ashamed, and shame had its proper effect in producing reformation. He resolved from that time to study eight hours a-day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his story well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encouragement to men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

In this course of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin; and in this time, if the observation of an old companion may be trusted, he drew the first sketch of his "Tale of a Tub."

When he was about one-and-twenty (1688), being by the death of Godwin Swift his uncle, who had supported him, left without subsistence, he went to consult his mother, who then lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life; and by her direction solicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of Mrs. Swift's relations, and whose father Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendship with Godwin Swift, by whom Jonathan had been to that time maintained.

Temple received with sufficient kindness the nephew of his father's friend, with whom he was; when they conversed together, so much pleased, that he detained him
two

two years in his house. Here he became known to King William, who sometimes visited Temple when he was disabled by the gout, and, being attended by Swift in the garden, shewed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way.

King William's notions were all military; and he expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horse.

When Temple removed to Moor-park, he took Swift with him; and when he was consulted by the Earl of Portland about the expedience of complying with a bill then depending for making parliaments triennial, against which King William was strongly prejudiced, after having in vain tried to shew the Earl that the proposal involved nothing dangerous to royal power, he sent Swift for the same purpose to the King. Swift, who probably was proud of his employment, and went with all the confidence of a young man, found his arguments, and his art of displaying them, made totally ineffectual by the pre-determination of the King; and used to mention this disappointment as his first antidote against vanity.

Before he left Ireland he contracted a disorder, as he thought, by eating too much fruit. The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every body eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience. The disease of Swift was giddiness with deafness, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave, deprived of reason.

Being much oppressed at Moor-park by this grievous malady, he was advised to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding no benefit, returned to Sir William, at whose house he continued his studies, and is known to have read, among other books, "Cyprian" and "Irenæus." He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run half a mile up and down a hill every two hours.

It is easy to imagine that the mode in which his first degree was conferred, left him no great fondness for the University of Dublin, and therefore he resolved to become a Master of Arts at Oxford. In the testimonial which he produced, the words of disgrace were omitted; and he took his Master's degree (July 5, 1692) with such reception and regard as fully contented him.

While he lived with Temple, he used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless

some violence of weather drove him into a waggon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moorpark deserved some other recompense than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Temple's conversation; and grew so impatient, that (1694) he went away in discontent.

Temple, conscious of having given reason for complaint, is said to have made him Deputy Master of the Rolls in Ireland; which, according to his kinsman's account, was an office which he knew him not able to discharge. Swift therefore resolved to enter into the Church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the Factory at Lisbon; but being recommended to Lord Capel, he obtained the prebend of *Kilroot* in *Connor*, of about a hundred pounds a year.

But the infirmities of Temple made a companion like Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment, in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift complied, having perhaps equally repented their separation, and they lived on together with mutual satisfaction; and, in the four years that passed between his return and Temple's death, it is probable that he wrote the "Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books."

Swift began early to think, or to hope, that he was a poet, and wrote Pindaric Odes to Temple, to the King, and to the Athenian Society, a knot of obscure men*, who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed to be sent, by Letters. I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;" and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he had obtained, from King

* The Publisher of this Collection was John Dunton. R.

William, a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster or Canterbury.

That this promise might not be forgotten, Swift dedicated to the King the posthumous works with which he was intrusted; but neither the dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom he once had treated with confidence and fondness, revived in King William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the Court; but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkeley to accompany him into Ireland, as his private secretary; but after having done the business till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the Earl that a Clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. In a man like Swift, such circumvention and inconstancy must have excited violent indignation.

But he had yet more to suffer. Lord Berkeley had the disposal of the deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the secretary's influence, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, it was bestowed on somebody else; and Swift was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath, which together did not equal half the value of the deanery.

At Laracor he increased the parochial duty by reading prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profession with great decency and exactness.

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, who, in consideration of her father's virtues, left her a thousand pounds. With her came Mrs. Dingley, whose whole fortune was twenty-seven pounds a year for her life. With these Ladies he passed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his bosom; but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the Parsonage, when Swift was away; and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighbouring clergyman.

Swift was not one of those minds which amaze the world with early pregnancy: his first work, except his few poetical Essays, was the "Dissensions in Athens and Rome," published (1701) in his thirty-fourth year. After its appearance, paying a visit to some bishop, he heard mention made of the new pamphlet that Burnet had written, replete
with

with political knowledge. When he seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the Bishop, that he was "a young man;" and, still persisting to doubt, that he was "a very positive young man."

Three years afterwards (1704) was published "The Tale of a Tub:" of this book charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of peculiar character, without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence; but no other claimant can be produced, and he did not deny it when Archbishop Sharpe and the Dukes of Somerset, by shewing it to the Queen, debarred him from a bishopric.

When this wild work first raised the attention of the public, Sacheverell, meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation, "Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that ever we shall have, should hire me to write the 'Tale of a Tub'."

The digressions relating to Wotton and Bentley must be confessed to discover want of knowledge, or want of integrity; he did not understand the two controversies, or he willingly misrepresented them. But Wit can stand its ground against Truth only a little while. The honours due to Learning have been justly distributed by the decision of posterity.

"The Battle of the Books" is so like the "Combat des Livres," which the same question concerning the Ancients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts without communication is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned*.

For some time after Swift was probably employed in solitary study, gaining the qualifications requisite for future eminence. How often he visited England, and with what diligence he attended his parishes, I know not. It was not till about four years afterwards that he became a professed author; and then one year (1708) produced "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man;" the ridicule

* See Sheridan's Life, p. 451, where are some remarks on this passage. R.

of Astrology under the name of "Bickerstaff;" the "Argument against abolishing Christianity;" and the defence of the "Sacramental Test."

"The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man" is written with great coolness, moderation, ease, and perspicuity. The "Argument against abolishing Christianity" is a very happy and judicious irony. One passage in it deserves to be selected.

"If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated, in all points, whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those, whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine, or distinguish themselves, upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left. Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had an hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion."

The reasonableness of a *Test* is not hard to be proved; but perhaps it must be allowed that the proper test has not been chosen.

The attention paid to the papers, published under the name of "Bickerstaff," induced Steele, when he projected the "Tatler," to assume an appellation which had already gained possession of the reader's notice.

In the year following he wrote a "Project for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to Lady Berkeley; by whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices. To this project, which is formed with great purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance, it can only be objected, that, like many projects, it is, if not generally impracticable, yet evidently hopeless,

as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting.

He wrote likewise this year a "Vindication of Bickerstaff;" and an explanation of an "Ancient Prophecy," part written after the facts, and the rest never completed, but well planned to excite amazement.

Soon after began the busy and important part of Swift's life. He was employed (1710) by the primate of Ireland to solicit the Queen for a remission of the First Fruits and Twentieth Parts to the Irish Clergy. With this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley, to whom he was mentioned as a man neglected and oppressed by the last ministry, because he had refused to co-operate with some of their schemes. What he had refused, has never been told; what he had suffered was, I suppose, the exclusion from a bishopric by the remonstrances of Sharpe, whom he describes as "the harmless tool of other's hate," and whom he represents as afterwards, "suing for pardon.

Harley's designs and situation were such as made him glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service; he therefore soon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence some have made a doubt; but it would have been difficult to excite his zeal without persuading him that he was trusted, and not very easy to delude him by false persuasions.

He was certainly admitted to those meetings in which the first hints and original plan of action are supposed to have been formed; and was one of the sixteen Ministers, or agents of the Ministry, who met weekly at each other's houses, and were united by the name of "Brother."

Being not immediately considered as an obdurate Tory, he conversed indiscriminately with all the wits, and was yet the friend of Steele; who, in the "Tatler," which began in April 1709, confesses the advantage of his conversation, and mentions something contributed by him to his paper. But he was now immersing into political controversy; for the year 1710 produced the "Examiner," of which Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage; for where a wide system of conduct, and the whole of a public character, is laid open to enquiry, the accuser having the choice of facts, must be very unskilful if he does not prevail; but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will

will be found equal to those by which Addison opposed him*.

He wrote in the year 1711 a "Letter to the October Club," a number of Tory Gentlemen sent from the country to Parliament, who formed themselves into a club, to the number of about a hundred, and met to animate the zeal and raise the expectations of each other. They thought, with great reason, that the ministers were losing opportunities; that sufficient use was not made of the ardour of the nation; they called loudly for more changes, and stronger efforts; and demanded the punishment of part, and the dismissal of the rest, of those whom they considered as public robbers.

Their eagerness was not gratified by the Queen, or by Harley. The Queen was probably slow because she was afraid; and Harley was slow because he was doubtful: he was a Tory only by necessity, or for convenience; and, when he had power in his hands, had no settled purpose for which he should employ it; forced to gratify to a certain degree the Tories who supported him, but unwilling to make his reconciliation to the Whigs utterly desperate, he corresponded at once with the two expectants of the Crown, and kept, as has been observed, the succession undetermined. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing; and, with the fate of a double dealer, at last he lost his power, but kept his enemies.

Swift seems to have concurred in opinion with the "October Club;" but it was not in his power to quicken the tardiness of Harley, whom he stimulated as much as he could, but with little effect. He that knows not whither to go, is in no haste to move. Harley, who was perhaps not quick by nature, became yet more slow by irresolution; and was content to hear that dilatoriness lamented as natural, which he applauded in himself as politic.

Without the Tories, however, nothing could be done; and as they were not to be gratified, they must be appeased; and the conduct of the Minister, if it could not be vindicated, was to be plausibly excused.

Early in the next year he published a "Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue,"

* Mr. Sheridan however says, that Addison's last Whig Examiner was published Oct. 12, 1711; and Swift's first Examiner, on the 10th of the following November. R.

in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford ; written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate enquiry into the history of other tongues. The certainty and stability which, contrary to all experience, he thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an academy ; the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud, to disobey, and which, being renewed by successive elections, would in a short time have differed from itself.

Swift now attained the zenith of his political importance : he published (1712) the " Conduct of the Allies," ten days before the Parliament assembled. The purpose was to persuade the nation to a peace ; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the General and his friends, and who, as they thought, had made England the arbiters of nations, were confounded between shame and rage, when they found that " mines " had been exhausted, and millions destroyed," to secure the Dutch or aggrandize the Emperor, without any advantage to ourselves ; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel ; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies.

That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough ; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him General for life, had it not become ineffectual by the resolution of Lord Cowper, who refused the seal.

" Whatever is received," say the schools, " is received in proportion to the recipient." The power of a political treatise depends much upon the disposition of the people ; the nation was then combustible, and a spark set it on fire. It is boasted, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold : a great number at that time, when we were not yet a nation of readers. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furnished arguments for conversation, speeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary resolutions.

Yet, surely, whoever surveys this wonder-working pamphlet with cool perusal, will confess that its efficacy was supplied

plied by the passions of its readers; that it operates by the mere weight of facts, with very little assistance from the hand that produced them.

This year (1712) he published his "Reflections on the Barrier Treaty," which carries on the design of his "Conduct of the Allies," and shews how little regard in that negotiation had been shewn to the interest of England, and how much of the conquered country had been demanded by the Dutch.

This was followed by "Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third Volume of the History of the Reformation;" a pamphlet which Burnet published as an alarm, to warn the nation of the approach of Popery. Swift, who seems to have disliked the Bishop with something more than political aversion, treats him like one whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.

Swift, being now the declared favourite and supposed confidant of the Tory Ministry, was treated by all that depended on the Court with the respect which dependents know how to pay. He soon began to feel part of the misery of greatness; he that could say that he knew him, considered himself as having fortune in his power. Commissions, solicitations, remonstrances, crowded about him; he was expected to do every man's business, to procure employment for one, and to retain it for another. In assisting those who addressed him, he represents himself as sufficiently diligent; and desires to have others believe, what he probably believed himself, that by his interposition many Whigs of merit, and among them Addison and Congreve; were continued in their places. But every man of known influence has so many petitions which he cannot grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he gratifies, because the preference given to one affords all the rest reason for complaint. "When I give away a place," said Lewis XIV. "I make an hundred discontented, and one ungrateful."

Much has been said of the equality and independence which he preserved in his conversation with the Ministers, of the frankness of his remonstrances, and the familiarity of his friendship. In accounts of this kind a few single incidents are set against the general tenour of behaviour. No man, however, can pay a more servile tribute to the Great, than by suffering his liberty in their presence to aggrandize him in his own esteem. Between different ranks
of

of the community there is necessarily some distance: he who is called by his superior to pass the interval, may properly accept the invitation; but petulance and obtrusion are rarely produced by magnanimity; nor have often any nobler cause than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himself necessary may set, while that necessity lasts, a high value upon himself; as, in a lower condition, a servant eminently skilful may be saucy; but he is saucy only because he is servile. Swift appears to have preserved the kindness of the Great when they wanted him no longer; and therefore it must be allowed, that the childish freedom, to which he seems enough inclined, was overpowered by his better qualities.

His disinterestedness had been likewise mentioned; a strain of heroism, which would have been in his condition romantic and superfluous. Ecclesiastical benefices, when they become vacant, must be given away; and the friends of Power may, if there be no inherent disqualification, reasonably expect them. Swift accepted (1713) the deanery of St. Patrick, the best preferment that his friends could venture to give him. That Ministry was in a great degree supported by the Clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of the "Tale of a Tub," and would not without much discontent and indignation have born to see him installed in an English Cathedral.

He refused, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford; but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thousand upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, "*multa gemens, with many a groan.*"

In the midst of his power and his politics, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with Ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befel him was interesting, and no accounts could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the presence of the Dean, may be reasonably doubted: they have, however, some odd attraction; the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed he can hardly complain. It is easy to perceive, from every page, that though ambition pressed Swift into
a life

a life of bustle, the wish for a life of ease was always returning.

He went to take possession of his deanery as soon as he had obtained it; but he was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increased, and which Bolingbroke appeared to retain in his last years.

Swift contrived an interview, from which they both departed discontented: he procured a second, which only convinced him that the feud was irreconcilable: he told them his opinion, that all was lost. This denunciation was contradicted by Oxford; but Bolingbroke whispered that he was right.

Before this violent dissension had shattered the Ministry, Swift had published, in the beginning of the year (1714), "The public Spirit of the Whigs," in answer to "The Crisis," a pamphlet for which Steele was expelled from the House of Commons. Swift was now so far alienated from Steele, as to think him no longer entitled to decency, and therefore treats him sometimes with contempt, and sometimes with abhorrence.

In this pamphlet the Scotch were mentioned in terms so provoking to that irritable nation, that, resolving "not to be offended with impunity," the Scotch Lords in a body demanded an audience of the Queen, and solicited reparation. A proclamation was issued, in which three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the author. From this storm he was, as he relates, "secured by a sleight;" of what kind, or by whose prudence, is not known; and such was the increase of his reputation, that the Scottish "Nation applied again that he would be their friend."

He was become so formidable to the Whigs, that his familiarity with the Ministers was clamoured at in Parliament, particularly by two men, afterwards of great note, Aislabie and Walpole.

But, by the disunion of his great friends, his importance and designs were now at an end; and seeing his services at last useless, he retired about June (1714) into Berkshire, where, in the house of a friend, he wrote what was then suppressed, but has since appeared under the title of "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs."

While he was waiting in his retirement for events which
time

time or chance might bring to pass, the death of the Queen broke down at once the whole system of Tory politics; and nothing remained but to withdraw from the implacability of triumphant Whiggism, and shelter himself in unenvied obscurity.

The accounts of his reception in Ireland, given by Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, are so different, that the credit of the writers, both undoubtedly veracious, cannot be saved, but by supposing, what I think is true, that they speak of different times. When Delany says, that he was received with respect, he means for the first fortnight, when he came to take legal possession; and when Lord Orrery tells that he was pelted by the populace, he is to be understood of the time when, after the Queen's death, he became a settled resident.

The Archbishop of Dublin gave him at first some disturbance in the exercise of his jurisdiction; but it was soon discovered, that between prudence and integrity he was seldom in the wrong; and that, when he was right, his spirit did not easily yield to opposition.

Having so lately quitted the tumults of a party, and the intrigues of a court, they still kept his thoughts in agitation, as the sea fluctuates a while when the storm has ceased. He therefore filled his hours with some historical attempts, relating to the "Change of the Ministers," and "the Conduct of the Ministry." He likewise is said to have written a "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," which he began in her life-time, and afterwards laboured with great attention, but never published. It was after his death in the hands of Lord Orrery and Dr. King. A book under that title was published, with Swift's name, by Dr. Lucas; of which I can only say, that it seemed by no means to correspond with the notions that I had formed of it, from a conversation which I once heard between the Earl of Orrery and old Mr. Lewis.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might be best accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. It seems that his first recourse was to piety. The thoughts of death rushed upon him, at this time, with such incessant importunity, that they took possession of his mind, when he first waked, for many years together.

He opened his house by a public table two days a week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more
and

and more visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table, but appeared at it as a mere guest, like other ladies.

On other days he often dined, at a stated price, with Mr. Worral, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living, he was first disposed by care to pay some debts which he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity; he was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that eat upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

How he spent the rest of his time, and how he employed his hours of study, has been enquired with hopeless curiosity. For who can give an account of another's studies? Swift was not likely to admit any to his privacies, or to impart a minute account of his business or his leisure.

Soon after (1716), in his forty-ninth year, he was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as Dr. Madden told me, in the garden. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in different houses, as before; nor did she ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness. "It would be difficult," says Lord Orrey, "to prove that they were ever afterwards together without a third person."

The Dean of St Patrick's lived in a private manner, known and regarded only by his friends; till, about the year 1720, he, by a pamphlet, recommended to the Irish the use, and consequently the improvement, of their manufacture. For a man to use the productions of his own labour is surely a natural right, and to like best what he makes himself is a natural passion. But to excite this passion, and enforce this right, appeared so criminal to those who had an interest in the English trade, that the printer was imprisoned; and, as Hawkesworth justly observes, the attention of the public being by this outrageous resentment turned upon the proposal, the author was by consequence made popular.

In 1723 died Mrs. Van Homrigh, a woman made unhappy by her admiration of wit, and ignominiously distinguished

guished by the name of Vanessa, whose conduct has been already sufficiently discussed; and whose history is too well known to be minutely repeated. She was a young woman fond of literature, whom Decanus, the Dean, called *Cadenus* by transposition of the letters, took pleasure in directing and instructing; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then about forty-seven, at an age when vanity is strongly excited by the amorous attention of a young woman. If it be said that Swift should have checked a passion which he never meant to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, "men are but men:" perhaps, however, he did not at first know his own mind, and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honest plea can be found, than that he delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died of disappointment; having ordered, by her will, the poem to be published, in which Cadenus had proclaimed her excellence, and confessed his love. The effect of the publication upon the Dean and Stella is thus related by Delany:

"I have good reason to believe that they both were greatly shocked and distressed (though it may be differently) upon this occasion. The Dean made a tour to the South of Ireland, for about two months, at this time, to dissipate his thoughts, and give place to obloquy. And Stella retired (upon the earnest invitation of the owner) to the house of a cheerful, generous, good-natured friend of the Dean's, whom she also much loved and honoured. There my informer often saw her; and, I have reason to believe, used his utmost endeavours to relieve, support, and amuse her, in this sad situation.

"One little incident he told me of on that occasion, I think I shall never forget. As his friend was an hospitable, open-hearted man, well-beloved, and largely acquainted, it happened one day that some gentlemen dropt in to dinner, who were strangers to Stella's situation; and as the poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was then the general topic of conversation, one of them said, 'Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her.' Mrs. John-

"son

“son smiled, and answered, ‘that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broom-stick’.”

The great acquisition of esteem and influence was made by the “*Drapier’s Letters*” in 1724. One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the Dukes of Munster, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand of halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was impossible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change.

The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater, by agents who gathered up the old halfpence; and was about to turn his brass into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote Letters, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, to shew the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving, gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed; the new coin was universally refused; but the governors of Ireland considered resistance to the King’s patent as highly criminal; and one Whitshed, the Chief Justice, who had tried the printer of the former pamphlet, and sent out the Jury nine times, till by clamour and menaces they were frightened into a special verdict, now presented the *Drapier*, but could not prevail on the Grand Jury to find the bill.

Lord Carteret and the Privy Council published a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for discovering the author of the Fourth Letter. Swift had concealed himself from his printers, and trusted only his butler, who transcribed the paper. The man, immediately after the appearance of the proclamation, strolled from the house, and staid out all night, and part of the next day. There was reason enough to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward; but he came home, and the Dean ordered him to put off his livery, and leave the house; “for,” says he, “I know that my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear,

“either your insolence or negligence.” The man excused his fault with great submission, and begged that he might be confined in the house while it was in his power to endanger his master; but the Dean resolutely turned him out, without taking farther notice of him, till the term of the information had expired, and then received him again. Soon afterwards he ordered him and the rest of his servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler; but that his integrity had made him Mr. Blakeney, verger of St. Patrick’s; an officer whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a year: yet he still continued for some years to serve his old master as his butler*.

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station.

He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. ‘The *Drapier* was a sign; the *Drapier* was a health; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation’s gratitude to the *Drapier*.

The benefit was indeed great; he had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion where the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempts to regulate the coin, Archbishop Boulter, then one of the Justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, “If I had lifted up my “finger, they would have torn you to pieces.”

But the pleasure of popularity was soon interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the *Drapier*’s triumph to decline; and two years

* An account somewhat different from this is given by Mr. Sheridan in his *Life of Swift*, p. 211. R.

afterwards was so wasted with sickness, that her recovery was considered as hopeless.

Swift was then in England, and had been invited by Lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health.

He was now so much at ease, that (1727) he returned to England; where he collected three volumes of *Miscellanies* in conjunction with Pope, who prefixed a querulous and apologetical Preface.

This important year sent likewise into the world "*Gulliver's Travels*," a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the *Flying Island*, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the *Houyhnhms*.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, the news of the King's death arrived; and he kissed the hands of the new King and Queen three days after their accession.

By the Queen, when she was Princess, he had been treated with some distinction, and was well received by her in her exaltation; but whether she gave hopes which she never took care to satisfy, or he formed expectations which she never meant to raise, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with breaking her promise of some medals which she engaged to send him.

I know not whether she had not, in her turn, some reason for complaint. A Letter was sent her, not so much entreating, as requiring her patronage of Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was then begging subscriptions for her Poems. To this Letter was subscribed the name of Swift, and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments; but it was not written in his hand, and had some little improprieties. When he was charged with his Letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improba-

lity of the accusation; but never denied it: he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing*.

He seems desirous enough of recommencing courtier, and endeavoured to gain the kindness of Mrs. Howard, remembering what Mrs. Masham had performed in former times: but his flatteries were like those of other wits, unsuccessful; the Lady either wanted power, or had no ambition of poetical immortality.

He was seized not long afterwards by a fit of giddiness, and again heard of the sickness and danger of Mrs. Johnson. He then left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding "that two sick friends cannot live together;" and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester.

He returned to a home of sorrow: poor Stella was sinking into the grave, and after a languishing decay of about two months, died in her forty-fourth year, on January 28, 1728. How much he wished her life, his papers shew; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved most, aggravated by the consciousness that himself had hastened it.

Beauty and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that woman can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love was, as Delany observes, fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself, different from the general course of things and order of Providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seems resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make "assurance double sure," and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this

* It is but justice to the Dean's memory, to refer to Mr. Sheridan's defence of him from this charge. See the *Life of Swift*, p. 458. R.

state poor Stella was not satisfied ; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she had the appearance of a mistress. She lived fullenly on, in hope that in time he would own and receive her ; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and depravation of his mind made her tell him, that “ it was too late.” She then gave up herself to sorrowful repentment, and died under the tyranny of him, by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honoured.

What were her claims to this excentric tenderness, by which the laws of nature were violated to retain her, curiosity will enquire ; but how shall it be gratified ? Swift was a lover ; his testimony may be suspected. Delany and the Irish saw with Swift’s eyes, and therefore add little confirmation. That she was virtuous, beautiful, and elegant, in a very high degree, such admiration from such a lover makes it very probable ; but she had not much literature, for she could not spell her own language ; and of her wit, so loudly vaunted, the smart sayings which Swift himself has collected afford no splendid specimen.

The reader of Swift’s “ Letter to a Lady on her marriage,” may be allowed to doubt whether his opinion of female excellence ought implicitly to be admitted ; for if his general thoughts on women were such as he exhibits, a very little sense in a Lady would enrapture, and a very little virtue would astonish him. Stella’s supremacy, therefore, was perhaps only local ; she was great, because her associates were little.

In some Remarks lately published on the Life of Swift, his marriage is mentioned as fabulous, or doubtful ; but, alas ! poor Stella, as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death ; and Delany mentions it not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a sigh. The rest of his life was spent in Ireland, in a country to which not even power almost despotic, nor flattery almost idolatrous, could reconcile him. He sometimes wished to visit England, but always found some reason to delay. He tells Pope, in the decline of life, that he hopes once more to see him ; “ but if not,” says he, “ we must part, as all human beings have parted.”

After the death of Stella, his benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated ; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted. But he

he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions, or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain.

In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Betteworth, a lawyer eminent for his insolence to the clergy, which, from a very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt. Betteworth, enraged at his disgrace and loss, went to Swift, and demanded whether he was the author of that poem? "Mr. Betteworth," answered he, "I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who knowing my disposition to satire, advised me, that if any scoundrel or block-head whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author; and therefore I tell you, Mr. Betteworth, that I am not the author of these lines."

Betteworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publicly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the Dean's defence. Betteworth declared in Parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year.

Swift was popular a while by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that, at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accomptant: but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill-qualified for transactions with the poor; the day was often broken, and the loan was not repaid. This might have been easily foreseen; but for this Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity? The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populous outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor*.

* This account is contradicted by Mr. Sheridan, who with great warmth asserts, from his own knowledge, that there was
not

His asperity continually increasing, condemned him to solitude; and his resentment of solitude sharpened his asperity. He was not, however, totally deserted; some men of learning, and some women of elegance, often visited him; and he wrote from time to time either verse or prose; of his verses he willingly gave copies, and is supposed to have felt no discontent when he saw them printed. His favourite maxim was, "Vive la bagatelle;" he thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself. It seems impossible to him to be idle, and his disorders made it difficult or dangerous to be long seriously studious, or laboriously diligent. The love of ease is always gaining upon age, and he had one temptation to petty amusements peculiar to himself; whatever he did, he was sure to hear applauded; and such was his predominance over all that approached, that all their applauses were probably sincere. He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself: we are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?

As his years increased, his fits of giddiness and deafness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult: they grew likewise more severe, till, in 1736, as he was writing a poem called "The Legion Club," he was seized with a fit so painful, and so long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He was always careful of his money, and was therefore no liberal entertainer; but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink.

Having thus excluded conversation, and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for, having by some ridiculous resolution, or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his latter years: his ideas therefore, being neither renc-

not one syllable of truth in this whole account from the beginning to the end. See *Life of Swift*, p. 457. R.

vated

vated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He however permitted one book to be published, which had been the production of former years; "Polite Conversation," which appeared in 1738. The "Directions for Servants" was printed soon after his death. These two performances shew a mind incessantly attentive, and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences. It is apparent that he must have had the habit of noting whatever he observed; for such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection.

He grew more violent, and his mental powers declined till (1741) it was found necessary that legal guardians should be appointed of his person and fortune. He now lost distinction. His madness was compounded of rage and fatuity. The last face that he knew was that of Mrs. White-way; and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a day.

Next year (1742) he had an inflammation in his left eye, which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at last subsided; and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery; but in a few days he sunk into lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless, and speechless. But it is said, that, after a year of total silence, when his house-keeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered, "It is all folly; they had better let it alone."

It is remembered, that he afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into a perfect silence, which continued till about the end of October, 1744, when, in his seventy-eight year, he expired without a struggle.

WHEN

WHEN Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of Queen Anne he turned the stream of popularity against the Whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding reign he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression; and shewed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland "was his debtor." It was from the time when he first began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they revered him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In his works, he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His "Tale of a Tub" has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

In his other works is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilised by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-fought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands him-

himself; and his readers always understand him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise. For purposes merely didactic, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode; but against that inattention by which known truths are suffered to lie neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

By his political education he was associated with the Whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the "Church-of-England Man," of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the State, and with the Tories of the Church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour, of the Clergy; of the Dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

To his duty as Dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church, with exact œconomy; and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs, than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood music, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He read the service "rather with a strong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; his voice was sharp and high-toned, rather than harmonious."

He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political

litical controversies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gaiety. He stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter.

To his domestics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear. That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation; beneficence can be but rare, and tyrannic peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he said of one that waited in the room, "That man has, since we sat to the table, committed fifteen faults." What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom I heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his œconomy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked
one

one mode of expence better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his Deanery was not much more than seven hundred a year.

His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.

Of his humour, a story told by Pope * may afford a specimen.

“ Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken, by
 “ strangers, for ill-nature.—’Tis so odd, that there’s no
 “ describing it but by facts. I’ll tell you one that first
 “ comes into my head. One evening, Gay and I went to
 “ see him: you know how intimately we were all acquaint-
 “ ed. On our coming in, ‘ Heyday, gentlemen, (says the
 “ Doctor) what’s the meaning of this visit? How came
 “ you to leave the great Lords, that you are so fond of, to
 “ come hither to see a poor Dean!’—‘ Because we would
 “ rather see you than any of them.’—‘ Ay, any one that
 “ did not know so well as I do might believe you. But since
 “ you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose.’—
 “ ‘ No, Doctor, we have supped already.’—‘ Supped already!
 “ that’s impossible! why, ’tis not eight o’clock yet.—That’s
 “ very strange; but, if you had not supped, I must have
 “ got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have
 “ had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done
 “ very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling: but you will
 “ drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so
 “ much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?’—
 “ ‘ No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.’

* Spence.

“ —‘ But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-six-pence a-piece. There, Pope, there’s half a crown for you, and there’s another for you, Sir; for I won’t save any thing by you, I am determined.’—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money.”

In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics, was resented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, “ to venture to speak to him.” This customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity: but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be justly supposed that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his Letters, an affectation of familiarity with the Great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness

ness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his Letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the Letters that pass between him and Pope it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more. They shew the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

When the Queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analysing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of
turpi-

turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and he that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.

I have here given the character of Swift as he exhibits himself to my perception; but now let another be heard who knew him better. Dr. Delany, after long acquaintance, describes him to Lord Orrery in these terms:

“ My Lord, when you consider Swift’s singular, peculiar,
 “ and most variegated vein of wit, always rightly intended
 “ (although not always so rightly directed), delightful in
 “ many instances, and salutary even where it is most offen-
 “ sive; when you consider his strict truth, his fortitude in
 “ resisting oppression and arbitrary power; his fidelity in
 “ friendship, his sincere love and zeal for religion, his up-
 “ rightness in making right resolutions, and his steadiness
 “ in adhering to them; his care of his church, its choir,
 “ its oeconomy, and its income; his attention to all those
 “ that preached in his cathedral, in order to their amend-
 “ ment in pronunciation and style; as also his remarkable
 “ attention to the interest of his successors, preferably to
 “ his own present emoluments; his invincible patriotism,
 “ even to a country which he did not love; his very vari-
 “ ous, well-devised, well-judged, and extensive charities,
 “ throughout his life, and his whole fortune (to say nothing
 “ of his wife’s) conveyed to the same Christian purposes at
 “ his death, charities, from which he could enjoy no ho-
 “ nour, advantage, or satisfaction of any kind in this
 “ world; when you consider his ironical and humorous, as
 “ well as his serious schemes, for the promotion of true re-
 “ ligion and virtue, his success in soliciting for the First
 “ Fruits and Twentieths, to the unspeakable benefit of the
 “ Established Church of Ireland; and his felicity (to rate
 “ it no higher) in giving occasion to the building of fifty
 “ new churches in London:

“ All this considered, the character of his life will ap-
 “ pear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be
 “ re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention,
 “ and always discover new beauties and excellencies upon
 “ every examination.

“ They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which
 “ the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever
 “ petulant ignorance, pride, malignity, or envy, interposes
 “ to

“ to cloud or fully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce, that the eclipse will not last long.

“ To conclude—No man ever deserved better of his country, than Swift did of his; a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune.

“ He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland.”

IN the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of “ proper words in proper places.”

To divide this collection into classes, and shew how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

It was said, in a Preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can easily be found that has borrowed so little, or that in all his excellencies and all his defects has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original.

B R O O M E.

WILLIAM BROOME was born in Cheshire, as is said, of very mean parents. Of the place of his birth, or the first part of his life, I have not been able to gain any intelligence. He was educated upon the foundation at Eton, and was captain of the school a whole year, without any vacancy, by which he might have obtained a scholarship at King's College. Being by this delay, such as is said to have happened very rarely, superannuated, he was sent to St. John's College by the contributions of his friends, where he obtained a small exhibition.

At his college he lived for some time in the same chamber with the well-known Ford, by whom I have formerly heard him described as a contracted scholar and a mere versifier, unacquainted with life, and unskilful in conversation. His addiction to metre was then such, that his companions familiarly called him Poet. When he had opportunities of mingling with mankind, he cleared himself, as Ford likewise owned, from great part of his scholastic rust.

He appeared early in the world as a translator of the "Iliads" into prose, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth. How their several parts were distributed is not known. This is the translation of which Ozell boasted as superior, in Toland's opinion, to that of Pope: it has long since vanished, and is now in no danger from the critics.

He was introduced to Mr. Pope, who was then visiting Sir John Cotton at Madingley near Cambridge, and gained so much of his esteem, that he was employed, I believe, to make extracts from Eustathius for the notes to the translation of the "Iliad;" and in the volumes of poetry published by Lintot, commonly called "Pope's Miscellanies," many of his early pieces were inserted.

Pope and Broome were to be yet more closely connected. When the success of the "Iliad" gave encouragement to a version of the "Odyssey," Pope, weary of the toil, called Fenton and Broome to his assistance; and taking only half the work upon himself, divided the other half between his partners, giving four books to Fenton, and eight to Broome. Fenton's books I have enumerated in his Life; to the lot of Broome fell the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, together with the burthen of writing all the notes.

As this translation is a very important event in poetical history, the reader has a right to know upon what grounds I establish my narration. That the version was not wholly Pope's, was always known; he had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals, and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts, which however mentions only five books as written by the coadjutors; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton; the sixth, the eleventh, and eighteenth, by himself; though Pope, in an advertisement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve. A natural curiosity, after the real conduct of so great an undertaking, incited me once to enquire of Dr. Warburton, who told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note "a lie;" but that he was not able to ascertain the several shares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me, I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends, which amounted to one hundred more. The payment made to Fenton I know not but by hearsay; Broome's is very distinctly told by Pope, in the notes to the Dunciad.

It is evident, that, according to Pope's own estimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit three hundred pounds, eight and all the notes, equivalent at least to four, had certainly a right to more than six.

Broome probably considered himself as injured, and there was for some time more than coldness between him and his employer. He always spoke of Pope as too much a lover of money, and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility; for he not only named him disrespectfully in the "Dunciad," but quoted him more than once in the "Bathos,"

as a proficient in the "Art of Sinking;" and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among "the Parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tune as makes them seem their own." I have been told that they were afterwards reconciled; but I am afraid their peace was without friendship.

He afterwards published a Miscellany of Poems, which is inserted, with corrections, in the late compilation.

He never rose to a very high dignity in the Church. He was some time rector of Sturston in Suffolk, where he married a wealthy widow; and afterwards, when the King visited Cambridge (1728), became Doctor of Laws. He was (1733) presented by the Crown to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, which he held with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by the Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the other two.

Towards the close of his life he grew again poetical, and amused himself with translating Odes of Anacreon, which he published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," under the name of Chester.

He died at Bath, November 16, 1745, and was buried in the Abbey Church.

Of Broome, though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unsuitable; in his "Melancholy," he makes breath rhyme to birth in one place, and to earth in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such power of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recall the verses of some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers, for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment; and sometimes he picks up fragments in obscure corners. His lines to Fenton,

Serene, the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions objects of a smile,

brought to my mind some lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I should not have expected to find an imitator;

But thou, O Muse ! whose sweet nepenthean tongue
Can charm the pangs of death with deathless song ;
Canst *stinging plagues* with easy *thoughts* beguile,
Make pains and tortures *objects of a smile*.

To detect his imitations were tedious and useless. What he takes he seldom makes worse ; and he cannot be justly thought a mean man whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich :

Pope came off clean with Homer ; but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

P O P E.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head, and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to shew what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were Papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shewn remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life*; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness "the little Nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitat-

* This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays, as I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water, was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. H.

ing printed books ; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of "Ogilby's Homer," and "Sandys's Ovid." Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise ; but of Sandys he declared, in his notes to the "Iliad," that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner ; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse ; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from "Ogilby's Iliad," with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him ; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the "Metamorphoses." If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers ;" and used to say that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds ; for which, being conscientiously determined not to entrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expences

pences required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices." How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of "Ovid," some months over a small part of "Tully's Offices," it is now vain to enquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest of Pope's productions is his "Ode on Solitude," written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing.

As

As he read the Classics he amused himself with translating them ; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the "Thebais," which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put "January and May," and the "Prologue of the Wife of Bath," into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of "Sappho to Phaon" from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect ; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon "Silence," after Rochester's "Nothing." He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original : but this is a small part of his praise ; he discovers such acquaintance both with human and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages ; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe ; and as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error : but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed ; "Alcander," the epic poem,

poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated "Tully on Old Age;" and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read "Temple's Essays" and "Locke on Human Understanding." His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces shew, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbal, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his pastorals, which were shewn to the Poets and Critics of that time; as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope are distinguished among the English Poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good-humour. Pope was
proud

proud of his notice ; Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision ; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted ; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism ; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now-and-then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of " Statius" into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers ; for his Letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas ; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his Miscellanies.

Walsb, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel from which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsb advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame ; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy ; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet ; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's Coffee-house on the north side of Russell-street in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used

to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures; and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The pastorals, which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1790) in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the "Essay on Criticism:" a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the "Spectator" with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune: and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two questions; whether the Essay will succeed, and who or what is the author.

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be "young and raw."

"First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his last ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this little author struts, and affects the dictatorial air, he plainly shews, that at the same time he is under the rod; and, while he pretends to give laws to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong."

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines:

There are whom Heaven has blest'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For Wit and Judgment ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. "By the way, what rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence from some superannuated sinner; and, having been p—xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?" This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In

In another place Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called "bulls." The first edition had this line,

What is this wit—

Where wanted, scorn'd; and envied where acquir'd?

"How," says the critic, "can wit be scorn'd where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shews the honour which the contemptner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. "For his acquaintance (says Dennis) he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the qualification which this author reckons absolutely necessary to a critic, it being very certain that he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be well-dressed; and I remember a little young gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a double foil to his person and capacity. Enquire, between Sunning-hill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflections?—He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day.—Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part does from human understanding." Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this Essay, Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even
" of

“ of liberal education, could understand it.” The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer: the zealous Papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The “ Essay” has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the “ Comte de Grammont,” whose version was never printed, by Robotham, secretary to the King for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connection as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. “ It is possible,” says Hooker, “ that, by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred.” Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such, as when it is once shewn, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connection equally specious may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since without Prudence Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the “ Spectator” was published the “ Messiah,” which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the verses on the “ Unfortunate Lady” were written about the time
when

when his "Essay" was published. The Lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless enquiry*.

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected like other guardians that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient; that she bribed a woman-servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the Lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable.. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense.

Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as "a false Guardian;" he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p 314. N.

violence, was so much repented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's Queen, had followed his Mistress into France, and who, being the author of "Sir Solomon Single," a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a Wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended Lady, who liked it well enough to shew it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of Sir Plume he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English Convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum fal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shoot-
ing,

ing, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The "Rape of the Lock" stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he has shewn before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the "Temple of Fame," which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning, and so much observation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent Motion as exhibited by Sculpture.

Of the Epistle from "Eloisa to Abelard," I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's "Nut-brown Maid." How much he has surpassed Prior's work, it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation, gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published "Windfor Forest;" of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part was added afterwards; where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the Peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then in high reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are often spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of "Windfor Forest?" If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revival of "Cato," he introduced it by a Prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry)." Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the "Guardian" the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived,

was

was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit a publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield *: if this was taken from life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly shew his power as a poet; but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would shew them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment! and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books †.

He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the "Iliad," with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been

* It is still at Caen Wood.

† Spencer.

Dryden's "Virgil †" and it had been tried with great success when the "Tatlers" were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English "Iliad" to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying, at his own expence, all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the Quartos it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small Folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea

† Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's "Paradise Lost" had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Sommers. R.

each volume, books so little inferior to the Quartos, that by a fraud of trade, those Folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in Folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small Folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate that the bookfeller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English "Iliad" was printed in Holland in Duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a Duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronised his subscription, began to be frightened at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody " would hang him *".

This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a-day, which would shew him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that

* Spence.

asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor; and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles because he had contributed to the "Guardian," which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his Letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what men of learning would refuse to help him? Minute enquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin, printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines, literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the laboured elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of "Eobanus Hessus," an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby.

With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's Letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile: "I think at first
" fight that his performance is very commendable, and
" have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to
" send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here
" inclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the re-
" turn, I will keep them till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in
correcting

correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the "Iliad," with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The "Iliad," containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have over-rated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of "Homer" was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary

tary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English “*Iliad*.” It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of Learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the “*Iliad*,” which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty repositied in the Museum.

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then, in a small print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print which are given in Italics, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The

For Chryses fought by *presents to, regain*
costly gifts to gain

His captive daughter from the Victor's chain;
Suppliant the venerable Father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grac'd his hands.
By these he begs, and lowly bending down
The golden sceptre and the laurel crown,
Presents the sceptre

For these as ensigns of his God he bare,
The God that sends his golden shafts afar;
The low on earth, the venerable man,
Suppliant before the brother kings began.

He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace,
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race;
Ye kings and warriors, may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

To all he sued, but chief implor'd for grace.
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.
Ye *sons of Atreus*, may your vows be crown'd,
Kings and warriors
Your labours, by the Gods be all your labours crown'd;
So may the Gods your arms with conquest bless,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
Till *laid*
And crown your labours with deserv'd success;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

But, oh! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
And give my daughter to these arms again;
Receive my gifts; if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
And fear *the God that deals his darts around,*
avenging Phœbus son of Jove.

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.

Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.

He said, the Greeks their joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
T' accept the ransom, and release the fair :
Revere the priest, and speak their joint assent :
Not so the tyrant, he, with kingly pride,
Atrides,

Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not so the tyrant. DRYDEN.]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without a parallel; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye;
Stretched in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus *commands* the vision of the night :
directs

Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the dusty plain.
Now tell the King 'tis given him to destroy
Declare ev'n now
The lofty *walls* of wide-extended Troy;
tow'rs

For now no more the Gods with Fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
hangs
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation

High on his helm celestial lightnings play.
 His beamy shield emits a living ray.
 The Goddess with her breath the flame supplies,
 Bright as the star whose fires in Autumn rise;
 Her breath divine thick streaming flames supplies,
 Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies:
 Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
 Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies:

When first he rears his radiant orb to fight,
 And bath'd in ocean shoots a keener light,
 Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
 Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
 And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light,
 Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies,
 Fresh from the deep, and gilds the seas and skies;
 Such glories Pallas on her chief bestow'd,
 Such sparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd,
 Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
 Onward she drives him *headlong* to engage,
furious

Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage,
 fight burns, thickest

The sons of Dares first the combat fought,
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
 In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

There liv'd a Trojan—Dares was his name,
 The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame;
 The sons of Dares first the combat fought,
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.

Conclusion of Book VIII. v. 637.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head :
Then shine the vales—the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays ;
The long reflection of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires :
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field ;
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send ;
Loud neigh the courfers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent night,
As when the moon in all her lustre bright,
As when the moon refulgent lamp of light,
O'er Heaven's *clear* azure *beds* her *silver* light ;
 pure spreads sacred

As still in air the trembling lustre flood,
And o'er its golden border shoots a flood;
When *no loose gale* disturbs the deep serene,
not a breath

And *no dim* cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
not a

Around her silver throne the planets glow,
And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole :
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen,
 o'er the dark trees a yellow sheds,

O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they fled,
gleam
verdure

And tip with silver all the *mountain* heads
forest

And tip with silver every mountain's head.
The vallies open, and the forests rise,
The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,

“ stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much
 “ the same kind, ‘ I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but
 “ there is something in that passage that does not quite
 “ please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider
 “ it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a
 “ little turn.’—I returned from Lord Halifax’s with Dr.
 “ Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along,
 “ was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me
 “ under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general
 “ observations: that I had been thinking over the passages
 “ almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was
 “ that offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth
 “ laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not
 “ been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know
 “ his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about look-
 “ ing those places over and over when I got home. ‘ All
 “ you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are;
 “ call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank
 “ him for his kind observations on those passages, and then
 “ read them to him as altered. I have known him much
 “ longer than you have, and will be answerable for the
 “ event.’ I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax
 “ some time after; said, I hoped he would find his ob-
 “ jections to those passages removed; read them to him
 “ exactly as they were at first: and his Lordship was ex-
 “ tremely pleased with them, and cried out, ‘ Ay, now
 “ they are perfectly right: nothing can be better’.”

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they
 are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky
 opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances
 of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which
 he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our
 knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single Let-
 ter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, “ I am obliged to
 “ you, both for the favours you have done me, and those
 “ you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your
 “ memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become
 “ troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expecta-
 “ tion, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may cause
 “ me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the
 “ country, which is really all the difference I set between
 “ an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high
 “ strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy
 “ all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert
 Vol. VI. F “ you

“ you some few hours : but, if I may have leave to add it
 “ is because you think me no enemy to my native country,
 “ there will appear a better reason ; for I must of confe-
 “ quence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.”

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude ; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued ; he would be “ troublesome out
 “ of gratitude, not expectation.” Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence ; and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope ; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron ; but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism : and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and dropt from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, “ nothing
 “ but rumour has reached, and who has no personal know-
 “ ledge.”

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his Prologue to “ Cato,” by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the “ Dialogues on Medals,” of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this
 there

there was no hypocrisy ; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened ; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously, or insidiously, quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many ; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the "Iliad," the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself. (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship ; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. "But," says he, "as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no very just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same Letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them ; but in a Letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour, inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the anti-chamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests.—Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best Poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which *he must have them all subscribe* ; for, says he, the

“author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.”

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation; nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependence, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of “Homer” was (1715) in time published; and a rival version of the first “Iliad,” for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. “I,” says Pope, “have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button’s.” This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison’s opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell’s the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of “Homer.”

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and

and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson; who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public were not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced; by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but if he knew it in Addison's life-time, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope *.

" Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us: and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner: I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my Satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after †."

* Spence.

† See however the Life of Addison in the *Biographia Britannica*, last edit. R.

The verses on Addison when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossil bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto; a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men conscious of great reputation think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his "Homer" were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a Preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art
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of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the "Iliad" was at last completed in 1720. The splendor and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called "Homerides" before it was published. Ducket likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names which are preserved, are preserved in the "Dunciad."

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant Dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of "Shakspeare." His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

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On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation: for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called "Shakspeare Restored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the "Iliad," resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the "Odyssey," in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying that he had "translated" the "Odyssey," as he had said of the "Iliad," he says that he had "undertaken" a translation: and in the proposals, the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this "work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the Popish controversy, in
hope

hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgment. In questions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His Letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude: "perhaps," says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

Of the "Odyssey" Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over-liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the "Iliad;" and the latter books of the "Iliad" less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the "Iliad," except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of a fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English "Odyssey" a criticism was published by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his re-
marks

marks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the Church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postilion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a Letter of Consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered by a trick, that he was a spy for the Court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of *Miscellanies*, in which, amongst other things, he inserted the "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk," in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a "Debate upon Black and White Horses," written in all the formalities of a legal process by the assistance, as it is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these *Miscellanies* is a Preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how "the cabinets of the Sick and the closets of the Dead" have been broken open and ransacked; as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is,

according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the Letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell, in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the "Art of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the "Dunciad."

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and shewed his satirical powers by publishing the "Dunciad," one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised "Shakspeare" more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow; the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the "Dunciad" might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those
that

that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the "Dunciad" is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex in the name of Savage.

"I will relate the war of the 'Dunces' (for so it has been commonly called), which began in the year 1727, and ended in 1730."

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the 'Treatise of the Bathos,' or the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry.' It happened that in one chapter of this piece the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at random); but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years during the uncontrouled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the 'Dunciad;' and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

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“ On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James’s, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and some days after the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

“ It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; intreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the ‘Dunciad;’ on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger; so out it came.

“ Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The ‘Dunces’ (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author: one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

“ Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the ‘Dunciad.’”

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the “Dunces” with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor ; for nobody believes that the letters in the " Bathos " were placed at random ; and it may be discovered that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the King and Queen by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole ; he is proud that they had read it before ; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirised, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear ; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decypher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view ; and delighted in the visible effect of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated, as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities ; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the " Rape of the Lock." Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with " pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing " pious passion " to " cordial friendship ;" and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first expression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean sollicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize ; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The " Dunciad," in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift : of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot ;

buthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness he seems to have indulged himself a while in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on "Taste," in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had, consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that such critics " can intimidate him, nay, almost persuade him to write " no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. "There is nothing," says Juvenal, "that a man " will not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered

tered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him intreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible, and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three; but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some enquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookfeller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume, containing some Letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence. "He has," said Curll, "a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; then he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded,
and

and thought himself authoris'd to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction, it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when some years afterwards I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing: and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers shewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain that his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with the praises of his candour, tendernefs, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some Letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a Quarto volume, which appeared (1737), I believe, with sufficient profit. In the Preface

he tells, that his Letters were repositied in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the Preface to the Miscellanies were written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worfsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but, as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded; they awaked no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howel indeed, about a century ago, published his Letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone of his hundred volumes continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected: and those of Walshe seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison: but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured: and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long Letter by Bolingbroke, composed with all the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distin-

guish

guish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man that remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these Letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an "Essay on Man;" which, if his Letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The "Dunces" were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem, being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which while it is unappropriated excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, in 1733 was published the first part of the "Essay on Man." There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will al-

ways happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder ; but all thought him above neglect ; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first Epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

Expatriate freely o'er this scene of man,
A mighty maze, *of walks without a plan :*

For which he wrote afterwards,

A mighty maze, *but not without a plan ;*

for, if there was no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines ;

And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite,*
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right :

but having afterwards discovered, or been shewn, that the " truth " which subsisted " in spite of reason " could not be very " clear," he substituted

And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite.*

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third Epistles were published ; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them ; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the " Essay on Man " was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but hardly can be true. The

Essay

Essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet: what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that as innocence is unsuspecting, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Croufaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Croufaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his *Treatise of Logic*, and his "*Examen de Pyrrhonisme*;" and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited enquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination,

gination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant*; he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A Letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published "Shakspeare," in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Croufaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality,
or

or rejecting revelation ; and from month to month continued a vindication of the "Essay on Man," in the literary journal of that time called "The Republic of Letters."

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following Letter evidently shews :

" S I R,

April 11, 1739.

" I have just received from Mr. R. two more of your Letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this ; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third Letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Croufaz ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems ; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain ; but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself ; but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these Letters were put together in one Book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them into French ; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c."

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion ; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that
he

he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him: and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the "Essay on Man" appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's "Solomon," was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of "Paradise Lost." Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French Minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, which he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the Court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred.

ferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a Queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the "Essay on Man," it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) on the "Use of Riches," a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed*.

Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of Kyrle, the Man of Rofs, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the Popc, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the Monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea; for he calls that an "Epistle to Bathurst," in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to Lord Cobham, his "Characters of Men," written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his fa-

* Spence.

avourite theory of the *ruling Passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object, an innate affection which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propensity.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant: men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It must be at least allowed that this *ruling Passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom enquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it, is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *ruling Passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the "Characters of Men," he added soon after, in an Epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the

" Characters

“Characters of Women.” This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author’s opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no Character drawn from the Life*; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect or wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note, that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the Dutcheſs of Marlborough under the name of *Atossa*; and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer’s gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarised, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the Reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope’s favourite amusement; for he has carried it further than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne’s Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecillity, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau’s *Adresse à son Esprit*,
was

was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

Then,

Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the Ministry; and, being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets *, had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls, "Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;" and hints that his father was a *batter*. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses

* Intituled, "Sedition and Defamation displayed," 8vo. 1733. R.
are

are in this poem ; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his Letters, but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, "Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight." In these poems many are praised and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition ; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the Ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shewn : he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses "low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened into "humble Allen."

In the second Dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others ; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttleton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the Legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called "Manners," together with Doddsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculked and escaped ; but Doddsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed ; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money ; he pleased himself with being
important

important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The "Memoirs of Scriblerus," published about this time, extended only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the "Scriblerus Club." Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious Life of an infatuated Scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt.

For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his Travels; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin Poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man *

* Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. R.

who concealed his name, but whom his Preface shews to have been qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid, the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his "Essay on Man," of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift.

" March 25, 1736.

" If ever I write any more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man;' viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science, of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a Satire against the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the "Dunciad," of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the "Careless Husband." In the "Dunciad," among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his "Apology," complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more
injurious,

injuriously, "because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the "Dunciad" attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureat, he satirised those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the "Three Hours" after Marriage" had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a Mummy and a Crocodile. "This," says he, "was received with loud claps, which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulence of a "Wit out of his senses;" to which he replied, "that he would take no other notice of what was said by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as often as he played that part, he would repeat the same provocation."

He shews his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expence of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody enquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shewn as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose: when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to shew that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the "Dunciad," in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and fluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the "Dunciad;" but he had the fate of "Cassandra." I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had pro-

voked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpye, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the "Dunciad" with another pamphlet, which Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlet's came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhen with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revival and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied; and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper

per to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady; who, when he came to her, asked, "What, is he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave, she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place: he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May 1744, his death was approaching*; on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Doddsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in

* Spence.

“ my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind.” At another time he said, “ I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than”—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called, he answered, “ I do not think it essential, but it will be very right ; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it.”

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, “ There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship ; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.”

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors ; first to Lord Bolingbroke ; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont ; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. - After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inspected ; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was “ reserved for the next age.”

He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called “ The Patriot King” had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author’s direction, among his friends ; and Pope assured him that no more had been printed than were allowed ; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and to retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend ; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to
the

the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impresson to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance excited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he enquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shewn to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in "A Letter to the most impudent Man living."

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and the

the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she repented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing that Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if to 150/. he had put a cypher more, he had come nearer to the truth *.

THE person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the "Little Club," compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is

* This account of the difference between Pope and Mr. Allen is not so circumstantial as it was in Johnson's power to have made it. The particulars communicated to him concerning it he was too indolent to commit to writing: the business of this note is to supply his omissions.

Upon an invitation in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen at Prior-park, and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount who was of the Romish persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which as a magistrate he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress, and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount repented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage that they both left the house abruptly.

An instance of the like negligence may be noted in his relation of Pope's love of painting, which differs much from the information I gave him on that head. A picture of Betterton, certainly copied from Kneller by Pope, Lord Mansfield once shewed me at Kenwood-house, adding, that it was the only one he ever finished, for that the weakness of his eyes was an obstruction to his use of the pencil. H.

said

said to have been beautiful in his infancy ; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak ; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a “ long disease.” His most frequent assailant was the headache, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance ; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid ; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away ; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour, as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

*C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.*

When he wanted to sleep he “ nodded in company ;” and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alledged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite; he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six-and-fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask
for

for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he seized Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about "cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the "Patriot King," as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a fly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no fallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakspeare was defended by the authority of "Patrick," he replied—"horresco referens"—that "he "would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the "meaning of a single word, but not of two words put "together."

He was fretful, and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expence unsuitable

able to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the "Iliad," by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity*.

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full: it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his letters, and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which was never denied to be true,

* Part of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, which he had purchased either of the last Duke of Buckinghamshire, or the Dutchess his mother, and which was charged on some estate of that family. The deed by which it was granted was some years in my custody. H.

and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for "his Highness's dog."

His admiration of the Great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his "Iliad" to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice; for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity: he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the "Golden Age," and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is indeed no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance
in

in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a Letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the Letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity requires something to be written. Pope confesses his early Letters to be vitiated with *affectedness and ambition*: to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he "had always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that in the dreadful winter of
Forty,

Forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation ; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish dislike of Kings, and proclaims that "he never sees Courts." Yet a little regard shewn him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy ; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a Prince while he disliked Kings?"

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention ; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed ? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease ? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge ; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just ; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper ; he was sufficiently a *fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his fullness were only in his Letters ; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the Great is repeated too often to be real ; no man thinks much of that which he despises ; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets ; he has many enemies ; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy ; "after many deaths and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases ;" and they can live together, and "shew what friends

“ friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the “ world.” All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand ; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites ; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to enquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift’s resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere ; Pope’s was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that “ a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world,” and that there was danger lest “ a glut of the world should throw him “ back upon study and retirement.” To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the Letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled resentments, but “ either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and fallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind ; and if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness ; he was irritable and resentful ; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was
sometimes

sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Doddsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself; and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection: he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I enquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation.

velation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquences observed and aggravated : those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity ; and, when he wrote his " *Essay on Criticism*," had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters ; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem ; he always professed to love reading ; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his " *Essay on Man*," when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, " More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, shew an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what was to be rejected ; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them ; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had
likewise

likewise genius ; a mind active, ambitious and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring ; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher ; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost ; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence ; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information ; he consulted the living as well as the dead ; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life ; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy ; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper ; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it ; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion ; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure : he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience ; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words,

and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words to select and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic: he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection: it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-eight;" of which Doddsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clear-

ness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden ; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquiring knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation ; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose ; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied ; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet ; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert ; that energy, which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates ; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more ; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity ; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing.

wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and enquiry may, perhaps, shew him the reasonableness of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by Pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and, exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep enquiry. Pope's pastorals are not however composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favourite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made to lament in silence.

To charge these pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to show his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of "Windfor Forest" is evidently derived from "Cooper's Hill," with some attention to Waller's poem on "The Park;" but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal
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and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because as the scenes, which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shewn must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader.

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged; the parts of "*Windfor Forest*" which deserve least praise, are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene, the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addison had in his "*Campaign*" derided the Rivers that "rise from their oozy beds" to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of *Lodona* is told with sweetness; but a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The "*Temple of Fame*" has, as Steele warmly declared, "a thousand beauties." Every part is splendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments; the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved; the allegory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed: yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame.

That the "*Messiah*" excels the "*Pollio*" is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The "*Verses on the unfortunate Lady*" have drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some part with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderness; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skilfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the Lady or her Guardian. History relates that she was about to disparage herself by a marriage

age with an inferior ; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride ; the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency never can be right *.

The " Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" was undertaken at the desire of Steele : in this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried, yet he has miscarried only as compared with Dryden ; for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen ; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable : the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life, the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence ; Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight ; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alledged, that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numerus lege solutus* : but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed ; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek Exercise, which Cobb had presented, refused one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last, " Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art " an impudent one."

* The account herein before given of this lady and her catastrophe, cited by Johnson from Ruffhead with a kind of acquiescence in the truth thereof, seems no other than might have been extracted from the verses themselves. I have in my possession a letter to Dr. Johnson, containing the name of the lady ; and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her history. Him I have seen ; and from a memorandum of some particulars to the purpose communicated to him by a lady of quality, he informs me, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury, corruptly pronounced Winbury ; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him ; that her guardian, though she was deformed in her person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent, and that a noose, and not a sword, put an end to her life. H.

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If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical common-places, easily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found: the poet however faithfully attends us; we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The last stanza recurs again to common-places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked that both end with the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts: Pope, with all this labour in the praise of Music, was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the "Essay on Criticism," which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious: but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can shew. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must shew it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity; but either of these qualities

ties may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image; for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perrault ludicrously called "comparisons with a long tail." In their similes the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandised: land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not represented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed that "the sound should seem an echo to the sense;" a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises, which they express, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiss*. These however are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was in the dactylic measures of the learned languages capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy; but

but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is supposed to be some relation between a *soft* line and *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified; and yet it may be suspected that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labour of Sisyphus:

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smoaks along the ground.

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upward, and roll violently back? But set the same numbers to another sense;

While many a merry tale, and many a song,
Chear'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
The rough road then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But, to shew how little the greatest master of numbers can fix the principles of representative harmony, it will be sufficient to remark that the poet, who tells us, that

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main;

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praise of Camilla's lightness of foot, he tried another experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet:

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

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Here

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and the march of slow-paced majesty, exhibited by the same poet in the same sequence of syllables, except that the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness* by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and, when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on the "Rape of the Lock" by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now enquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The Heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves: thus *Discord* may raise a mutiny; but *Discord* cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought in view a new race of Beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act, at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrific and more powerful phantoms perform on the stormy ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the "Iliad," who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race
of

of aërial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female-day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at "the little unguarded follies of the female sex." It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the "Rape of the Lock" with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the "Lutrin," which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it; but, if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that the machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connection; the game at *ombre* might be spared; but, if the Lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to much excellence!

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The Epistle of "Eloise to Abelard" is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supercedes invention; and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revival. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil, and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments, which have so much vigour and efficacy, have been drawn, are shewn to be the mystic writers by the learned author of the "Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope;" a book which teaches how the brow of Criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquisition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the "Iliad;" a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks translation was almost unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little that they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Angulara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The "Iliad" of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors the Romans have left some specimens of translation behind them, and that employment must have

have had some credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were versions of Menander, nothing translated seems ever to have risen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author, could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this audacious undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer; and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his "Homer" a treasure of poetical elegancies to posterity. His version may be said to have turned the English tongue; for since its appearance no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wish to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is not Homeric; that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty*. This cannot be totally denied; but it must be remembered that *necessitas quod cogit defendit*; that

* Bentley was one of these. He and Pope, soon after the publication of Homer, met at Dr. Mead's at dinner; when Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him, thus: "Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookfeller to send you your books; I hope you received them." Bentley, who had purposely avoided saying any thing about Homer, pretended not to understand him, and asked, 'Books! books! what books?' 'My Homer,' replied Pope, 'which you did me the honour to subscribe for.'—'Oh,' said Bentley, 'ay, now I recollect—your translation:—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it Homer.' H.

may be lawfully done which cannot be forborn. Time and place will always enforce regard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabric with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years ; yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much encreased, that mere nature would be endured no longer ; and perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shewn which he has not embellished.

There is a time when nations, emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind plain sense is grateful ; that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain for a while is pleasure ; but repletion generates fastidiousness ; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another ; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the English "Iliad," when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas ! it was not to be found. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character ; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expence of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be revered.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient ; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation ; he knew that it was necessary to colour the images and point the
sentiments

sentiments of his author ; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise : commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared ; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety ; that too many appeals are made to the Ladies, and the ease which is so carefully preserved is sometimes the ease of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style ; the gravity of common critics may be tedious, but is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the “ *Odyssæy* ” nothing remains to be observed : the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the “ *Dunciad* ” the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden’s “ *Mac Flecknoe* ; ” but the plain is so enlarged and diversified as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his “ *Shakspeare*,” and regaining the honour which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expence he might divert the public.

In this design there was petulance and malignity enough ; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of Criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them ? *impune diem consumpserit*

consumpserit ingens Telephus ; and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment ; he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known ; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages ; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the "Dunciad," not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The "Essay on Man" was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry ; and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject ; metaphysical morality was to him a new study ; he was proud of his acquisitions, and supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first Epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what is best. He finds out that these beings must be "somewhere ;" and that "all the question" is, whether man be in a wrong place." Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian reasoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing than in creating. But what is meant by *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he

does not know himself ; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension ; an opinion not very uncommon ; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings " from infinite to nothing," of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which, without his help, he supposes unattainable, in the position " that though we are fools, yet " God is wise."

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing ; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover ? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant ; that we do uphold the chain of existence ; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more ; that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals ; that, if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new ; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord ; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits ; that evil is sometimes balanced by good ; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect ; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well ; that virtue only is our own ; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before ; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs ; yet, if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a
rigid

rigid critic, I should not select the "Essay on Man;" for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The "Characters of Men and Women" are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his "Characters of Women" with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected; and he surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The "Characters of Men," however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The "Gem and the Flower" will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last. In one, the most valuable passage is perhaps the Elegy on 'Good Sense;' and the other, the "End of the Duke of Buckingham."

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called the "Prologue to the Satires," is a performance consisting, as seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which by this union of scattered beauties contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the "Epilogue to the Satires," it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages equal to the

contention in the first for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

The Imitations of Horace seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcilable dissimilitude, and the works will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern*.

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the "Rape of the Lock;" and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the "Essay on Criticism." He had *Imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his "Eloisa,"

* In one of these poems is a couplet, to which belongs a story that I once heard the Reverend Dr. Ridley relate.

- ' Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;
- ' Hard words, or hanging if your judge be * * * *.

Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to Mr. Pope, to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge's name :—"but, Sir," said the clerk, "the judge says 'that no other word will make sense of the passage.'"—"So then 'it seems,'" says Pope, "your master is not only a judge, but a poet : as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases." H.

“Windfor Forest,” and the “Ethic Epistles.” He had *Judgment*, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality: and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer’s sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning. “Music,” says Dryden, “is inarticulate poetry:” among the excellencies of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought, with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined he contented himself, without regard to Swift’s remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift’s edict for the exclusion of Alexandrines and Triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses them more liberally in his translation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes; and always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the “Rape of the Lock.”

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the “Iliad” might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning;

ing; and sometimes, after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter productions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shewn him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only shew the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us enquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry, let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him: if the writer of the "Iliad" were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of Genius.

The

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

“ To Mr. BRIDGES, at the Bishop of London’s at Fulham.

“ SIR,

“ The favour of your Letter, with your Remarks, can never be enough acknowledged ; and the speed with which you discharged so troublesome a task, doubles the obligation.

“ I must own, you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill bestowed upon me ; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a scribbler to be improved in his judgement than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations, from the Greek, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes ; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decry’d for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all former explainers, in several hundred places : and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author’s meaning to be as you have explained it ; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, over-ruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident, I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion : (for men (let them say what they will) never approve any other’s sense, but as it squares with their own). But you have made me much more proud of, and positive in my judgement, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them : to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden’s example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small obedience, from one, who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But though I
speak

ſpeak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure to make up that way, for my own want of critical underſtanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greateſt of them are certainly thoſe of Invention and Deſign, which are not at all confined to the language : for the diſtinguiſhing excellences of Homer are (by the conſent of the beſt critics of all nations) firſt in the manners, (which include all the ſpeeches, as being no other than the representations of each perſon's manners by his words :) and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf, while he reads him. Homer makes you intereſted and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by ſoft degrees. This, I believe is what a tranſlator of Homer ought principally to imitate ; and it is very hard for any tranſlator to come up to it, becauſe the chief reaſon why all tranſlations fall ſhort of their originals is, that the very conſtraint they are obliged to, renders them heavy and diſpirited.

“ The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, conſiſts in that noble ſimplicity which runs through all his works ; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine conſiſtent with ſimplicity, is at the ſame time very copious). I don't know how I have run into this pedantry in a Letter, but I find I have ſaid too much, as well as ſpoken too inconfiderately : what farther, thoughts I have upon this ſubject, I ſhall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet ; which is a happineſs I very earneſtly deſire, as I do likewise ſome opportunity of proving how much I think myſelf obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, Sir,

“ Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

“ A. POPE.”

The Criticiſm upon Pope's Epitaphs, which was printed in “ The Univerſal Viſitor,” is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inſerted in the Life.

EVERY Art is beſt taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety than remarks on the works of thoſe who have moſt excelled. I ſhall therefore endeavour, at this *viſit*, to entertain the young ſtudents in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs.

To

To define an epitaph is useless ; every one knows that it is an inscription on a Tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyric ; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends ; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

I.

*On CHARLES Earl of DORSET, in the Church of
Wytham in Suffex.*

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state ;
Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satyrist ! who touch'd the means so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier ! who could king and country please.
Yet sacred kept his friendship, and his ease.
Blest peer ! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected on his race ;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man, for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by " judge of nature," is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment ; for it is in vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant, what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art* ; nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *Great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satyrist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided, and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Blest

Blest peer!—

The blessing to the *peer* has no connection with his peerage: they might happen to any other man, whose ancestors were remembered, or whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamstead, in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true.
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guests. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which

which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot*; for an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too*: every rhyme should be a word of emphasis, nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator * who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment has been just and pathetic; but why should Trumbal be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

* Major Bernardi; who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736. See Gent. Mag. vol. L. p. 125. N.

I cannot

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq. in Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIORIBVS
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIAE :
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS HEV PAVCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear !
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph ; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poems that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet : it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious : where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title and lost no friend* ?

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used : for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, on any other occasion ; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call-in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

Intended

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE. In Westminster-Abbey.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust :
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him ; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish, *Peace to thy shade*, is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple : the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

VI.

*On Mrs. CORBET, who died of a Cancer in her Breast *.*

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense ;
 No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd ;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The faint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs ; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities ; yet that which really makes, though not the splendor, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the

* In the North aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster. H.

quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from common places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this let the Ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father, the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherbourne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere.
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where *only* bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

This

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is inclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs, which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarcely any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought,
Now for two ages, having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Prince's honours, Poet's lays,
Due to his me it, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good ; the second not bad ; the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays* ; and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

IX.

*On General HENRY WITHERS.
In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.*

Here, Withers, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
O ! born to arms ! O ! worth in youth approv'd !
O ! soft humanity in age belov'd !
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common places, though somewhat diversified by mingled qualities and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing ; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language ; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O ! used at the beginning of a sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy ; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem ; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial fatirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

*On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON.
At Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1730.*

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life; and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he liv'd, and that he dy'd.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crasshaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

XI.

*On Mr. GAY.
In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY!

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may extend to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle*, to *temper his rage* was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *last* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion* is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting, that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

*Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON.
In Westminster-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS :

Quem Immortalem

Testantur, *Tempus, Natura, Cælum :*
Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night :
God said, *Let Newton be !* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin, the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

*On EDMUND Duke of BUCKINGHAM, who died in the 19th
Year of his Age, 1735.*

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here !
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest, but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection* is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the

fix following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible "Dialogue" between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead :

Under this stone, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new; even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines :

Ludovici Areosti humanatur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunius incidens Viator :
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed neq.
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit.
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

P I T T.

CHRISTOPHER PITT, of whom whatever I shall relate, more than has been already published, I owe to the kind communication of Dr. Warton, was born in 1699 at Blandford, the son of a physician much esteemed.

He was, in 1714, received as a scholar into Winchester College, where he was distinguished by exercises of uncommon elegance, and, at his removal to New College in 1719, presented to the electors, as the product of his private and voluntary studies, a compleat version of Lucan's poem, which he did not then know to have been translated by Rowe.

This is an instance of early diligence which well deserves to be recorded. The suppression of such a work, recommended by such uncommon circumstances, is to be regretted. It is indeed culpable, to load libraries with superfluous books; but incitements to early excellence are never superfluous, and from this example the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had resided at his College three years, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperm, in Dorsetshire (1722), by his relation Mr. Pitt of Stratfieldsea, in Hampshire; and, resigning his fellowship, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became Master of Arts (1724).

He probably about this time translated "Vida's Art of Poetry," which Tristram's splendid edition had then made popular. In this translation he distinguished himself, both by its general elegance, and by the skilful adaptation of his numbers to the images expressed; a beauty which Vida has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

He then retired to his living, a place very pleasing by its situation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet; where he passed the rest of his life, revered for his virtue, and beloved for the softness of his temper and easiness of his manners. Before strangers he had something of the scholar's timidity or distrust; but, when he became familiar, he was in a very high degree
cheerful

cheerful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured general respect; and he passed a life placid and honourable, neither too great for the kindness of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

AT what time he composed his miscellany, published in 1727, it is not easy nor necessary to know: those which have dates appear to have been very early productions; and I have not observed that any rise above mediocrity.

The success of his *Vida* animated him to a higher undertaking; and in his thirtieth year he published a version of the first book of the *Æneid*. This being, I suppose, commended by his friends, he some time afterwards added three or four more; with an advertisement, in which he represents himself as translating with great indifference, and with a progress of which himself was hardly conscious. This can hardly be true, and, if true, is nothing to the reader.

At last, without any further contention with his modesty, or any awe of the name of Dryden, he gave us a complete English *Æneid*, which I am sorry not to see joined in this publication with his other poems*. It would have been pleasing to have an opportunity of comparing the two best translations that perhaps were ever produced by one nation of the same author.

Pitt engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures, and avoided them; and, as he wrote after Pope's *Iliad*, he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification. With these advantages, seconded by great diligence, he might successfully labour particular passages, and escape many errors. If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and listless perusal; that Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.

* It is added to the late edition. R.

He did not long enjoy the reputation which this work deservedly conferred ; for he left the world in 1748, and lies buried under a stone at Blandford, on which is this inscription :

In memory of
CHR. PITT, clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry ;
and yet more
for the universal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
simplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved,
Apr. 13, 1748,
aged 48.

T H O M S O N.

JAMES THOMSON, the son of a minister well esteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, of which his father was pastor. His mother, whose name was Hume, inherited as co-heiress a portion of a small estate. The revenue of a parish in Scotland is seldom large; and it was probably in commiseration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomson supported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in James uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education, and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburg, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of "Autumn;" but was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his patron and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her son rising into eminence.

The design of Thomson's friends was to breed him a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, as at school, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience; and he censured one of his expressions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his blossoms of poetry, which however were

in some danger of a blast ; for, submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults ; but finding other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into despondence.

He easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London ; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady, who was acquainted with his mother, advised him to the journey, and promised some countenance or assistance, which at last he never received ; however, he justified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to seek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose. He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief ; but as he passed along the street, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials were stolen from him.

His first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his " Winter," which for a time could find no purchaser ; till, at last, Mr. Millan was persuaded to buy it at a low price ; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret ; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendless and indigent, and glad of kindness, he courted with every expression of servile adulation.

" Winter" was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author ; till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the Great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill :

" I hinted to you in my last, that on Saturday morning
 " I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain gentle-
 " man,

“ man, without my desire, spoke to him concerning me :
 “ his answer was, that I had never come near him. Then
 “ the gentleman put the question, If he desired that I
 “ should wait on him? he returned, he did. On this,
 “ the gentleman gave me an introductory Letter to him.
 “ He received me in what they commonly call a civil man-
 “ ner ; asked me some common-place questions ; and
 “ made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready
 “ to own that the present was larger than my performance
 “ deserved ; and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any
 “ other cause, rather than the merit of the address.”

The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public ; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

Thomson's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends ; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot.

“ Winter” was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praises by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then Malloch), and Mira, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications are to “ Winter,” and the other Seasons, contrarily to custom, left out in the collected works, the reader may enquire.

The next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications ; of “ Summer,” in pursuance of his plan ; of “ A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton,” which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Gray ; and of “ Britannia,” a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared himself an adherent to the opposition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the Court.

Thomson, having been some time entertained in the family of the Lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his “ Summer ;” but the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Dodington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

“ Sprnig”

“Spring” was published next year, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship’s poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

“Autumn,” the season to which the “Spring” and “Summer” are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

He produced in 1727 the tragedy of “Sophonisba,” which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was observed however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success. Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the play :

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O !

This gave occasion to a waggish parody :

O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O !

which for a while was echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to “Sophonisba,” the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomson was not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties; he lived splendidly without expence; and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

At

At this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels on the Continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

While he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of Secretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work; but an author and his reader are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises, and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders, and to gather dust: none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

The judgement of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.

The poem of "Liberty" does not now appear in its original state; but, when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttelton, with a liberty, which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomson now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for a while to have suspended his poetry; but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the Chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the Lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness or pride, or some other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from soliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

He now relapsed to his former indigence; but the Prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton professed himself the patron of wit; to him Thomson was introduced, and being

gaily

gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, "that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;" and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738) the tragedy of Agamemnon, which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frightened him to silence. Pope countenanced "Agamemnon," by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical Epistle sent to Italy, of which however he abated the value, by transplanting some of the lines into his epistle to "Arbuthnot."

About this time the Act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of "Gustavus Vasa," a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of "Edward and Eleonora," offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed. Thomson likewise endeavoured to repair his loss by a subscription, of which I cannot now tell the success.

When the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that "he had taken a *Liberty* which was not agreeable to *Britannia* in any *Season*."

He was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the masque of "Alfred," which was acted before the Prince at Cliefden-house.

His next work (1745) was "Tancred and Sigismunda," the most successful of all his tragedies; for it still keeps its turn upon the stage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His

His friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

The last piece that he lived to publish was the "Castle of Indolence," which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination.

He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some carelefs exasperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey.

Thomson was of stature above the middle size, and "more fat than bard befits," of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but chearful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of "Coriolanus," which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as shewed him "to be," on that occasion, "no actor." The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear by the following Letter, which I communicate with much pleasure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson, and reflecting on the friendly assistance of Mr. Boswell, from whom I received it.

"Hagley

“ Hagley in Worcestershire,
 “ October the 4th, 1747.

“ My dear Sister,

“ I thought you had known me better than to interpret
 “ my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your
 “ behaviour has always been such as rather to increase than
 “ diminish it. Don’t imagine, because I am a bad corres-
 “ pondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and bro-
 “ ther. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my
 “ affections are naturally very fixed and constant ; and if
 “ I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which by
 “ the bye I have not the least shadow), I am conscious of
 “ so many defects in myself, as dispose me to be not a little
 “ charitable and forgiving.

“ It gives me the truest heart-felt satisfaction to hear you
 “ have a good, kind husband, and are in easy, contented
 “ circumstances ; but were they otherwise, that would only
 “ awaken and heighten my tenderness towards you. As
 “ our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to re-
 “ ceive any material testimonies of that highest human gra-
 “ titude I owed them (than which nothing could have given
 “ me equal pleasure), the only return I can make them now
 “ is by kindness to those they left behind them. Would
 “ to God poor Lizzy had lived longer, to have been a far-
 “ ther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might
 “ have had the pleasure of seeing once more a sister who so
 “ truly deserved my esteem and love ! But she is happy
 “ while we must toil a little longer here below : let us
 “ however do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the
 “ pleasing hope of meeting you again on a safer shore,
 “ where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life
 “ will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state.
 “ You did right to call your daughter by her name ; for
 “ you must needs have had a particular tender friendship
 “ for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by
 “ having passed the affectionate years of your youth toge-
 “ ther ; and by that great softener and engager of hearts,
 “ mutual hardship. That it was in my power to ease it a
 “ little, I account one of the most exquisite pleasures of
 “ my life.—But enough of this melancholy, though not
 “ unpleasing strain.

“ I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice
 “ to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my Letter to him : as I
 “ approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily
 “ ask

“ask me why I don’t marry at all. My circumstances have
 “hitherto been so variable and uncertain in this fluctuating
 “world, as induce to keep me from engaging in such a
 “state : and now, though they are more settled, and of
 “late (which you will be glad to hear) considerably improv-
 “ed, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for
 “such youthful undertakings, not to mention some other
 “petty reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of dif-
 “ficult old batchelors. I am, however, not a little suspi-
 “cious that, was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have
 “some thought of doing soon), I might possibly be tempted
 “to think of a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I
 “have always been of opinion that none make better
 “wives than the ladies of Scotland ; and yet, who are
 “more forsaken than they, while the gentlemen are con-
 “tinually running abroad all the world over ? Some of
 “them, it is true, are wise enough to return for a wife.
 “You see I am beginning to make interest already with the
 “Scots ladies.—But no more of this infectious subject.—
 “Pray let me hear from you now and then ; and though
 “I am not a regular correspondent, yet perhaps I may
 “mend in that respect. Remember me kindly to your
 “husband, and believe me to be

“Your most affectionate brother,

“JAMES THOMSON.”

(Addressed) “To Mrs. Thomson, in Lanark.”

The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not
 active ; he would give on all occasions what assistance his
 purse would supply ; but the offices of intervention or soli-
 citation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently
 to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not
 more neglected than his own. He had often felt the in-
 conveniencies of idleness, but he never cured it ; and was
 so conscious of his own character, that he talked of writing
 an Eastern Tale “of the Man who loved to be in Distress.”

Among his peculiarities was a very unskilful and inar-
 ticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn com-
 position. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being
 himself a reader eminently elegant, was so much provoked
 by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from
 his hands, and told him that he did not understand his own
 verses.

The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an author's life is best read in his works : his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me, how he heard a lady remarking that she could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a "great Lover, a great Swimmer, and rigorously abstinent;" but, said Savage, he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind : his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the "Seasons" wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent interfection of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments.

sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to range his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of the "Seasons" is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts "both their lustre and their shade;" such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

These Poems, with which I was acquainted at their first appearance, I have since found altered and enlarged by subsequent revivals, as the author supposed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not lost part of what Temple calls their "race;" a word which, applied to wines in its primitive sense, means the flavour of the soil.

"Liberty," when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure.

The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: it is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

W A T T S.

THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inserted in the late Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.

ISAAC WATTS was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, when his father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a shoe-maker. He appears from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Isaac, the eldest of nine children, was given to books from his infancy; and began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, I suppose, at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman, master of the Free-school at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his scholar afterwards inscribed a Latin ode.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution of taking his lot with the Dissenters. Such he was as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired, in 1690, to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-students Mr. Hughes the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. Some Latin Essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at his academy, shew a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study.

He was, as he hints in his Miscellanies, a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty, and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verses to his brother, in the *glyconic* measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed

deformed by the Pindaric folly then prevailing, and are written with such neglect of all metrical rules as is without example among the ancients ; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has such copiousness and splendour, as shews that he was but a very little distance from excellence.

His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them to amplify one system with supplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, Independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness ; and had the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartopp five years, as domestic tutor to his son : and in that time particularly devoted himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures ; and being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the first time on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year ; probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered on a new period of existence.

In about three years he succeeded Dr. Chauncey ; but, soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually ; and he performed his duty till (1712) he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that from the feebleness which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous state made the compassion of his friends necessary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house ; where with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards ; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition

A coalition like this, a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons's representation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes besides.

“ Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind Providence which brought the Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at last to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was an house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this most happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor, and inability for public service, and even for profitable study, or perhaps might have sunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midst of his days; and thus the church and world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works, which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shews the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before, and most happily for him and great
“ numbers

“ numbers besides ; for, as her riches were great, her
 “ generosity and munificence were in full proportion ; her
 “ thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond
 “ that of the Doctor’s, and thus this excellent man,
 “ through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the
 “ present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree
 “ esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits
 “ and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into
 “ this family, till his days were numbered and finished ;
 “ and, like a flock of corn in its season, he ascended
 “ into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy.”

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be considered that it comprises an account of six-and-thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive publications. The series of his works I am not able to deduce ; their number and their variety shew the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style. He shewed them, that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction.

He continued to the end of his life a teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance, made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons, but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations ; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence

respondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it.

At the conclusion of weighty sentences he gave time, by a short pause, for the proper impression.

To stated and public instruction he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation offered of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of resentment ; but by his established and habitual practice he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year ; and for children he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that *orthodoxy* was united with *charity*.

Of his philosophical pieces, his *Logic* has been received into the universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation : if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man, who undertakes merely to methodise or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphysical disquisitions, it was observed by the late learned Mr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *space* with that of *empty space*, and did not consider that though space might be without matter, yet matter being extended could not be without space.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his "*Improvement of the Mind*," of which the
radical

radical principle may indeed be found in Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his Treatises of Theology as distinct from his other productions; but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to Theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works; under his direction it may be truly said, *Theologia Philosophia ancillatur*, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction: it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason, is on a sudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours would have more value, if they were always bestowed with equal judgement.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example; till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions, and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired, Nov. 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the Art of Reasoning and the Science of the Stars.

His character, therefore, must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments, rather than from any single performance; for it would not be safe to claim for him the highest rank in any single denomination of literary

rary dignity ; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different pursuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment ; his imagination, as the "Dacian Battle" proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems on other subjects seldom rise higher than might be expected from the amusements of a Man of Letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or less laboured, or as the occasion was more or less favourable to invention.

He writes too often without regular measures, and too often in blank verse : the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expressive of characters. His lines are commonly smooth and easy, and his thoughts always religiously pure ; but who is there that, to so much piety and innocence, does not wish for a greater measure of sprightliness and vigour ! He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased : and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verses, or his prose, to imitate him in all but his non-conformity, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

A. P H I L I P S.

OF the birth or early part of the life of AMBROSE PHILIPS I have not been able to find any account. His academical education he received at St. John's College in Cambridge, where he first solicited the notice of the world by some English verses, in the collection published by the University on the death of Queen Mary.

From this time how he was employed, or in what station he passed his life, is not yet discovered. He must have published his Pastorals before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope.

He afterwards (1709) addressed to the universal patron, the Duke of Dorset, "a poetical Letter from Copenhagen" which was published in the "Tatler," and is by Pope in one of his first letters mentioned with high praise, as the production of a man "who could write very nobly."

Philips was a zealous Whig, and therefore easily found access to Addison and Steele; but his ardour seems not to have procured him any thing more than kind words; since he was reduced to translate the "Persian Tales" for Topham, for which he was afterwards reproached, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown. The book is divided into many sections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean sound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomising Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams." The original book is written with such depravity of genius, such mixture of the fop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little spirit or vigour.

In 1712 he brought upon the stage "The Distrest Mother," almost a translation of Racine's "Andromaque." Such a work requires no uncommon powers, but the friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest. Before the appearance of the play, a whole "Spectator,"

none

none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise; while it yet continued to be acted, another "Spectator" was written, to tell what impression it made upon Sir Roger; and on the first night a select audience, says Pope *, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the most successful Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was received twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the Epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.

The propriety of Epilogues in general, and consequently of this, was questioned by a correspondent of the "Spectator," whose Letter was undoubtedly admitted for the sake of the answer, which soon followed written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to stimulate curiosity and continue attention. It may be discovered in the defence, that Prior's Epilogue to "Phædra" had a little excited jealousy; and something of Prior's plan may be discovered in the performance of his rival. Of this distinguished Epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budgel, whom Addison used to denominate † "the man who calls me cousin;" and when he was asked how such a silly fellow could write so well, replied, "the Epilogue was quite another thing when I saw it first." It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that, when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgel, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his translations from Sappho had been published in the "Spectator;" he was an important and distinguished associate of clubs, witty and political; and nothing was wanting to his happiness, but that he should be sure of its continuance.

The work which had procured him the first notice from the public was his Six Pastorals, which, flattering the imagination with Arcadian scenes, probably found many

* Spence.

† Ibid.

readers, and might have long passed as a pleasing amusement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.

The rustic poems of Theocritus were so highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose *Eclogues* seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty; because the conversation of shepherds excludes profound or refined sentiment; and, for images and descriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, supplied variety of matter, which, having a natural power to sooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern Pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Æglogues*, by which he meant to express the talk of goatherds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by subsequent writers, and amongst others by our Spenser.

More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan published his *Bucolics* with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into schools and taught as classical; his complaint was vain, and the practice however injudicious, spread far, and continued long. Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present century. The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, to censure the corruptions of the Church; and from him Spenser learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

The Italians soon transferred Pastoral Poetry into their own language: Sannazaro wrote "*Arcadia*," in prose and verse; Tasso and Guarini wrote "*Favole Boscareccie*," or *Sylvan Dramas*; and all nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrsis* and *Damon*, and *Thesyllis* and *Phyllis*.

Philips thinks it "somewhat strange to conceive how, " in an age so addicted to the Muses, Pastoral Poetry never " comes to be so much as thought upon." His wonder seems very unseasonable; there had never, from the time of Spenser, wanted writers to talk occasionally of *Arcadia* and *Strephon*; and half the book, in which he first tried his powers, consists of dialogues on Queen Mary's death, between *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, or *Mopsus* and *Menalcas*. A series or book of Pastorals, however, I know not that any one had then lately published.

Not long afterwards Pope made the first display of his powers in four Pastorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenser, and Pope took Virgil for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.

Philips was now favoured by Addison, and by Addison's companions, who were very willing to push him into reputation. The "Guardian" gave an account of Pastoral, partly critical, and partly historical; in which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Tasso and Guarini are censured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and, upon the whole, the Italians and French are all excluded from rural poetry; and the pipe of the pastoral muse is transmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenser, and from Spenser to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a comparison of Philips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The design of aggrandizing himself he disguised with such dexterity, that, though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing his paper. Published however it was ("Guard. 40."): and from that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praise or satire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addison's approbation, as disaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not satisfied; for, indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours.

He

He proceeded to grosser insults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to have been extremely exasperated; for in the first edition of his Letters he calls Philips "rascal," and in the last still charges him with detaining in his hands the subscriptions for Homer delivered to him by the Hanover Club.

I suppose it was never suspected that he meant to appropriate the money; he only delayed, and with sufficient meanness, the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained.

Men sometimes suffer by injudicious kindness; Philips became ridiculous, without his own fault, by the absurd admiration of his friends, who decorated him with honorary garlands, which the first breath of contradiction blasted.

When upon the succession of the House of Hanover every Whig expected to be happy, Philips seems to have obtained too little notice; he caught few drops of the golden shower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a Commissioner of the Lottery (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a Justice of the Peace.

The success of his first play must naturally dispose him to turn his hopes towards the stage: he did not however soon commit himself to the mercy of an audience, but contented himself with the fame already acquired, till after nine years he produced (1722) "The Briton," a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected; though one of the scenes, between Vanoc the British Prince and Valens the Roman General, is confessed to be written with great dramatic skill, animated by spirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle though he had been silent; for he exhibited another tragedy the same year, on the story of "Humphry Duke of Gloucester." This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happiest undertaking was of a paper, called "The Freethinker," in conjunction with associates, of whom one was Dr. Boulter, who, then only minister of a parish in Southwark, was of so much consequence to the government, that he was made first Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may easily be imagined that what was printed under the direction of Boulter would have nothing in it indecent or licentious ; its title is to be understood as implying only freedom from unreasonable prejudice. It has been reprinted in volumes, but is little read ; nor can impartial criticism recommend it as worthy of revival. -

Boulter was not well qualified to write diurnal essays ; but he knew how to practise the liberality of greatness and the fidelity of friendship. When he was advanced to the height of ecclesiastical dignity, he did not forget the companion of his labours. Knowing Philips to be slenderly supported, he took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune ; and, making him his secretary, added such preferments, as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in the Irish Parliament.

In December 1726 he was made secretary to the Lord Chancellor ; and in August 1733 became judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued some years in Ireland ; but at last longing as it seems for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtless survived most of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagonist Pope. He found however the Duke of Newcastle still living, and to him he dedicated his poems collected into a volume.

Having purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds, he now certainly hoped to pass some years of life in plenty and tranquillity ; but his hope deceived him : he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Of his personal character all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and skill in the sword, and that in conversation he was solemn and pompous. He had great sensibility of censure, if judgement may be made by a single story which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. " Philips," said he, " was once at table, when I asked him, ' How came thy king of Epirus to drive oxen, and to say ' I'm goaded on by love ? ' After which question he ' never spoke again.' "

Of the " Distrest Mother" not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no subject of criticism : his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the Poems comprised in the late Collection,

Collection, the "Letter from Denmark" may be justly praised ; the Pastorals, which by the writer of the "Guardian" were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the rustic Muse, cannot surely be despicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which did not exist, nor ever existed, is not to be objected : the supposition of such a state is allowed to Pastoral. In his other poems he cannot be denied the praise of lines sometimes elegant ; but he has seldom much force or much comprehension. The pieces that please best are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*, the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "steerer of the realm," to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and sprightly, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought, yet, if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers : little things are not valued but when they are done by those who cannot do greater.

In his translations from Pindar, he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity ; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

He has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read : perhaps he valued most himself that part which the critic would reject.

W E S T.

GILBERT WEST is one of the writers of whom I regret my inability to give a sufficient account ; the intelligence which my enquiries have obtained is general and scanty.

He was the son of the Reverend Dr. West ; perhaps him who published " Pindar " at Oxford about the beginning of this century. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. His father, purposing to educate him for the church, sent him first to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford ; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commission in a troop of horse procured him by his uncle.

He continued some time in the army ; though it is reasonable to suppose that he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love, or much neglected the pursuit, of learning ; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commission, and engaged in business under the Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he attended the King to Hanover.

His adherence to Lord Townshend ended in nothing but a nomination (May 1729) to be clerk-extraordinary of the Privy Council, which produced no immediate profit ; for it only placed him in a state of expectation and right of succession, and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards he married, and settled himself in a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning, and to piety. Of his learning the late Collection exhibits evidence, which would have been yet fuller, if the dissertations which accompany his version of Pindar had not been improperly omitted. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his " Observations on the Resurrection," published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtless have reached yet further had he lived to complete what he had

had for some time meditated, the Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the public liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon and then prayers. Crashaw is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet* and *Saint*.

He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on St. Paul."

These two illustrious friends had for a while listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's book was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections against Christianity; and as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the disappointment by calling him a Methodist.

Mr. West's income was not large; and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported, that the education of the young Prince was offered to him, but that he required a more extensive power of superintendence than it was thought proper to allow him.

In time, however, his revenue was improved; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkships of the Privy Council (1752); and Mr. Pitt at last had it in his power to make him treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

He was now sufficiently rich; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed; nor could it secure him from the calamities of life; he lost (1755) his only son; and the year after (March 26) a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors.

Of his translations I have only compared the first Olympic Ode with the original, and found my expectation surpassed both by its elegance and its exactness. He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas; for he saw that the difference of languages required a different mode of versification. The first strophe is eminently happy; in

the second he has a little strayed from Pindar's meaning, who says, "if thou, my soul, wishest to speak of games, look
 " not in the desert sky for a planet hotter than the sun ;
 " nor shall we tell of nobler games than those of Olym-
 " pia." He is sometimes too paraphrastical. Pindar bestows upon Hiero an epithet which, in one word, signifies *delighting in horses* ; a word which, in the translation, generates these lines :

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
 Tends the courser's noble breed,
 Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
 Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Pindar says of Pelops, that "he came alone in the dark
 " to the White Sea ;" and West,

Near the billow-beaten side
 Of the foam-besilver'd main,
 Darkling, and alone, he stood :

which however is less exuberant than the former passage.

A work of this kind must, in a minute examination, discover many imperfections ; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

His "Institution of the Garter" (1742) is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction ; but, for want of a process of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserve the reader from weariness.

His "Imitations of Spenser" are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language and the fiction ; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements together. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of intellect, because their effect is local and temporary ; they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and pre-suppose an accidental or artificial state of mind. An imitation of Spenser is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenser has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry, and great nicety of observation ; but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they

they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life ; what is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion, and the amusement of a day.

THERE is in the " Adventurer" a paper of verses given to one of the authors as Mr. West's, and supposed to have been written by him. It should not be concealed, however, that it is printed with Mr. Jago's name in Dodsley's Collection, and is mentioned as his in a Letter of Shenstone's. Perhaps West gave it without naming the author, and Hawkesworth, receiving it from him, thought it his ; for his he thought it, as he told me, and as he tells the public.

C O L L I N S.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses to a "Lady weeping," published in "The Gentleman's Magazine."

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. He became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a *Demy* of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a Bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the University; for what reason I know not that he told.

He now (about 1744) came to London a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote enquiries. He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning; and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the Tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of his history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. He wrote now-and-then odes and other poems, and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition

on chearful. By degrees I gained his confidence ; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the bookfellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He shewed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds ; a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then rapid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

Having formerly written his character, while perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

“ Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly on the works of fiction, and subjects of fancy ; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters ; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens.

“ This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius ; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the
productions

productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

“ His morals were pure, and his opinions pious ; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed ; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm ; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

“ The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France ; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

“ After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him : there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself ; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school : when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a Man of Letters had chosen, ‘ I have but one book,’ said Collins, ‘ but that is the best.’”

Such

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

He was visited at Chichester in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his *Oriental Eclogues*, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his *Irish Eclogues*. He shewed them, at the same time, an ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume, on the superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found*.

His disorder was no alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and, with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.

Mr. Collins's first production is added here from the "*Poetical Calendar*."

* It is printed in the late Collection. R.

TO MISS AURELIA C—R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn ;
Lament not Hannah's happy state ;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.
With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms ;
“ Meet but your lover in my bands,
“ You'll find your sister in his arms.”

D Y E R

D Y E R.

JOHAN DYER, of whom I have no other account to give than his own Letters, published with Hughes's correspondence, and the notes added by the editor, have afforded me, was born in 1700, the second son of Robert Dyer, of Aberglafney, in Caermarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note.

He passed through Westminster school under the care of Dr. Freind, and was then called home to be instructed in his father's profession. But his father died soon, and he took no delight in the study of the law, but, having always amused himself with drawing, resolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardson, an artist then of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having studied a while under his master, he became, as he tells his friend, an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales and the parts adjacent; but he mingled poetry with painting, and about 1727 printed "Grongar Hill" in Lewis's Miscellany.

Being, probably, unsatisfied with his own proficiency, he, like other painters, travelled to Italy; and coming back in 1740, published the "Ruins of Rome."

If his poem was written soon after his return, he did not make use of his acquisitions in painting, whatever they might be; for decline of health and love of study determined him to the Church. He therefore entered into Orders; and, it seems, married about the same time a lady of the name of Enfor; "whose grand-mother," says he, "was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of every body's Shakspeare;" by her, in 1756, he had a son and three daughters living.

His ecclesiastical provision was for a long time but slender. His first patron, Mr. Harper, gave him, in 1741, Calthorp, in Leicestershire, of eighty pounds a year, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford

ford in Lincolnshire, of seventy-five. His condition now began to mend. In 1751, Sir John Heathcote gave him Coningsby, of one hundred and forty pounds a year; and in 1755 the Chancellor added Kirkby, of one hundred and ten. He complains that the repair of the house at Coningsby, and other expences, took away the profit. In 1757 he published "The Fleece," his greatest poetical work; of which I will not suppress a ludicrous story. Doddsley the bookseller was one day mentioning it to a critical visiter, with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation the author's age was asked; and being represented as advanced in life, "He will," said the critic, "be buried in woollen."

He did not indeed long survive that publication, nor long enjoy the increase of his preferments; for in 1758 he died.

Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity sufficient to require an elaborate criticism. "Grongar Hill" is the happiest of his productions: it is not indeed very accurately written; but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise are so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

The idea of the "Ruins of Rome" strikes more, but pleases less, and the title raises greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some passages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as when, in the neighbourhood of dilapidating edifices, he says,

—— The Pilgrim oft

At dead of night, mid his orison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon.

Of "The Fleece," which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the serpent with the fowl*. When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity,

by

by interspersing rural imagery, and incidental digressions, by cloathing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased.

Let me however honestly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of censure. I have been told, that Akenfide, who, upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard, said, "That he would regulate his opinion of the "reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's "Fleece;" for, if "that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer "reasonable to expect fame from excellence."

S H E N S T O N E.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the son of Thomas Shenstone and Anne Pen, was born in November 1714, at the Leaſowes in Hales-Owen, one of thoſe insulated diſtricts which, in the diviſion of the kingdom, was appended, for ſome reaſon not now diſcoverable, to a diſtant county; and which, though ſurrounded by Warwickſhire and Worceſterſhire, belongs to Shropſhire, though perhaps thirty miles diſtant from any other part of it.

He learned to read of an old dame, whom his poem of the “School-miſtreſs” has delivered to poſterity; and ſoon received ſuch delight from books, that he was always calling for freſh entertainment, and expected that, when any of the family went to market, a new book ſhould be brought him, which, when it came, was in fondneſs carried to bed and laid by him. It is ſaid, that, when his requeſt had been neglected, his mother wrapped up a piece of wood of the ſame form, and pacified him for the night.

As he grew older, he went for a while to the Grammar-ſchool in Hales-Owen, and was placed afterwards with Mr. Crumpton, an eminent ſchool-maſter at Solihul, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the quickneſs of his progreſs.

When he was young (June 1724) he was deprived of his father, and ſoon after (Auguſt 1726) of his grandfather; and was, with his brother, who died afterwards unmarried, left to the care of his grandmother, who managed the eſtate.

From ſchool he was ſent, in 1732, to Pembroke College in Oxford, a ſociety which for half a century has been eminent for Engliſh poetry and elegant literature. Here it appears that he found delight and advantage; for he continued his name in the book ten years, though he took no degree. After the firſt four years he put on the Civilian’s gown, but without ſhewing any intention to engage in the profeſſion.

About

About the time when he went to Oxford, the death of his grandmother devolved his affairs to the care of the Reverend Mr. Dolman, of Brome in Staffordshire, whose attention he always mentioned with gratitude.

At Oxford he employed himself upon English poetry; and in 1737 published a small Miscellany, without his name.

He then for a time wandered about, to acquaint himself with life, and was sometimes at London, sometimes at Bath, or any other place of public resort; but he did not forget his poetry. He published, in 1741, his "Judgment of Hercules," addressed to Mr. Lyttelton, whose interest he supported with great warmth at an election: this was next year followed by the "School-mistress."

Mr. Dolman, to whose care he was indebted for his ease and leisure, died in 1745, and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him. He tried to escape it a while, and lived at his house with his tenants, who were distantly related; but, finding that imperfect possession inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty, than the increase of its produce.

Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgement and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed, by the most supercilious observer, to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well.

This praise was the praise of Shenstone; but like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its
abate-

abatements. Lyttelton was his neighbour and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the *petty State* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but when by degrees the Leafowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity; and where there is vanity there will be folly*.

The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye: he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation.

In time his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies†. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He
was

* This charge against the Lyttelton family has been denied with some degree of warmth by Mr. Potter, and since by Mr. Graves. The latter says, "The truth of the case, I believe, was, that the Lyttelton family went so frequently with their family to the Leafowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Mr. Shenstone's retirement on every occasion, and therefore often went to the principal points of view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Mr. Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain; though I am persuaded, he never really suspected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much valued neighbours." R.

† Mr. Graves, however, expresses his belief that this is a groundless surmise. "Mr. Shenstone," he adds, "was too much respected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeness: and though his works (frugally as they were managed), added
" to

was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that, if he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension : such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed ; but that it was not asked is not certain ; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

He died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, about five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763 ; and was buried by the side of his brother in the church-yard of Hales-Owen.

He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady, whoever she was, to whom his " Pastoral Ballad " was addressed. He is represented by his friend Doddsley as a man of great tenderness and generosity, kind to all that were within his influence ; but, if once offended not easily appeased ; inattentive to œconomy, and careless of his expences : in his person he was larger than the middle size, with something clumsy in his form ; very negligent of his cloaths, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner ; for he held that the fashion was no rule of dress, and that every man was to suit his appearance to his natural form *.

His mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active ; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated.

His life was unstained by any crime ; the Elegy on Jesse, which has been supposed to relate an unfortunate and criminal amour of his own, was known by his friends to have been suggested by the story of Miss Godfrey in Richardson's " Pamela."

" to his manner of living, must necessarily have made him exceed
 " his income, and of course he might sometimes be distressed
 " for money, yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to
 " insults from trifling sums, and guarded against any great
 " distress, by anticipating a few hundreds ; which his estate
 " could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his
 " executors after the payment of his debts, and his legacies to
 " his friends, and annuities of thirty pounds a year to one ser-
 " vant, and six pounds to another : for his will was dictated
 " with equal justice and generosity." R.

* " These," says Mr. Graves, " were not precisely his sentiments ; though he thought right enough, that every one
 " should, in some degree, consult his particular shape and com-
 " plexion in adjusting his dress ; and that no fashion ought to
 " sanctify what was ungraceful, absurd, or really deformed."

What Gray thought of his character, from the perusal of his Letters, was this :

“ I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone’s Letters. Poor man ! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions ; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned ; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it ; his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen, who wrote verses too.”

His poems consist of elegies, odes, and ballads, humorous sallies, and moral pieces.

His conception of an Elegy he has in his Preface very judiciously and discriminately explained. It is, according to his account, the effusion of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, and therefore superior to the glitter of slight ornaments. His compositions suit not ill to this description. His topics of praise are the domestic virtues, and his thoughts are pure and simple ; but, wanting combination, they want variety. The peace of solitude, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied security of an humble station, can fill but a few pages. That of which the essence is uniformity will be soon described. His Elegies have therefore too much resemblance of each other.

The lines are sometimes, such as Elegy requires, smooth and easy ; but to this praise his claim is not constant ; his diction is often harsh, improper, and affected ; his words ill-coined and ill-chosen, and his phrase unskilfully inverted.

The Lyric Poems are almost all of the light and airy kind, such as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning. From these, however, “ Rural Elegance” has some right to be excepted. I once heard it praised by a very learned lady ; and though the lines are irregular, and the thoughts diffused with too much verbosity, yet it cannot be denied to contain both philosophical argument and poetical spirit.

Of the rest I cannot think any excellent ; the “ Skylark” pleases me best, which has however more of the epigram than of the ode.

But the four parts of his “ Pastoral Ballad” demand particular notice. I cannot but regret that it is pastoral ; an intelligent

intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice, for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to shew the beauties without the grossness of the country life. His stanza seems to have been chosen in imitation of Rowe's "Despairing Shepherd."

In the first part are two passages, to which if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature :

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt in my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

In the second this passage has its prettiness, though it be not equal to the former :

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

In the third he mentions the common-places of amorous poetry with some address :

'Tis his with mock passion to glow !
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :

How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of this charmer to vie ;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die.

In the fourth I find nothing better than this natural strain of Hope :

Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes,
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose ?

Yet Time may diminish the pain :
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

His "Levities" are by their title exempted from the severities of criticism ; yet it may be remarked in a few words, that his humour is sometimes gross, and seldom sprightly.

Of the Moral Poems the first is the "Choice of Hercules," from Xenophon. The numbers are smooth, the diction elegant, and the thoughts just ; but something of vigour is still to be wished, which it might have had by brevity and compression. His "Fate of Delicacy" has an air of gaiety, but not a very pointed and general moral. His blank verses, those that can read them may probably find to be like the blank verses of his neighbours. "Love and Honour" is derived from the old ballad, "Did you not hear of a Spanish Lady?"—I wish it well enough to wish it were in rhyme.

The "School-mistress," of which I know not what claim it has to stand among the Moral Works, is surely the most pleasing of Shenstone's performances. The adoption of a particular style, in light and short compositions, contributes much to the increase of pleasure : we are entertained at once with two imitations, of nature in the sentiments of the original author in the style, and between them the mind is kept in perpetual employment.

The general recommendation of Shenstone is easiness and simplicity ; his general defect is want of comprehension and variety. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he could have been great, I know not ; he could certainly have been agreeable.

Y O U N G.

Y O U N G.

THE following life was written, at my request, by a gentleman who had better information than I could easily have obtained ; and the public will perhaps wish that I had solicited and obtained more such favours from him.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ In consequence of our different conversations about authentic materials for the Life of Young, I send you the following detail.

“ Of great men, something must always be said to gratify curiosity. Of the illustrious author of the “Night Thoughts” much has been told of which there never could have been proofs ; and little care appears to have been taken to tell that of which proofs, with little trouble, might have been procured.”

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He was the son of Edward Young, at that time fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham ; who was the son of Jo: Young of Woodhay, in Berkshire, styled by Wood, *gentleman*. In September 1682 the Poet's father was collated to the prebend of Gillingham Minor, in the church of Sarum, by Bishop Ward. When Ward's faculties were impaired through age, his duties were necessarily performed by others. We learn from Wood, that, at a visitation of Sprat's, July the 12th, 1686, the prebendary preached a Latin sermon, afterwards published, with which the bishop was so pleased, that he told the chapter he was concerned to find the preacher had one of the worst prebends in their church. Some time after this, in consequence of his merit and reputation, or of the interest of Lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of sermons, he was appointed chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Sarum. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, says, “ he was chaplain and clerk of the
“ closet

" closet to the late Queen, who honoured him by standing
 " godmother to the Poet." His fellowship of Winchester
 he resigned in favour of a gentleman of the name of Harris,
 who married his only daughter. The dean died at Sarum,
 after a short illness, in 1705, in the sixty-third year of
 his age. On the Sunday after his decease Bishop Burnet
 preached at the cathedral, and began his sermon with
 saying, "Death has been of late walking round us, and
 " making breach upon breach upon us, and has now car-
 " ried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that
 " he, whom you saw a week ago distributing the holy mys-
 " teries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the
 " many excellent directions he has left us, both how to
 " live and how to die."

The dean placed his son upon the foundation at Winchester College, where he had himself been educated. At this school Edward Young remained till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which those upon the foundation are superannuated. Whether he did not betray his abilities early in life, or his masters had not skill enough to discover in their pupil any marks of genius for which he merited reward, or no vacancy at Oxford afforded them an opportunity to bestow upon him the reward provided for merit by William of Wykeham; certain it is, that to an Oxford fellowship our poet did not succeed. By chance, or by choice, New College cannot claim the honour of numbering among its fellows him who wrote the "Night Thoughts."

On the 13th of October, 1703, he was entered an independent member of New College, that he might live at little expence in the Warden's lodgings, who was a particular friend of his father's, till he should be qualified to stand for a fellowship at All Souls. In a few months the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The president of this society, from regard also for his father, invited him thither in order to lessen his academical expences. In 1708, he was nominated to a law-fellowship at All Souls by Archbishop Tenison, into whose hands it came by devolution. Such repeated patronage, while it justifies Burnet's praise of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the son. The manner in which it was exerted seems to prove, that the father did not leave behind him much wealth.

On

On the 23d of April, 1714, Young took his degree of batchelor of civil laws, and his doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719.

Soon after he went to Oxford, he discovered, it is said, an inclination for pupils. Whether he ever commenced tutor is not known. None has hitherto boasted to have received his academical instruction from the author of the "Night Thoughts."

It is probable that his College was proud of him no less as a scholar than as a poet ; for in 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, two years after he had taken his batchelor's degree, Young was appointed to speak the Latin oration. This is at least particular for being dedicated in English "To the Ladies of the Codrington Family." To these ladies he says, "that he was unavoidably flung into a singularity, by being obliged to write an epistle dedicatory void of common-place, and such an one was never published before by any author whatever ; that this practice absolved them from any obligation of reading what was presented to them ; and that the bookfeller approved of it, because it would make people stare, was absurd enough, and perfectly right."

Of this oration there is no appearance in his own edition of his works ; and prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonson, in 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, if we may credit Curll, dated December the 9th, 1739, wherein he says, that he has not leisure to review what he formerly wrote, and adds, "I have not the 'Epistle to Lord Lansdowne.' If you will take my advice, I would have you omit that, and the oration on Codrington. I think the collection will sell better without them."

There are who relate, that, when first Young found himself independent, and his own master at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

The authority of his father, indeed, had ceased, some time before, by his death ; and Young was certainly not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps, the poet, and particularly the tragedian. If virtuous authors must be patronized only by virtuous peers, who shall point them out?

Yet

Yet Pope is said by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that, "Young had much of a sublime genius, though without common sense; so that his genius having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombast. This made him pass a *foolish youth*, the sport of peers and poets: but his having a very good heart enabled him to support the clerical character when he assumed it, first with decency, and afterwards with honour."

They who think ill of Young's morality in the early part of his life, may perhaps be wrong; but Tindal could not err in his opinion of Young's warmth and ability in the cause of religion. Tindal used to spend much of his time at All Souls. "The other boys," said the Atheist, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own *."

After all, Tindal and the censurers of Young may be reconcileable. Young might, for two or three years, have tried that kind of life, in which his natural principles would not suffer him to wallow long. If this were so, he has left behind him not only his evidence in favour of virtue, but the potent testimony of experience against vice.

We shall soon see that one of his earliest productions was more serious than what comes from the generality of unfledged poets.

Young perhaps ascribed the good fortune of Addison to the "Poem to his Majesty," presented, with a copy of verses, to Somers; and hoped that he also might soar to wealth and honours on wings of the same kind. His first poetical flight was when Queen Anne called up to the House of Lords the sons of the Earls of Northampton and Aylesbury, and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers. In order to reconcile the people to one, at least, of the new lords, he published, in 1712, "An Epistle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lans-

* As my great friend is now become the subject of biography, it should be told, that, every time I called upon Johnson during the time I was employed in collecting materials for this life and putting it together, he never suffered me to depart without some such farewell as this: "Don't forget that rascal Tindal, Sir. "Be sure to hang up the Atheist." Alluding to this anecdote, which Johnson had mentioned to me.

"downe."

“downe.” In this composition the poet pours out his panegyric with the extravagance of a young man, who thinks his present stock of wealth will never be exhausted.

The poem seems intended also to reconcile the public to the late peace. This is endeavoured to be done by shewing that men are slain in war, and that in peace “harvests wave, and Commerce swells her sail.” If this be humanity, for which he meant it; is it politics? Another purpose of this epistle appears to have been, to prepare the public for the reception of some tragedy he might have in hand. His lordship’s patronage, he says, will not let him “repent his passion for the stage;” and the particular praise bestowed on “Othello” and “Oroonoko” looks as if some such character as Zanga was even then in contemplation. The affectionate mention of the death of his friend Harrison of New College, at the close of this poem, is an instance of Young’s art, which displayed itself so wonderfully some time afterwards in the “Night Thoughts,” of making the public a party in his private sorrow.

Should justice call upon you to censure this poem, it ought at least to be remembered that he did not insert it in his works; and that in the letter to Curll, as we have seen, he advises its omission. The booksellers, in the late body of English Poetry, should have distinguished what was deliberately rejected by the respective authors*. This I shall be careful to do with regard to Young. “I think,” says he, “the following pieces in *four* volumes to be the most excusable of all that I have written; and I wish *less apology* was needful for these. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republished I have revised and corrected, and rendered them as *pardonable* as it was in my power to do.”

Shall the gates of repentance be shut only against literary sinners?

When Addison published “Cato” in 1713, Young had the honour of prefixing to it a commendatory copy of verses. This is one of the pieces which the author of the “Night Thoughts” did not republish.

* Dr. Johnson, in many cases, thought and directed differently, particularly in Young’s Works, J. N.

On the appearance of his "Poem on the Last Day," Addison did not return Young's compliment; but "The Englishman" of October 29, 1713, which was probably written by Addison, speaks handsomely of this poem. The "Last Day" was published soon after the peace. The vice-chancellor's *imprimatur*, for it was printed at Oxford, is dated May the 19th, 1713. From the exordium Young appears to have spent some time on the composition of it. While other bards "with Britain's hero set their souls on fire," he draws, he says, a deeper scene. Marlborough *had been* considered by Britain as her *hero*; but, when the "Last Day" was published, female cabal had blasted for a time the laurels of Blenheim. This serious poem was finished by Young as early as 1710, before he was thirty; for part of it is printed in the "Tatler." It was inscribed to the Queen, in a dedication, which, for some reason, he did not admit into his works. It tells her, that his only title to the great honour he now does himself, is the obligation which he formerly received from her royal indulgence,

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unless he alluded to her being his godmother. He is said indeed to have been engaged at a settled stipend as a writer for the Court. In Swift's "Rhapsody on Poetry" are these lines, speaking of the Court——

Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Y—— must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

That Y—— means Young seems clear from four other lines in the same poem:

Attend, ye Popes and Youngs and Gays,
And tune your harps and fiew your bays;
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.

Yet who shall say with certainty, that Young was a pensioner? In all modern periods of this country, have not the writers on one side been regularly called Hirelings, and on the other Patriots?

Of the Dedication the complexion is clearly political. It speaks in the highest terms of the late peace; it gives her Majesty praise indeed for her victories, but says that the author is more pleased to see her rise from this lower world,

world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, and leaving the fixed stars behind her; nor will he lose her there, he says, but keep her still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of Creation, in her journey towards eternal bliss, till he behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her still onward from the stretch of his imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to earth.

The Queen was soon called away from this lower world, to a place where human praise or human flattery, even less general than this, are of little consequence. If Young thought the dedication contained only the praise of truth, he should not have omitted it in his works. Was he conscious of the exaggeration of party? Then he should not have written it. The poem itself is not without a glance towards politics, notwithstanding the subject. The cry that the Church was in danger, had not yet subsided. The "Last Day," written by a layman, was much approved by the ministry, and their friends.

Before the Queen's death, "The Force of Religion, or "Vanquished Love," was sent into the world. This poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray and her husband Lord Guildford, 1554, a story chosen for the subject of a tragedy by Edmund Smith, and wrought into a tragedy by Rowe. The dedication of it to the Countess of Salisbury does not appear in his own edition. He hopes it may be some excuse for his presumption that the story could not have been read without thoughts of the Countess of Salisbury, though it had been dedicated to another. "To behold," he proceeds, "a person *only* virtuous, stirs in us "a prudent regret; to behold a person *only* amiable to the "sight, warms us with a religious indignation; but to turn "our eyes to a Countess of Salisbury, gives us pleasure and "improvement; it works a sort of miracle, occasions the "biass of our nature to fall off from sin, and makes our very "senses and affections converts to our religion, and promotes of our duty." His flattery was as ready for the other sex as for ours, and was at least as well adapted.

August the 27th, 1714, Pope writes to his friend Jervas, that he is just arrived from Oxford; that every one is much concerned for the Queen's death, but that no panegyrics are ready yet for the King. Nothing like friendship has yet taken place between Pope and Young; for, soon after the event which Pope mentions, Young published a poem on the

the Queen's death, and his Majesty's accession to the throne. It is inscribed to Addison, then secretary to the Lords Justices. Whatever were the obligations which he had formerly received from Anne, the poet appears to aim at something of the same sort from George. Of the poem the intention seems to have been, to shew that he had the same extravagant strain of praise for a king as for a queen. To discover at the very onset of a foreigner's reign, that the Gods bless his new subjects in such a king, is something more than praise. Neither was this deemed one of his *excusable pieces*. We do not find it in his works.

Young's father had been well acquainted with Lady Anne Wharton, the first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq. afterwards Marquis of Wharton; a lady celebrated for her poetical talents by Burnet and by Waller.

To the Dean of Sarum's visitation sermon, already mentioned, were added some verses "by that excellent poetress "Mrs. Anne Wharton," upon its being translated into English, at the instance of Waller by Atwood. Wharton, after he became ennobled, did not drop the son of his old friend. In him during the short time he lived, Young found a patron, and in his dissolute descendant a friend and a companion. The Marquis died in April, 1715. In the beginning of the next year the young Marquis set out upon his travels, from which he returned in about a twelvemonth. The beginning of 1717 carried him to Ireland; where, says, the Biographia, "on the score of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honour done him of being "admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the "House of Lords."

With this unhappy character, it is not unlikely that Young went to Ireland. From his Letter to Richardson on "Original Composition," it is clear he was, at some period of his life, in that country. "I remember," says he, in that letter speaking of Swift, "as I and others were "taking with him an evening walk, about a mile out of "Dublin, he stopped short; we passed on; but perceiving "he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed "as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, "which, in its uppermost branches was much withered "and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like "that tree, I shall die at top." Is it not probable, that this visit to Ireland was paid when he had an opportunity of going thither with his avowed friend and patron?

From

From "The Englishman" it appears that a tragedy by Young was in the theatre so early as 1713. Yet "Busiris" was not brought upon Drury-Lane Stage till 1719. It was inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle, "because the late instances he had received of his Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour, in an affair of some consequence, foreign to the theatre, had taken from him the privilege of chusing a patron." The Dedication he afterwards suppressed.

"Busiris" was followed in the year 1721 by "The Revenge." He dedicated this famous tragedy to the Duke of Wharton. "Your Grace," says the Dedication, "has been pleased to make yourself necessary to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole."

That his Grace should have suggested the incident to which he alludes, whatever that incident might have been, is not unlikely. The last mental exertion of the superannuated young man, in his quarters at Lerida, in Spain, was some scenes of a tragedy on the story of Mary Queen of Scots.

Dryden dedicated "Marriage à la Mode" to Wharton's infamous relation Rochester; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune. Young concludes his address to Wharton thus—"My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which I will venture to say will be always remembered to his honour, since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it." That he ever had such a patron as Wharton, Young took all the pains in his power to conceal from the world, by excluding this dedication from his works. He should have remembered that he at the same time concealed his obligation to Wharton for *the most beautiful incident* in what is surely not his least beautiful composition. The passage just quoted is, in a poem afterwards addressed to Walpole, literally copied:

Be this thy partial smile from censure free!
 'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

While

While Young, who, in his "Love of Fame," complains grievously how often "dedications wash an Æthiop "white," was painting an amiable Duke of Wharton in perishable prose, Pope was, perhaps, beginning to describe the "scorn and wonder of his days," in lasting verse.

To the patronage of such a character, had Young studied men as much as Pope, he would have known how little to have trusted. Young, however, was certainly indebted to it for something material; and the Duke's regard for Young, added to his "Lust of Praise," procured to All Souls College a donation, which was not forgotten by the poet when he dedicated "The Revenge."

It will surprize you to see me cite second Atkins, Case 136, Stiles *versus* the Attorney General, March 14, 1740, as authority for the life of a poet. But biographers do not always find such certain guides as the oaths of the persons whom they record. Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine whether two annuities, granted by the Duke of Wharton to Young, were for legal considerations. One was dated the 24th of March, 1719, and accounted for his Grace's bounty in a style princely and commendable, if not legal—"considering that the public good is advanced "by the encouragement of learning and the polite arts, "and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr. "Young, in consideration thereof, and of the love I bear "him, &c." The other was dated the 10th of July, 1722.

Young, on his examination, swore that he quitted the Exeter family, and refused an annuity of 100*l.* which had been offered him for life if he would continue tutor to Lord Burleigh, upon the pressing solicitations of the Duke of Wharton, and his Grace's assurances of providing for him in a much more ample manner. It also appeared that the Duke had given him a bond for 600*l.* dated the 15th of March, 1721, in consideration of his taking several journies, and being at great expences, in order to be chosen member of the House of Commons at the Duke's desire, and in consideration of his not taking two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l.* in the gift of All Souls College, on his Grace's promises of serving and advancing him in the world.

Of his adventures in the Exeter family I am unable to give any account. The attempt to get into Parliament was at Cirencester, where Young stood a contested election.

His

His Grace discovered in him talents for oratory as well as for poetry. Nor was this judgment wrong. Young, after he took orders, became a very popular preacher, and was much followed for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents he was once in his life, according to the Biographia, deserted. As he was preaching in his turn at St. James's, he plainly perceived it was out of his power to command the attention of his audience. This so affected the feelings of the preacher, that he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into tears. But we must pursue his poetical life.

In 1719 he lamented the death of Addison, in a Letter addressed to their common friend Tickell. For the secret history of the following lines, if they contain any, it is now vain to seek:

*In joy once join'd, in sorrow, now, for years—
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell, accept this verse, thy mournful due.*

From your account of Tickell it appears that he and Young used to "communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things."

In 1719 appeared a "Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job." Parker, to whom it is dedicated, had not long, by means of the seals, been qualified for a patron. Of this work the author's opinion may be known from his Letter to Curll: "You seem, in the Collection you propose, to have omitted what I think may claim the first place in it; I mean 'a Translation from Part of Job,' printed by Mr. Tonson." The Dedication, which was only suffered to appear in Mr. Tonson's edition, while it speaks with satisfaction of his present retirement, seems to make an unusual struggle to escape from retirement. But every one who sings in the dark does not sing from joy. It is addressed, in no common strain of flattery, to a chancellor, of whom he clearly appears to have had no kind of knowledge.

Of his Satires it would not have been possible to fix the dates without the assistance of first editions, which, as you had occasion to observe in your account of Dryden, are with difficulty found. We must then have referred to the poems, to discover when they were written. For these internal notes of time we should not have referred in vain.

The

The first Satire laments, that "Guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled." The second, addressing himself, asks,

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed.

The Satires were originally published separately in folio, under the title of "The Universal Passion." These passages fix the appearance of the first to about 1725, the time at which it came out. As Young seldom suffered his pen to dry, after he had once dipped it in poetry, we may conclude that he began his Satire soon after he had written the "Paraphrase on Job." The last Satire was certainly finished in the beginning of the year 1726. In December 1725 the King, in his passage from Helvoetsluys, escaped with great difficulty from a storm by landing at Rye; and the conclusion of the Satire turns the escape into a miracle, in such an encomiastic strain of compliment as poetry too often seeks to pay to royalty.

From the sixth of these poems we learn,

Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glow'd with the love of virtue and of art :

since the grateful poet tells us, in the next couplet,

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness ! it has dawn'd on me.

Her Majesty had stood godmother, and given her name to a daughter of the Lady whom Young married in 1731; and had perhaps shown some attention to Lady Elizabeth's future husband.

The fifth Satire, "On Women," was not published till 1727; and the sixth not till 1728.

To these Poems, when, in 1728, he gathered them into one publication, he prefixed a Preface; in which he observes, that "no man can converse much in the world, but
" at what he meets with, he must either be insensible or
" grieve, or be angry or smile. Now to smile at it, and
" turn it into ridicule," he adds, "I think most eligible,
" as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the
" greatest offence. Laughing at the misconduct of the
" world,"

“ world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some teach.” So wrote, and so of course thought, the lively and witty Satirist at the grave age of almost fifty, who, many years earlier in life, wrote the “ Last Day.” After all, Swift pronounced of these satires, that they should either have been more angry, or more merry.

Is it not somewhat singular that Young preserved, without any palliation, this Preface, so bluntly decisive in favour of laughing at the world, in the same collection of his works which contains the mournful, angry, gloomy “ Night Thoughts ?”

At the conclusion of the Preface he applies Plato’s beautiful fable of the “ Birth of Love” to modern poetry, with the addition, “ that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours ; and that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father’s family ; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother’s relations.” Poetry, it is true, did not lead Young to preferments or to honours ; but was there not something like blindness in the flattery which he sometimes forced her, and her sister Prose, to utter ? She was always, indeed, taught by him to entertain a most dutiful admiration of riches ; but surely Young, though nearly related to Poetry, had no connection with her whom Plato makes the mother of Love. That he could not well complain of being related to Poverty appears clearly from the frequent bounties which his gratitude records, and from the wealth which he left behind him. By “ The Universal Passion” he acquired no vulgar fortune, more than three thousand pounds. A considerable sum had already been swallowed up in the South-Sea. For this loss he took the vengeance of an author. His Muse makes poetical use more than once of a South-Sea Dream.

It is related by Mr. Spence, in his Manuscript Anecdotes, on the authority of Mr. Rawlinson, that Young, upon the publication of his “ Universal Passion,” received from the Duke of Grafton two thousand pounds ; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, “ Two thousand pounds for a poem !” he said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for the poem was worth four thousand.

This story may be true ; but it seems to have been raised from the two answers of Lord Burghley and Sir Philip Sidney in Spenser's Life.

After inscribing his Satires, not perhaps without the hopes of preferments and honours, to such names as the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Dodington, Mr. Spencer Compton, Lady Elizabeth Germain, and Sir Robert Walpole, he returns to plain panegyric. In 1726 he addressed a poem to Sir Robert Walpole, of which the title sufficiently explains the intention. If Young must be acknowledged a ready celebrator, he did not endeavour, or did not choose, to be a lasting one. "The Instalment" is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his *excuseable writings*. Yet it contains a couplet which pretends to pant after the power of bestowing immortality :

Oh ! how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name !

The bounty of the former reign seems to have been continued, possibly increased, in this. Whatever it might have been, the poet thought he deserved it ; for he was not ashamed to acknowledge what, without his acknowledgement, would now perhaps never have been known :

My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poetry.

If the purity of modern patriotism will term Young a pensioner, it must at least be confessed he was a grateful one.

The reign of the new monarch was ushered in by Young with "Ocean, an Ode." The hint of it was taken from the royal speech, which recommended the increase and the encouragement of the seamen ; that they might be "invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country ;" a plan which humanity must lament that policy has not even yet been able, or willing, to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication were an "Ode to the King, Pater Patriæ," and an "Essay on Lyric Poetry." It is but justice to confess, that he preserved neither of them ; and that the ode itself,

itself, which in the first edition, and in the last, consists of seventy-three stanzas, in the author's own edition is reduced to forty-nine. Among the omitted passages is a "Wish," that concluded the poem, which few would have suspected Young of forming; and of which few, after having formed it, would confess something like their shame by suppression.

It stood originally so high in the author's opinion, that he intitled the poem, "Ocean, an Ode. Concluding with a Wish." This wish consists of thirteen stanzas. The first runs thus:

O may I *steal*
 Along the *vale*
 Of humble life, secure from foes!
 My friend sincere,
 My judgement clear,
 And gentle business my repose!

The three last stanzas are not more remarkable for just rhymes: but, altogether, they will make rather a curious page in the life of Young:

Prophetic schemes,
 And golden dreams,
 May I, unanguine cast away!
 Have what I *have*,
 And live, not *leave*,
 Enamour'd of the present day!

My hours my own!
 My faults unknown!
 My chief revenue in content!
 Then leave one *beam*
 Of honest *fame*!
 And scorn the labour'd monument!

Unhurt my urn
 Till that great TURN
 When mighty Nature's self shall die,
 Time cease to glide,
 With human pride,
 Sunk in the ocean of eternity!

It is whimsical that he, who was soon to bid adieu to rhyme, should fix upon a measure in which rhyme abounds even to satiety.

fatuity. Of this he said, in his "Essay on Lyric Poetry," prefixed to the poem—"For the more *harmony* likewise I "chose the frequent return of rhyme, which laid me under "great difficulties. But difficulties overcome, give grace "and pleasure. Nor can I account for the *pleasure of* "rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) "but from this truth." Yet the moderns surely deserve not much censure for their fondness of what, by their own confession, affords pleasure, and abounds in harmony.

The next paragraph in his Essay did not occur to him when he talked of "that great turn" in the stanza just quoted. "But then the writer must take care that the "difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme "consistent with as perfect sense and expression, as could "be expected if he was perfectly free from that shackle."

Another part of his Essay will convict the following stanza of, what every reader will discover in it, "involuntary burlesque:"

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The *stars gone out*,
The boiling freight, the monster's shock.

But would the English poets fill quite so many volumes, if all their productions were to be tried, like this, by an elaborate essay on each particular species of poetry of which they exhibit specimens?

If Young be not a lyric poet, he is at least a critic in that sort of poetry; and, if his lyric poetry can be proved bad, it was first proved so by his own criticism. This surely is candid.

Milbourne was styled by Pope "the fairest of critics," only because he exhibited his own version of Virgil to be compared with Dryden's which he condemned, and with which every reader had it otherwise in his power to compare it. Young was surely not the most unfair of poets for prefixing to a lyric composition an Essay on Lyric Poetry, so just and impartial as to condemn himself.

We shall soon come to a work, before which we find indeed no critical essay, but which disdains to shrink from the touchstone of the severest critic; and which certainly,

as

as I remember to have heard you say, if it contain some of the worst, contains also some of the best things in the language.

Soon after the appearance of "Ocean," when he was almost fifty, Young entered into Orders. In April 1728, not long after he put on the gown, he was appointed chaplain to George the Second.

The tragedy of "The Brothers," which was already in rehearsal, he immediately withdrew from the stage. The managers resigned it with some reluctance to the delicacy of the new clergyman. The Epilogue to "The Brothers," the only appendages to any of his three plays which he added himself, is, I believe, the only one of the kind. He calls it an Historical Epilogue. Finding that "Guilt's dreadful" "close his narrow scene denied," he, in a manner, continues the tragedy in the Epilogue, and relates how Rome revenged the shade of Demetrius, and punished Perseus "for this night's deed."

Of Young's taking Orders something is told by the biographer of Pope, which places the easiness and simplicity of the poet in a singular light. When he determined on the Church, he did not address himself to Sherlock, to Atterbury, or to Hare, for the best instructions in Theology, but to Pope, who, in a youthful frolic, advised the diligent perusal of Thomas Aquinas. With this treasure Young retired from interruption to an obscure place in the suburbs. His poetical guide to godliness hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him; and found him just in time to prevent what Ruffhead calls "an irretrievable derangement."

That attachment to his favourite study, which made him think a poet the surest guide to his new profession, left him little doubt whether poetry was the surest path to its honours and preferments. Not long indeed after he took Orders, he published in prose, 1728, "A true Estimate of Human Life," dedicated, notwithstanding the Latin quotations with which it abounds, to the Queen; and a sermon preached before the House of Commons, 1729, on the martyrdom of King Charles, intitled, "An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government." But the "Second Course," the counterpart of his "Estimate," without which it cannot be called "A true Estimate," though in 1728 it was announced as "soon to be published,"

ed," never appeared; and his old friends the Muses were not forgotten. In 1730 he relapsed to poetry, and sent into the world "*Imperium Pelagi*: a Naval Lyric, written " in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit, occasioned by his Majesty's Return from Hanover, September 1729, and the " succeeding Peace." It is inscribed to the Duke of Chandos. In the Preface we are told, that the Ode is the most spirited kind of Poetry, and that the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of Ode. "This I speak," he adds, "with sufficient candour, at my own very great peril. "But truth has an eternal title to our confession, though "we are sure to suffer by it." Behold, again, the fairest of poets. Young's "*Imperium Pelagi*" was ridiculed in Fielding's "*Tom Thumb*;" but, let us not forget that it was one of his pieces which the author of the "*Night Thoughts*" deliberately refused to own.

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he published two Epistles to Pope, "concerning the Authors of the Age," 1730. Of these poems one occasion seems to have been an apprehension lest, from the liveliness of his satires, he should not be deemed sufficiently serious for promotion in the Church.

In July 1730 he was presented by his College to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. In May 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. His connexion with this lady arose from his father's acquaintance already mentioned, with Lady Anne Wharton, who was coheirress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. Poetry had lately been taught by Addison to aspire to the arms of nobility though not with extraordinary happiness.

We may naturally conclude that Young now gave himself up in some measure to the comforts of his new connexion, and to the expectations of that preferment which he thought due to his poetical talents, or, at least, to the manner in which they had so frequently been exerted.

The next production of his Muse was "*The Sea-piece*," in two odes.

Young enjoys the credit of what is called an "Extempore Epigram on Voltaire;" who, when he was in England, ridiculed, in the company of the jealous English poet, Milton's allegory of "*Sin and Death*"——

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From

From the following passage in the poetical Dedication of his "Sea-piece" to Voltaire, it seems that this extemporaneous reproof, if it must be extemporaneous (for what few will now affirm Voltaire to have deserved any reproof?), was something longer than a distich, and something more gentle than the distich just quoted.

No stranger, Sir, though born in foreign climes,
On *Dorset* downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with *gentle* rhymes ?

By "*Dorset downs*" he probably meant Mr. Dodington's feat. In Pitt's Poems is "An Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury in Dorsetshire, on the Review at Sarum, 1722."

While with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit, &c.

Thomson, in his *Autumn*, addressing Mr. Dodington, calls his feat the feat of the Muses,

Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

The praises Thomson bestows but a few lines before on Philips, the second

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song,

added to Thomson's example and success, might perhaps induce Young, as we shall see presently, to write his great work without rhyme.

In 1734 he published "The Foreign Address, or the best Argument for Peace, occasioned by the British Fleet and the Posture of Affairs. Written in the Character of a Sailor." It is not to be found in the author's four volumes.

He now appears to have given up all hopes of overtaking Pindar, and perhaps at last resolved to turn his ambition to some original species of poetry. This poem concludes with a formal farewell to Ode, which few of Young's readers will regret :

My shell, which Clio gave, which *Kings applaud*,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu !

In a species of poetry altogether his own, he next tried his skill, and succeeded.

Of his wife he was deprived in 1741. Lady Elizabeth had lost, after her marriage with Young, an amiable daughter, by her former husband, just after she was married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Temple did not long remain after his wife, though he was married a second time to a daughter of Sir John Barnard's, whose son is the present peer. Mr. and Mrs. Temple have generally been considered as Philander and Narcissa. From the great friendship which constantly subsisted between Mr. Temple and Young, as well as from other circumstances, it is probable that the poet had both him and Mrs. Temple in view for these characters ; though at the same time some passages respecting Philander do not appear to suit either Mr. Temple or any other person with whom Young was known to be connected or acquainted, while all the circumstances relating to Narcissa have been constantly found applicable to Young's daughter-in-law.

At what short intervals the poet tells us he was wounded by the deaths of the three persons particularly lamented, none that has read the "Night Thoughts" (and who has not read them ?) needs to be informed.

Infatiate Archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

Yet how is it possible that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Lady Elizabeth Young could be these three victims, over whom Young has hitherto been pitied for having to pour the "Midnight Sorrows" of his religious poetry ? Mrs. Temple died in 1736 ; Mr. Temple four years afterwards in 1740 ; and the poet's wife seven months after Mr. Temple, in 1741. How could the infatiate Archer thrice slay his peace, in these three persons, "ere thrice the moon had fill'd her horn ?"

But in the short Preface to "The Complaint" he seriously tells us, "that the occasion of this poem" "was real, not fictitious ; and that the facts mentioned did natu-
" rally

“ rally pour these moral reflections on the thought of “ the writer.” It is probable, therefore, that in these three contradictory lines, the poet complains more than the father-in-law, the friend, or the widower.

Whatever names belong to these facts, or, if the names be those generally supposed, whatever heightening a poet’s sorrow may have given the facts; to the sorrow Young felt from them, religion and morality are indebted for the “ Night Thoughts.” There is a pleasure sure in sadness which mourners only know !

Of these poems the two or three first have been perused perhaps more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the fourth or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen was answered; his grief was naturally either diminished or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we hear less of Philander and Narcissa, and less of the mourner whom he loved to pity.

Mrs. Temple died of a consumption at Lyons, in her way to Nice, the year after her marriage; that is, when poetry relates the fact, “ in her bridal hour.” It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the Continent :

I flew, I snatch’d her from the rigid North,
And bore her nearer to the sun.

But in vain. Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in such animated colours in “ Night the “ Third.” After her death, the remainder of the party passed the ensuing winter at Nice.

The poet seems perhaps in these compositions to dwell with more melancholy on the death of Philander and Narcissa, than of his wife. But it is only for this reason. He who runs and reads may remember, that in the “ Night Thoughts” Philander and Narcissa are often mentioned and often lamented. To recollect lamentations over the author’s wife, the memory must have been charged with distinct passages. This lady brought him one child, Frederick, now living, to whom the Prince of Wales was god-father.

That domestic grief is, in the first instance, to be thanked for these ornaments to our language, it is impossible to deny. Nor would it be common hardness to contend, that worldly discontent had no hand in these joint productions

tions of poetry and piety. Yet am I by no means sure that, at any rate, we should not have had something of the same colour from Young's pencil, notwithstanding the liveliness of his satires. In so long a life, causes for discontent and occasions for grief must have occurred. It is not clear to me that his Muse was not sitting upon the watch for the first which happened. "Night Thoughts" were not uncommon to her, even when first she visited the poet, and at a time when he himself was remarkable neither for gravity nor gloominess. In his "Last Day," almost his earliest poem, he calls her "The Melancholy Maid,"

————— whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs and in the realms of Night.

In the prayer which concludes the second book of the same poem, he says—

—Oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
Oh ! how divine to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of Eternal Day !

When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is said by Spence to have sent him a human skull, with a candle in it, as a lamp ; and the poet is reported to have used it.

What he calls "The *true* estimate of Human Life," which has already been mentioned, exhibits only the wrong side of the tapestry ; and, being asked why he did not show the right, he is said to have replied, that he could not. By others it has been told me that this was finished ; but that, before there existed any copy, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

Still, is it altogether fair to dress up the poet for the man, and to bring the gloominess of the "Night Thoughts" to prove the gloominess of Young, and to shew that his genius, like the genius of Swift, was in some measure the fullen inspiration of discontent ?

From them who answer in the affirmative it should not be concealed that, though "*Invisibilia non decipiunt*" appeared upon a deception in Young's grounds, and "*Ambulantes in horto audierunt vocem Dei*" on a building in his garden, his parish was indebted to the good humour of the author of the "Night Thoughts" for an assembly and a bowling-green.

Whether

Whether you think with me, I know not ; but the famous “*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*” always appeared to me to favour more of female weakness than of manly reason. He that has too much feeling to speak ill of the dead, who, if they cannot defend themselves are at least ignorant of his abuse, will not hesitate by the most wanton calumny to destroy the quiet, the reputation, the fortune, of the living. Yet censure is not heard beneath the tomb, any more than praise. “*De mortuis nil nisi verum—De vivis “nil nisi bonum*”—would approach much nearer to good sense. After all, the few handfuls of remaining dust which once composed the body of the author of the “*Night Thoughts*” feel not much concern whether Young pass now for a man of sorrow or for a “fellow of infinite jest.” To this favour must come the whole family of Yorick. His immortal part, wherever that now dwell, is still less solicitous on this head.

But to a son of worth and sensibility it is of some little consequence whether contemporaries believe, and posterity be taught to believe, that his debauched and reprobate life cast a Stygian gloom over the evening of his father’s days, saved him the trouble of feigning a character completely detestable, and succeeded at last in bringing his “grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

The humanity of the world, little satisfied with inventing perhaps a melancholy disposition for the father, proceeds next to invent an argument in support of their invention, and chuses that Lorenzo should be Young’s own son. The *Biographia* and every account of Young pretty roundly asserts this to be the fact ; of the absolute impossibility of which the *Biographia* itself, in particular dates, contains undeniable evidence. Readers I know there are of a strange turn of mind, who will hereafter peruse the “*Night Thoughts*” with less satisfaction ; who will wish they had still been deceived ; who will quarrel with me for discovering that no such character as their Lorenzo ever yet disgraced human nature, or broke a father’s heart. Yet would these admirers of the sublime and terrible be offended, should you set them down for cruel and for savage.

Of this report, inhuman to the surviving son, if it be true, in proportion as the character of Lorenzo is diabolical, where are we to find the proof ? Perhaps it is clear from the poems.

From

From the first line to the last of the "Night Thoughts," no one expression can be discovered which betrays any thing like the father. In the "Second Night" I find an expression which betrays something else; that Lorenzo was his friend; one, it is possible, of his former companions; one of the Duke of Wharton's set. The Poet styles him "gay Friend;" an appellation not very natural from a pious incensed father to such a being as he paints Lorenzo, and that being his son.

But let us see how he has sketched this dreadful portrait, from the sight of some of whose features the artist himself must have turned away with horror. A subject more shocking, if his only child really sat to him, than the crucifixion of Michael Angelo, upon the horrid story told of which, Young composed a short Poem of fourteen lines in the early part of his life, which he did not think deserved to be published.

In the "First Night," the address to the Poet's supposed son is,

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.

In the "Fifth Night"—

And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life? to hang his airy nest on high?

Is this a picture of the son of the rector of Welwyn?

"Eighth Night"—

In foreign realms (for thou hast traveled far)—

which even now does not apply to his son.

In "Night Five"—

So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel-boy on whom he dotes;
And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth!

At the beginning of the "Fifth Night" we find—

Lorenzo, to recriminate is just,
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.

But,

But, to cut short all enquiry; if any one of these passages, if any passage in the poems be applicable, my friend shall pass for Lorenzo. The son of the author of the "Night Thoughts" was not old enough, when they were written, to recriminate, or to be a father. The "Night Thoughts" were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The first "Nights" appear, in the books of the company of Stationers, as the property of Robert Dodsley, in 1742. The Preface to "Night Seven" is dated July the 7th, 1744. The marriage, in consequence of which the supposed Lorenzo was born, happened in May 1731. Young's child was not born till June 1733. In 1741 this Lorenzo, this finished infidel, this father to whose education Vicc had for some years put the last hand, was only eight years old.

An anecdote of this cruel sort, so open to contradiction, so impossible to be true, who could propagate? Thus easily are blasted the reputation of the living and of the dead.

Who then was Lorenzo? exclaim the readers I have mentioned. If we cannot be sure that he was his son, which would have been finely terrible, was he not his nephew, his cousin?

These are questions which I do not pretend to answer. For the sake of human nature, I could wish Lorenzo to have been only the creation of the Poet's fancy: like the Quintus of Anti Lucretius, "quo nomine," says Polignac, "quemvis Atheum intellige." That this was the case many expressions in the "Night Thoughts" would not seem to prove, did not a passage in "Night Eight" appear to shew that he had somebody in his eye for the ground-work at least of the painting. Lovelace or Lorenzo may be feigned characters; but a writer does not feign a name of which he only gives the initial letter:

Tell not Calista. She will laugh thee dead,
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.

The Biographia, not satisfied with pointing out the son of Young, in that son's life-time, as his father's Lorenzo, travels out of its way into the history of the son, and tells of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for misbehaviour. How such anecdotes, were they true, tend to illustrate the life of Young, it is not easy to discover.

ver. Was the son of the author of the "Night Thoughts," indeed, forbidden his college for a time, at one of our Universities? The author of "Paradise Lost" is by some supposed to have been disgracefully ejected from the other. From juvenile follies who is free? But, whatever the Biographia chooses to relate, the son of Young experienced no dismissal from his college either lasting or temporary.

Yet, were nature to indulge him with a second youth, and to leave him at the same time the experience of that which is past, he would probably spend it differently—who would not?—he would certainly be the occasion of less uneasiness to his father. But, from the same experience, he would as certainly, in the same case, be treated differently by his father.

Young was a poet: poets, with reverence be it spoken, do not make the best parents. Fancy and imagination seldom deign to stoop from their heights; always stoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties. Aloof from vulgar life, they pursue their rapid flight beyond the ken of mortals, and descend not to earth but when compelled by necessity. The prose of ordinary occurrences is beneath the dignity of poets.

He who is connected with the Author of the "Night Thoughts," only by veneration for the Poet and the Christian, may be allowed to observe, that Young is one of those, concerning whom, as you remark in your account of Addison, it is proper rather to say "nothing that is false than all that is true."

But the son of Young would almost sooner, I know, pass for a Lorenzo, than see himself vindicated, at the expence of his father's memory, from follies which, if it may be thought blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is surely praiseworthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unnecessary but cruel in a biographer to record.

Of the "Night Thoughts," notwithstanding their author's professed retirement, all are inscribed to great or to growing names. He had not yet weaned himself from Earls and Dukes, from the Speakers of the House of Commons, Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and Chancellors of the Exchequer. In "Night Eight" the politician plainly betrays himself——

Think

Think no post needful that demands a knave :
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
 So P—— thought : think better if you can.

Yet it must be confessed, that at the conclusion of "Night
 "Nine," weary perhaps of courting earthly patrons, he
 tells his soul,

Henceforth
 Thy *patron* he, whose diadem has dropt
 You gems of Heaven ; Eternity thy prize ;
 And leave the races of the world their own.

The "Fourth Night" was addressed by "a much-indebted
 "Muse" to the Honourable Mr. Yorke, now Lord Hard-
 wicke ; who meant to have laid the Muse under still greater
 obligation, by the living of Shenfield in Essex, if it had
 become vacant.

The "First Night" concludes with this passage——

Dark, though not blind, like thee Meonides ;
 Or Milton, thee. Ah ! could I reach your strain ;
 Or his who made Meonides our own !
 Man too he sung. Immortal man I sing.
 Oh had he prest his theme, pursu'd the track
 Which opens out of darkness into day !
 Oh had he mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man——
 How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me !

To the author of these lines was dedicated, in 1756, the
 first volume of an "Essay on the Writings and Genius
 "of Pope," which attempted, whether justly or not, to
 pluck from Pope his "Wing of Fire," and to reduce him
 to a rank at least one degree lower than the first class of
 English poets. If Young accepted and approved the dedi-
 cation, he countenanced this attack upon the fame of him
 whom he invokes as his Muse.

Part of "paper-sparing" Pope's Third Book of the
 "Odyssey," deposited in the Museum, is written upon
 the back of a letter signed "E. Young," which is clearly
 the hand-writing of our Young. The Letter, dated only
 May the 2d, seems obscure ; but there can be little doubt
 that the friendship he requests was a literary one, and that
 he had the highest literary opinion of Pope. The request
 was a prologue, I am told.

" Dear

“ Dear Sir,

May the 2d.

“ Having been often from home, I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me. But, be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last; a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at loss to conceive how a ‘trifle of this nature’ may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to make any further step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear of you at your entire leisure.

“ I am, Sir, your most faithful

“ and obedient servant,

“ E. YOUNG.”

Nay, even after Pope’s death, he says, in “Night Seven,”

Pope, who could’st make immortals, art thou dead?

Either the “Essay,” then, was dedicated to a patron who disapproved its doctrine, which I have been told by the author was not the case; or Young appears, in his old age, to have bartered for a dedication an opinion entertained of his friend through all that part of life when he must have been best able to form opinions.

From this account of Young, two or three short passages, which stand almost together in “Night Four,” should not be excluded. They afford a picture, by his own hand, from the study of which my readers may choose to form their own opinion of the features of his mind and the complexion of his life.

Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.
I’ve been so long remember’d, I’m forgot.

When in his courtier’s ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the Nectar of the Great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.

Twice

*

Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I *besiege*.

*

If this song lives, Posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late ;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state.

Deduct from the writer's age "twice told the period spent
"on stubborn Troy," and you will still leave him more
than forty when he sat down to the miserable siege of court
favour. He has before told us

"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

After all, the siege seems to have been raised only in consequence of what the General thought his "death-bed."

By these extraordinary Poems, written after he was sixty, of which I have been led to say so much, I hope, by the wish of doing justice to the living and the dead, it was the desire of Young to be principally known. He entitled the four volumes which he published himself, "The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts." While it is remembered that from these he excluded many of his writings, let it not be forgotten that the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cause of virtue, or of religion. Were every thing that Young ever wrote to be published, he would only appear perhaps in a less respectable light as a poet, and more despicable as a dedicatory : he would not pass for a worse Christian, or for a worse man. This enviable praise is due to Young. Can it be claimed by every writer? His dedications, after all, he had perhaps no right to suppress. They all, I believe, speak, not a little to the credit of his gratitude, of favours received ; and I know not whether the author, who has once solemnly printed an acknowledgement of a favour, should not always print it.

Is it to the credit, or to the discredit of Young, as a poet, that of his "Night Thoughts" the French are particularly fond ?

Of the "Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerk," dated 1740, all I know is, that I find it in the late body of English Poetry, and that I am sorry to find it there.

Notwithstanding the farewell which he seemed to have taken in the "Night Thoughts" of every thing which bore the least resemblance to ambition, he dipped again in politics. In 1745 he wrote "Reflections on the public Situation of the Kingdom, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle;" indignant, as it appears, to behold

—a pope-bred Princeling crawl ashore,
And whistle cut throats, with those swords that scrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne.

This political poem might be called a "Night Thought." Indeed it was originally printed as the conclusion of the "Night Thoughts," though he did not gather it with his other works.

Prefixed to the second edition of Howe's "Devout Meditations" is a Letter from Young, dated January 19, 1752, addressed to Archibald Macaulay, Esq. thanking him for the book, which he says "he shall never lay far out of his reach; for a greater demonstration of a sound head and a sincere heart he never saw."

In 1753, when "The Brothers" had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the stage. If any part of his fortune had been acquired by servility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconsiderable sum, as a gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. To this sum he hoped the profits of "The Brothers" would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but by the bad success of his play the Society was not a loser. The author made up the sum he originally intended, which was a thousand pounds, from his own pocket.

The next performance which he printed was a prose publication, entitled, "The Centaur not fabulous, in six Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue." The conclusion is dated November 29, 1754. In the third Letter is described the death-bed of the "gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont." His last words were—"My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife!" Either Altamont
and

and Lorenzo were the twin production of fancy, or Young was unlucky enough to know two characters who bore no little resemblance to each other in perfection of wickedness. Report has been accustomed to call Altamont Lord Euston.

“The Old Man’s Relapse,” occasioned by an Epistle to Walpole, if written by Young, which I much doubt, must have been written very late in life. It has been seen, I am told, in a Miscellany published thirty years before his death. In 1758, he exhibited “The Old Man’s Relapse” in more than words, by again becoming a dedicator, and publishing a sermon addressed to the King.

The lively Letter in prose on “Original Composition,” addressed to Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, appeared in 1759. Though he despair “of breaking through the
“frozen obstructions of age and care’s incumbent cloud,
“into that flow of thought and brightness of expression
“which subjects so polite require;” yet is it more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore. Some sevenfold volumes put him in mind of Ovid’s sevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration :

————— osti septem
Pulverulenta vocant, septem sine flumine valles.

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus’s iron money, which was so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, we must travel, he says, like Joseph’s brethren, far for food; we must visit the remote and rich antients. But an inventive genius may safely stay at home; that, like the widow’s cruse, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. He asks why it should seem altogether impossible, that Heaven’s latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair? And Jonson, he tells us, was very learned, as Sampson was very strong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himself under it.

Is this “care’s incumbent cloud,” or “the frozen obstructions of age?”

In this letter Pope is severely censured for his "fall from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles and tinkling sounds; for putting Achilles into petticoats a second time:" but we are told that the dying swan talked over an Epic plan with Young a few weeks before his decease.

Young's chief inducement to write this letter was, as he confesses, that he might erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend. He, who employed his pious pen for almost the last time in thus doing justice to the exemplary death-bed of Addison, might probably, at the close of his own life, afford no unuseful lesson for the deaths of others.

In the postscript, he writes to Richardson, that he will see in his next how far Addison is an original. But no other letter appears.

The few lines which stand in the last edition, as "sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his Lordship's death," were indeed so sent, but were only an introduction to what was there meant by "The Muse's latest Spark." The poem is necessary, whatever may be its merit, since the Preface to it is already printed. Lord Melcombe called his Tusculum "La Trappe."

" Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough, that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze,
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

Keep

Keep thy conscience from offence,
 And tempestuous passions free,
 So, when thou art call'd from hence,
 Easy shall thy passage be ;

Easy shall thy passage be,
 Cheerful thy allotted stay,
 Short the account 'twixt God and thee !
 Hope shall meet thee on the way :

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
 Mercy's self shall let thee in,
 Where its never-changing state
 Full perfection shall begin."

The Poem was accompanied by a Letter.

" *La Trappe*, the 27th of Oct. 1761.

" Dear Sir,

" You seem'd to like the ode I sent you for your amusement ; I now send it to you as a present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleas'd to leave this among those of your own papers that may possibly see the light by a posthumous publication. God send us health while we stay, and an easy journey !

" My dear Dr. Young,

" Yours, most cordially,

" MELCOMBE."

In 1762, a short time before his death, Young published " Resignation." Notwithstanding the manner in which it was really forced from him by the world, criticism has treated it with no common severity. If it shall be thought not to deserve the highest praise, on the other side of four-score, by whom, except by Newton and by Waller, has praise been merited ?

To Mrs. Montagu, the famous champion of Shakspeare, I am indebted for the history of " Resignation." Observing that Mrs. Boscawen, in the midst of her grief for the loss of the admiral, derived consolation from the perusal of the

the "Night Thoughts," Mrs. Montagu proposed a visit to the author. From conversing with Young, Mrs. Boscawen derived still further consolation; and to that visit she and the world were indebted for this poem. It compliments Mrs. Montagu in the following lines;

Yet write I must. A Lady sues:
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour with dull rhyme,
Hers teeming with the best!

And again——

And friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress.

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these.

By the same Lady I was enabled to say, in her own words, that Young's unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion than even in the author; that the Christian was in him a character still more inspired, more enraptured, more sublime than the poet; and that, in his ordinary conversation,

—letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.

Notwithstanding Young had said, in his "Conjectures" on original Composition, that "blank verse is verse un-fallen, uncurst; verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the Gods:" notwithstanding he administered consolation to his own grief in this immortal language, Mrs. Boscawen was comforted in rhyme.

While the poet and the Christian were applying this comfort, Young had himself occasion for comfort, in consequence of the sudden death of Richardson, who was printing the former part of the poem. Of Richardson's death he says—

When

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end;
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a friend.

To "Resignation" was prefixed an Apology for its appearance: to which more credit is due than to the generality of such apologies, from Young's unusual anxiety that no more productions of his old age should disgrace his former fame. In his will, dated February 1760, he desires of his executors, *in a particular manner*, that all his manuscript books and writings whatever might be burned, except his book of accounts.

In September 1764, he added a kind of codicil, wherein he made it his dying intreaty to his house-keeper, to whom he left 100*o*l. "that all his manuscripts might be destroyed " as soon as he was dead, which would greatly oblige her " deceased friend."

It may teach mankind the uncertainty of worldly friendships, to know that Young, either by surviving those he loved, or by outliving their affections, could only recollect the names of two *friends*, his housekeeper and a hatter, to mention in his will; and it may serve to repress that testamentary pride, which too often seeks for sounding names and titles, to be informed that the author of the "Night Thoughts" did not blush to leave a legacy to his "friend " Henry Stevens, a hatter at the Temple-gate." Of these two remaining friends, one went before Young. But, at eighty-four, "where," as he asks in *The Centaur*, "is that " world into which we were born?"

The same humility which marked a hatter and a housekeeper for the friends of the author of the "Night Thoughts," had before bestowed the same title on his footman, in an epitaph in his "Church-yard" upon James Baker, dated 1749; which I am glad to find in the late collection of his works.

Young and his housekeeper were ridiculed, with more ill-nature than wit, in a kind of novel published by Kidgell in 1755, called "The Card," under the names of Dr. Elwes and Mrs. Fusby.

In April 1765, at an age to which few attain, a period was put to the life of Young.

He had performed no duty for three or four years, but he retained his intellects to the last.

Much

Much is told in the "Biographia," which I know not to have been true, of the manner of his burial; of the master and children of a charity-school, which he founded in his parish, who neglected to attend their benefactor's corpse; and of a bell which was not caused to toll as often as upon those occasions bells usually toll. Had that humanity, which is here lavished upon things of little consequence either to the living or to the dead, been shewn in its proper place to the living, I should have had less to say about Lorenzo. They who lament that these misfortunes happened to Young, forget the praise he bestows upon Socrates, in the Preface to "Night Seven," for resenting his friend's request about his funeral.

During some part of his life Young was abroad, but I have not been able to learn any particulars.

In his seventh Satire he says,

When, after battle, I the field have SEEN
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were *men*.

It is known also, that from this or from some other field he once wandered into the camp, with a classic in his hand, which he was reading intently; and had some difficulty to prove that he was only an absent poet, and not a spy.

The curious reader of Young's life will naturally inquire to what it was owing, that though he lived almost forty years after he took Orders, which included one whole reign uncommonly long, and part of another, he was never thought worthy of the least preferment. The author of the "Night Thoughts" ended his days upon a Living which came to him from his College without any favour, and to which he probably had an eye when he determined on the Church. To satisfy curiosity of this kind is, at this distance of time, far from easy. The parties themselves know not often, at the instant, why they are neglected, or why they are preferred. The neglect of Young is by some ascribed to his having attached himself to the Prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offensive sermon at St. James's. It has been told me that he had two hundred a year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that, whenever any one reminded the King of Young, the only answer was, "he has a pension." All the light thrown on this inquiry, by the following Letter from Secker, only serves to

to shew at what a late period of life the author of the "Night Thoughts" solicited preferment :

" Deanery of St. Paul's, July 8, 1758.

" Good Dr. Young,

" I have long wondered, that more suitable notice of
 " your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power.
 " But how to remedy the omission I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of
 " this nature to his Majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence which else I may possibly have
 " on some other occasions. Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement ; and your
 " sentiments, above that concern for it, on your own account, which, on that of the Public, is sincerely felt by

" Your loving Brother,

" THO. CANT."

At last, at the age of fourscore, he was appointed, in 1761, Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager.

One obstacle must have stood not a little in the way of that preferment after which his whole life seems to have panted. Though he took Orders, he never intirely shook off Politics. He was always the Lion of his master Milton, " pawing to get free his hinder parts." By this conduct, if he gained some friends, he made many enemies.

Again : Young was a poet ; and again, with reverence be it spoken, poets by profession do not always make the best clergymen. If the author of the "Night Thoughts" composed many sermons, he did not oblige the public with many.

Besides, in the latter part of life, Young was fond of holding himself out for a man retired from the world. But he seemed to have forgotten that the same verse which contains "oblitus meorum," contains also "obliviscendus & illis." The brittle chain of worldly friendship and patronage is broken as effectually, when one goes beyond the length of it, as when the other does. To the vessel which is sailing from the shore, it only appears that the shore also recedes ; in life it is truly thus. He who retires
 from

from the world will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. The public is not to be treated as the coxcomb treats his mistress; to be threatened with desertion, in order to increase fondness.

Young seems to have been taken at his word. Notwithstanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was reached out to pull him from that retirement of which he declared himself enamoured. Alexander assigned no palace for the residence of Diogenes, who boasted his surly satisfaction with his tub.

Of the domestic manners and petty habits of the author of the "Night Thoughts," I hoped to have given you an account from the best authority: but who shall dare to say, To-morrow I will be wise or virtuous, or to-morrow I will do a particular thing? Upon enquiring for his housekeeper, I learned that she was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode.

In a Letter from Tscherner, a noble foreigner, to Count Haller, Tscherner says, he has lately spent four days with Young at Welwyn, where the author tastes all the ease and pleasure mankind can desire. "Every thing about him shews the man, each individual being placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and extremely polite."

This, and more, may possibly be true; but Tscherner's was a first visit, a visit of curiosity and admiration, and a visit which the author expected.

Of Edward Young an anecdote which wanders among readers is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young, who was a clergyman. He supported an uncomfortable existence by translating for the booksellers from Greek; and, if he did not seem to be his own friend, was at least no man's enemy. Yet the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world argues, were it not sufficiently known, that the author of the "Night Thoughts" bore some resemblance to Adams.

The attention which Young bestowed upon the perusal of books is not unworthy imitation. When any passage pleased him, he appears to have folded down the leaf. On these passages he bestowed a second reading. But the labours of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned to much of what he had once approved, he died. Many of his books, which I have seen, are by those notes of approbation

probation so swelled beyond their real bulk, that they will hardly shut.

What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame!
Earth's highest station ends in *Here he lies!*
And *dust to dust* concludes her noblest song!

The author of these lines is not without his *Hic jacet*.

By the good sense of his son, it contains none of that praise which no marble can make the bad or the foolish merit; which without the direction of a stone or a turf, will find its way, sooner or later, to the deserving.

M. S.
Optimi parentis
EDWARDI YOUNG, LL. D.
Hujus Ecclesia rect.
Et Elizabethæ
fæm. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantissimæ
Pio & gratissimo animo
Hoc marmor posuit
F. Y.
Filius superstes.

Is it not strange that the author of the "Night Thoughts" has inscribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife? Yet, what marble will endure as long as the poems?

Such, my good friend, is the account which I have been able to collect of the great Young. That it may be long before any thing like what I have just transcribed be necessary for you, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged Friend,

HERBERT CROFT, Jun.

Lincoln's Inn,
Sept. 1780.

P. S. This account of Young was seen by you in manuscript, you know, Sir; and, though I could not prevail on you to make any alteration, you insisted on striking out one passage,

passage, because it said, that, if I did not wish you to live long for your sake, I did for the sake of myself and of the world. But this postscript you will not see before the printing of it; and I will say here, in spite of you, how I feel myself honoured and bettered by your friendship: and that, if I do credit to the Church, after which I always longed, and for which I am now going to give in exchange the Bar, though not at so late a period of life as Young took Orders, it will be owing, in no small measure, to my having had the happiness of calling the author of "The Rambler" my friend.

H. C.

Oxford,
Oct. 1782.

OF Young's Poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner: one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffusive, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment; and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgement.

He was not one of those writers whom experience improves, and who, observing their own faults, become gradually correct. His Poem on the "Last Day," his first great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception; but the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the LAST DAY makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction, and disdains expression.

His

His story of "Jane Grey" was never popular. It is written with elegance enough; but Jane is too heroic to be pitied.

The "Universal Passion" is indeed a very great performance. It is said to be a series of Epigrams: but, if it be, it is what the author intended; his endeavour was at the production of striking distichs and pointed sentences; and his distichs have the weight of solid sentiments, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth.

His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the surface of life; he never penetrates the recesses of the mind, and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal; his conceits please only when they surprise.

To translate he never condescended, unless his "Paraphrase on Job" may be considered as a version; in which he has not, I think, been unsuccessful; he indeed favoured himself, by choosing those parts which most easily admit the ornaments of English poetry.

He had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence: he is always labouring to be great, and at last is only turgid.

In his "Night Thoughts" he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive fallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.

His last poem was the "Resignation;" in which he made, as he was accustomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and succeeded better than in his "Ocean" or his
 "Mer-

“ Merchant.” It was very falsely represented as a proof of decaying faculties. There is Young in every stanza, such as he often was in his highest vigour.

His tragedies, not making part of the Collection, I had forgotten, till Mr. Steevens recalled them to my thoughts by remarking, that he seemed to have one favourite catastrophe, as his three plays all concluded with lavish suicide ; a method by which, as Dryden remarked, a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive. In “ Buziris” there are the greatest ebullitions of imagination : but the pride of Buziris is such as no other man can have, and the whole is too remote from known life to raise either grief, terror, or indignation. The “ Revenge” approaches much nearer to human practices and manners, and therefore keeps possession of the stage : the first design seems suggested by “ Othello ;” but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced, and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required. Of “ The Brothers” I may be allowed to say nothing, since nothing was ever said of it by the public.

It must be allowed of Young’s poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy of selection. When he lays hold of an illustration, he pursues it beyond expectation, sometimes happily, as in his parallel of *Quick-silver* with *Pleasure*, which I have heard repeated with approbation by a Lady, of whose praise he would have been justly proud, and which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact ; but sometimes he is less lucky, as when, in his “ Night Thoughts,” having it dropped into his mind, that the orbs, floating in space, might be called the *cluster* of creation, he thinks on a cluster of grapes, and says, that they all hang on the great vine, drinking the “ nectareous “ juice of immortal life.”

His conceits are sometimes yet less valuable. In the “ Last Day” he hopes to illustrate the re-assembly of the atoms that compose the human body at the “ Trump of Doom” by the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan.

The Prophet says of Tyre, that “ her Merchants are “ Princes.” Young says of Tyre, in his “ Merchant,”

Her merchants Princes, and each *deck* a *Throne*.

Let burlesque try to go beyond him.

He

He has the trick of joining the turgid and familiar : to buy the alliance of Britain, " Climes were paid down." Antithesis is his favourite, " They for kindness hate : " and " because she's right, she's ever in the wrong."

His versification is his own ; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers ; he picks up no hemistichs, he copies no favourite expressions ; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that, when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry ; and that he composed with great labour, and frequent revisions.

His verses are formed by no certain model ; he is no more like himself in his different productions than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But with all his defects, he was a man of genius and a poet.

M A L L E T.

OF DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account than such as is supplied by the unauthorized loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge.

He was by his original one of the Macgregors, a clan, that became, about sixty years ago, under the conduct of Robin Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition ; and when they were all to denominate themselves anew, the father, I suppose, of this author, called himself Malloch.

David Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the High School at Edinburgh ; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear. But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune ; for, when the Duke of Montrose applied to the College of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, Malloch was recommended ; and I never heard that he dishonoured his credentials.

When his pupils were sent to see the world, they were entrusted to his care ; and, having conducted them round the common circle of modish travels, he returned with them to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he resided, he naturally gained admission to many persons of the highest rank, and the highest character, to wits, nobles, and statesmen.

Of his works, I know not whether I can trace the series. His first production was "William and Margaret* ;" of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation ; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.

* Mallet's "William and Margaret" was printed in Aaron Hill's "Plain Dealer," No. 36, July 24, 1724. In its original state it was very different from what it is in the last edition of his works. Dr. J.

Not

Not long afterwards he published the "Excursion" (1728); a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of Nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to describe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of his images are striking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant. The cast of diction seems to be copied from Thomson, whose "Seasons" were then in their full blossom of reputation. He has Thomson's beauties and his faults.

His poem on "Verbal Criticism" (1733) was written to pay court to Pope, on a subject which he either did not understand, or willingly misrepresented; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise.

His first tragedy was "Eurydice," acted at Drury Lane in 1731; of which I know not the reception nor the merit, but have heard it mentioned as a mean performance. He was not then too high to accept a Prologue and Epilogue from Aaron Hill, neither of which can be much commended.

Having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seems inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover. What other proofs he gave of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his "Essay on Man," but concealed the author; and, when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an "Essay on Man," which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1750) for the press, Mallet was employed to prefix a

Life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation ; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that, when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and, setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to encrease his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year ; Thomson likewise had a pension ; and they were associated in the composition of " The Masque of Alfred," which in its original state was played at Cliefden in 1740 ; it was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751, but with no great success.

Mallet, in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the " Life of Marlborough," let him know, that, in the series of great men quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a niche* for the hero of the Theatre. Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced : but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. " Mr. Mallet," says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, " have you left off to " write for the stage ?" Mallet then confessed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promised to act it ; and " Alfred" was produced.

The long retardation of the life of the Duke of Marlborough shews, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity ; and the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to Lord Moleworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders. When Moleworth died, the same papers were transferred with the same design to Sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigencies put them in pawn. They remained with the old Dutchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain, the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet ; who had from the late Duke of Marlborough
a pension

a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he had made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind him.

While he was in the Prince's service he published "Muf-tapha," with a Prologue by Thomson, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet, for "Agamemnon." The Epilogue, said to be written by a friend, was composed in haste by Mallet, in the place of one promised, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the Prince his master. It was acted at Drury-lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already mentioned, "The Masque of Alfred," in conjunction with Thomson.

For some time afterwards he lay at rest. After a long interval, his next work was "Amyntor and Theodora" (1747), a long story in blank verse; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy. But it is blank verse. This he sold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds. The first sale was not great, and it is now lost in forgetfulness.

Mallet, by address or accident, perhaps by his dependence on the Prince, found his way to Bolingbroke; a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorised pamphlet called "The Patriot King," Bolingbroke, in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet (1749) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of Lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he supposed, in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to arbitrators; but, when they decided against Mallet, he refused to yield the award; and, by the help of Millar the bookseller, published all that he could find, but with success very much below his expectation.

In 1755, his masque of "Britannia" was acted at Drury Lane; and his tragedy of "Elvira" in 1763; in which

year he was appointed keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London.

In the beginning of the last war, when the nation was exasperated by ill success, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation under the character of a "Plain Man." The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed: and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765.

He was twice married, and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Cilefia, wrote a tragedy called "Almida," which was acted at Drury Lane. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune; which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His stature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His Dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten: his blank verse seems to my ear the echo of Thomson. His "Life of Bacon" is known as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, shewing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement.

A K E N S I D E.

MARK AKENSIDE was born on the ninth of November, 1721, at Newcastle upon Tyne. His father Mark was a butcher, of the Presbyterian sect; his mother's name was Mary Lumfden. He received the first part of his education at the grammar-school of Newcastle; and was afterwards instructed by Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy.

At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh, that he might qualify himself for the office of a dissenting minister, and received some assistance from the fund which the Dissenters employ in educating young men of scanty fortune. But a wider view of the world opened other scenes, and prompted other hopes; he determined to study physic, and repaid that contribution, which, being received for a different purpose, he justly thought it dishonourable to retain.

Whether, when he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he ceased to be a Dissenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.

Akenside was one of those poets who have felt very early the motions of genius, and one of those students who have very early stored their memories with sentiments and images. Many of his performances were produced in his youth; and his greatest work, "The Pleasures of Imagination," appeared in 1744. I have heard Doddsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was an hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having

having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer; for "this was no every-day writer."

In 1741 he went to Leyden, in pursuit of medical knowledge; and three years afterwards (May 16, 1744) became doctor of physic, having, according to the custom of the Dutch Universities, published a thesis or dissertation. The subject which he chose was "The Original and Growth of the Human Foetus;" in which he is said to have departed, with great judgment, from the opinion then established, and to have delivered that which has been since confirmed and received.

Akenfide was a young man, warm with every notion that by nature or accident had been connected with the sound of liberty, and by an eccentricity which such dispositions do not easily avoid, a lover of contradiction, and no friend to any thing established. He adopted Shaftesbury's foolish assertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the discovery of truth. For this he was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyson: Warburton afterwards reprinted his remarks at the end of his dedication to the Freethinkers.

The result of all the arguments which have been produced in a long and eager discussion of this idle question, may easily be collected. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just; and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men, fearing, one a real and the other a fancied danger, will be for a while equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous; who is to be pitied, and who to be despised. Both are for a while equally exposed to laughter, but both are not therefore equally contemptible.

In the revival of his poem, though he died before he had finished it, he omitted the lines which had given occasion to Warburton's objections.

He published soon after his return from Leyden (1745), his first collection of odes; and was impelled by his rage of patriotism to write a very acrimonious epistle to Pulteney, whom he stigmatizes, under the name of Cúrio, as the betrayer of his country.

Being

Being now to live by his profession, he first commenced physician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouse then practised, with such reputation and success, that a stranger was not likely to gain ground upon him. Akenfide tried the contest a while; and having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years, and then fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his.

At London he was known as a poet, but was still to make his way as a physician; and would perhaps have been reduced to great exigences, but that Mr. Dyson, with an ardour of friendship that has not many examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a year. Thus supported, he advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice, or eminence of popularity. A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of Fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the "Fortune of Physicians."

Akenfide appears not to have been wanting to his own success: he placed himself in view by all the common methods; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at Cambridge, and was admitted into the College of Physicians; he wrote little poetry, but published, from time to time, medical essays and observations; he became Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital; he read the Gualstonian Lectures in Anatomy; but began to give, for the Crounian Lecture, a history of the revival of Learning, from which he soon desisted; and, in conversation, he very eagerly forced himself into notice by an ambitious ostentation of elegance and literature.

His Discourse on the Dysentery (1764) was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which entitled him to the same height of place among the scholars as he possessed before among the wits; and he might perhaps have risen to a greater elevation of character, but that his studies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

AKENSIDE is to be considered as a didactic and lyric poet. His great work is the "Pleasures of Imagination;" a performance which, published as it was, at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not very amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions, of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please, and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations; and it is not easy in such exuberance of matter to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general design.

His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's Moon, by a "Veil of Light;" they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted, but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

To his versification justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not recur with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses, and as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse
will

will therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

His diction is certainly poetical as it is not prosaic, and elegant as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense however of his words is strained; when "he views the Ganges " from Alpine heights;" that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes (but when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he tells how "Plato nets *absolve* the stated round of Time."

It is generally known to the readers of poetry that he intended to revise and augment this work, but died before he had completed his design. The reformed work as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the late collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in closeness what he has lost in splendor. In the additional book, the "Tale of Solon" is too long.

One great defect of his poem is very properly censured by Mr. Walker, unless it may be said in his defence, that what he has omitted was not properly in his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. " The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers she is invested with, " is scarcely once hinted throughout the poem. This deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly " proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of " his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his " state; for this reason, a few passages are selected from " the 'Night Thoughts,' which, with those from Aken- " side, seem to form a complete view of the powers, situation, and end of man." 'Exercises for Improvement in Elocution,' p. 66.

His other poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will dispatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression,
nor

nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics, that, having written with great vigour and poignancy his "Epistle to Curio," he transformed it afterwards into an ode disgraceful only to its author.

Of his odes nothing favourable can be said; the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth, the stanzas ill-constructed and unpleasant, and the rhymes dissonant, or unskilfully disposed, too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established use, and therefore perplexing to the ear, which in a short composition has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

To examine such compositions singly, cannot be required; they have doubtless brighter and darker parts: but when they are once found to be generally dull, all further labour may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?

G R A Y.

THOMAS GRAY, the son of Mr. Philip Gray, a scrivener of London, was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His grammatical education he received at Eton under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George; and when he left school, in 1734, entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in Cambridge.

The transition from the school to the college is, to most young scholars, the time from which they date their years of manhood, liberty, and happiness; but Gray seems to have been very little delighted with academical gratifications; he liked at Cambridge neither the mode of life nor the fashion of study, and lived sullenly on to the time when his attendance on lectures was no longer required. As he intended to profess the Common Law, he took no degree.

When he had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole, whose friendship he had gained at Eton, invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; and Gray's Letters contain a very pleasing account of many parts of their journey. But unequal friendships are easily dissolved; at Florence they quarrelled, and parted; and Mr. Walpole is now content to have it told that it was by his fault. If we look, however, without prejudice on the world, we shall find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough in their association with superiors to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independance to exact that attention which they refuse to pay. Part they did, whatever was the quarrel, and the rest of their travels was doubtless more unpleasant to them both. Gray continued his journey in a manner suitable to his own little fortune, with only an occasional servant.

He returned to England in September 1741, and in about two months afterwards buried his father; who had,
by

by an injudicious waste of money upon a new house, so much lessened his fortune, that Gray thought himself too poor to study the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he soon after became Bachelor of Civil Law; and where, without liking the place or its inhabitants, or professing to like them, he passed, except a short residence at London, the rest of his life.

About this time he was deprived of Mr. West, the son of a chancellor of Ireland, a friend on whom he appears to have set a high value, and who deserved his esteem by the powers which he shews in his Letters, and in the "Ode to May," which Mr. Mason has preserved, as well as by the sincerity with which, when Gray sent him part of "Agrippina," a tragedy that he had just begun, he gave an opinion which probably intercepted the progress of the work, and which the judgment of every reader will confirm. It was certainly no loss to the English stage that "Agrippina" was never finished.

In this year (1742) Gray seems to have applied himself seriously to poetry; for in this year were produced the "Ode to Spring," his "Prospect of Eton," and his "Ode to Adversity." He began likewise a Latin poem, "De principiis cogitandi."

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that his first ambition was to have excelled in Latin poetry: perhaps it were reasonable to wish that he had prosecuted his design; for though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and some harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few possess; and his lines, even when imperfect, discover a writer whom practice would have made skilful.

He now lived on at Peterhouse, very little solicitous what others did or thought, and cultivated his mind and enlarged his views without any other purpose than of improving and amusing himself; when Mr. Mason being elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, brought him a companion who was afterwards to be his editor, and whose fondness and fidelity has kindled in him a zeal of admiration, which cannot be reasonably expected from the neutrality of a stranger, and the coldness of a critic.

In this retirement he wrote (1747) an ode on the "Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat," and the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, on "Government and
"Education,"

“ Education,” of which the fragments which remain have many excellent lines.

His next production (1750) was his far-famed “ Elegy in “ the Church-yard,” which, finding its way into a Magazine, first, I believe, made him known to the public.

An invitation from Lady Cobham about this time gave occasion to an odd composition called “ A Long Story,” which adds little to Gray’s character.

Several of his pieces were published (1753), with designs by Mr. Bentley, and, that they might in some form or other make a book, only one side of each leaf was printed. I believe the poems and the plates recommended each other so well, that the whole impression was soon bought. This year he lost his mother.

Some time afterwards (1756) some young men of the college, whose chambers were near his, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent and troublesome noises, and, as is said, by pranks yet more offensive and contemptuous. This insolence, having endured it a while, he represented to the governors of the society, among whom perhaps he had no friends; and finding his complaint little regarded, removed himself to Pembroke Hall.

In 1757 he published “ The Progress of Poetry” and “ The Bard,” two compositions at which the readers of poetry were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. Some that tried them confessed their inability to understand them, though Warburton said that they were understood as well as the works of Milton and Shakspeare, which it is the fashion to admire. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Some hardy champions undertook to rescue them from neglect, and in a short time many were content to be shewn beauties which they could not see.

Gray’s reputation was now so high, that, after the death of Cibber, he had the honour of refusing the laurel, which was then bestowed on Mr. Whitehead.

His curiosity not long after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing; and, so far as can be discovered, very little affected by two odes on “ Oblivion” and “ Obscurity,” in which his lyric performances were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

When the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge died, he was, as he says, “ cockered and spirited up,” till he

he asked it of Lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal; and the place was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His constitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook (1765) a journey into Scotland, of which his account, so far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. He naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. The Mareschal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuse.

What he had formerly solicited in vain, was at last given him without solicitation. The Professorship of History became again vacant, and he received (1768) an offer of it from the Duke of Grafton. He accepted, and retained it to his death; always designing lectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made of resigning the office, if he found himself unable to discharge it.

Ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited (1769) Westmoreland and Cumberland. He that reads his epistolary narration wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment; but it is by studying at home that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

His travels and his studies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had sustained many weak attacks, fell upon his stomach, and, yielding to no medicines, produced strong convulsions, which (July 30, 1771) terminated in death.

His character I am willing to adopt, as Mr. Mason has done, from a Letter written to my friend Mr. Boswell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall; and am as willing as his warmest well-wisher to believe it true.

“ Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe.
“ He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly.

“ thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both
 “ natural and civil; had read all the original historians
 “ of England, France, and Italy; and was a great anti-
 “ quarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made
 “ a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all
 “ sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine
 “ taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.
 “ With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must
 “ have been equally instructing and entertaining; but he
 “ was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity.
 “ There is no character without some speck, some imper-
 “ fection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an
 “ affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible
 “ fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiours
 “ in science. He also had, in some degree, that weak-
 “ ness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve:
 “ though he seemed to value others chiefly according to
 “ the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could
 “ not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters; and
 “ though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire
 “ was to be looked upon as a private independent gentle-
 “ man, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be
 “ said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it pro-
 “ duced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to
 “ leave no memorial but a few poems? But let it be con-
 “ sidered that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently
 “ employed; to himself certainly beneficially. His time
 “ passed agreeably: he was every day making some new ac-
 “ quisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart soft-
 “ ened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind
 “ were shewn to him without a mask; and he was taught
 “ to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the
 “ attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of know-
 “ ledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God
 “ hath placed us.”

To this character Mr. Mason has added a more particu-
 lar account of Gray's skill in zoology. He has remarked,
 that Gray's effeminacy was affected most “ before those
 “ whom he did not wish to please;” and that he is un-
 justly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of
 preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did
 not likewise believe to be good.

What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of
 his Letters in which my undertaking has engaged me, is,
 that

that his mind had a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

“ You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road is become an old one.”

Mr. Mason has added, from his own knowledge, that, though Gray was poor, he was not eager of money; and that, out of the little that he had, he was very willing to help the necessitous.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments, a fantastic foppery, to which my kindness for a man of learning and virtue wishes him to have been superior.

GRAY's Poetry is now to be considered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

His ode “On Spring” has something poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *bonied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale; the conclusion is pretty.

The

The poem "On the Cat" was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, "the azure flowers *that* blow" shew resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense ; but there is good use made of it when it is done ; for of the two lines,

What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that "a favourite has no friend ;" but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose ; if *what glistered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water ; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned.

The "Prospect of Eton College" suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant ; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical, as it was more remote from common use : finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

Of the "Ode on Adversity," the hint was at first taken from "O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium ;" but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not by slight objections violate the dignity.

My process has now brought me to the *wonderful* "Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes ; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the "Progress of Poetry."

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of "spreading sound and running water." A "stream of music," may be allowed; but where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, rowl down the steep again," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" If this be said of Music, it is nonsense; if it be said of Water, it is nothing to the purpose.

The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy to his common-places.

To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet green" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "many-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.

Of the second ternary of stanzas, the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion: the second describes well enough the universal prevalence of Poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "Glory and generous Shame." But that Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.

The third stanza sounds big with "Delphi," and "Egean," and "Ilissus," and "Meander," and "hallowed fountains," and "solemn sound;" but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom we derive our first school of Poetry, Italy was over-run by "tyrant power" and "coward vice;" nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

Of the third ternary, the first gives a mythological birth of Shakspeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery.

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Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless ; the counterfeit debases the genuine.

His account of Milton's blindness, if we suppose it caused by study in the formation of his poem, a supposition surely allowable, is poetically true; and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar ; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

"The Bard" appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original ; and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in "The Bard" more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible ; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty ; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use ; we are affected only as we believe ; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that "The Bard" promotes any truth, moral or political.

His stanzas are too long, especially his epodes ; the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza the abrupt beginning has been celebrated ; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, "ruin, ruthless, helm or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza the Bard is well described ; but in the third we have the puerilities of obsolete mythology. When we are told that "Cadwallo hush'd the stormy main," and that "Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-

"topp'd head," attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The *weaving* of the *winding-sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern Bards ; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous ; Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to "Weave the warp, and "weave the woof," perhaps with no great propriety ; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men weave the *web* or piece ; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, "Give ample "room and verge enough *." He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third stanza of the second ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *Hunger* are not alike ; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how "towers are fed." But I will no longer look for particular faults ; yet let it be observed that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example ; but suicide is always to be had, without expence of thought.

These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments ; they strike, rather than please ; the images are magnified by affectation ; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and "trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.

To say that he has no beauties would be unjust : a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

His translations of Northern and Welsh Poetry deserve praise ; the imagery is preserved, perhaps often im-

* "I have a soul, that like an ample shield
"Can take in all ; and verge enough for more."

Dryden's Sebastian.

proved ;

proved ; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader ; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The "Church-yard" abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning "Yet even these bones," are to me original : I have never seen the notions in any other place ; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.

L Y T T E L T O N.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his school-fellows.

From Eton he went to Christ-church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on "Blenheim."

He was a very early writer, both in verse and prose. His "Progress of Love," and his "Persian Letters," were both written when he was very young; and indeed the character of a young man is very visible in both. The Verses cant of shepherds and flocks, and crooks dressed with flowers; and the Letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

He staid not long at Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father, who was Commissioner of the Admiralty, always voted with the Court.

For many years the name of George Lyttelton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and, when Walpole was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the Secret Committee.

The Prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the ministry. Mr. Lyttelton became his secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction

direction of his conduct. He persuaded his master, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Mallet was made under-secretary, with 200*l.*; and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* a year. For Thomson Lyttelton always retained his kindness, and was able at last to place him at ease.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called the "Trial of Selim;" for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that were at last disappointed.

Lyttelton now stood in the first rank of opposition; and Pope, who was incited, it is not easy to say how, to increase the clamour against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the house, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton supported his friend; and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

While he was thus conspicuous, he married (1741) Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in childhood about five years afterwards; and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after a while, he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful.

At length, after a long struggle Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were distributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the Lords of the Treasury; and from that time was engaged in supporting the schemes of the ministry.

Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of Christianity; but he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion

was

was true, and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach (1747) by "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

" I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure
 " and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the argu-
 " ments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of
 " Kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended,
 " reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found
 " worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-
 " witness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will
 " bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I
 " shall never cease glorifying God, for having endowed
 " you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a
 " son.

" Your affectionate father,

" THOMAS LYTTTELTON."

A few years afterwards (1751), by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet's title with a large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn, by a house of great elegance and expence, and by much attention to the decoration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer and privy counsellor: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the Exchequer; an office, however, that required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he has conceived an opinion more favourable than he seems to have deserved, and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he never was persuaded to disown. Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an universal outcry, and that outcry, as it seems, the echo of truth, he kept

kept his ground; at last, when his defences began to fail him, he sallied out upon his adversaries, and his adversaries retreated.

About this time Lyttelton published his "Dialogues of the Dead," which were very eagerly read, though the production rather, as it seems, of leisure than of study, rather of effusions than compositions. The names of his persons too often enable the reader to anticipate their conversation; and, when they have met, they too often part without any conclusion. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle.

When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the "Critical Reviewers;" and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgements which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.

When, in the latter part of the last reign, the inauspicious commencement of the war made the dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, Sir George Lyttelton, losing with the rest his employment, was recompensed with a peerage; and rested from political turbulence in the House of Lords.

His last literary production was his "History of Henry the Second," elaborated by the searches and deliberations of twenty years, and published with such anxiety as only vanity can dictate.

The story of this publication is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expence of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1765, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771.

Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of "Henry the Second." The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the Pointer, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent.

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When time brought the History to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded : and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done ; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages.

But to politics and literature there must be an end. Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a strong or of a healthy man ; he had a slender, uncompacted frame, and a meagre face ; he lasted however sixty years, and was then seized with his last illness. Of his death a very affecting and instructive account has been given by his physician, which will spare me the task of his moral character.

“ On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain ; though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

“ His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event ; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

“ Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, ‘ It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life ;’ yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

“ On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. ‘ Doctor,’ said he, ‘ you shall be my confessor : when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Chris-

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“ tian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me ;
 “ but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences
 “ and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention,
 “ made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the
 “ Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life,
 “ and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred
 “ and sinned ; but have repented, and never indulged any
 “ vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made
 “ public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave coun-
 “ sels which I did not at the time think the best. I have
 “ seen that I was sometimes in the wrong ; but I did not
 “ err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to
 “ do all the good in my power, and never for a moment
 “ could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any per-
 “ son whatsoever.”

“ At another time he said, ‘ I must leave my soul in the
 “ same state it was in before this illness ; I find this a very
 “ inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.’

“ On the evening, when the symptoms of death came
 “ on, he said, ‘ I shall die ; but it will not be your fault.’
 “ When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship,
 “ he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, ‘ Be good,
 “ be virtuous, my lord ; you must come to this.’ Thus
 “ he continued giving his dying benediction to all around
 “ him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some
 “ small hopes, but these vanished in the evening ; and he
 “ continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till
 “ Tuesday morning, August 22, when, between seven
 “ and eight o’clock, he expired, almost without a groan.”

His lordship was buried at Hagley ; and the following
 inscription is cut on the side of his lady’s monument :

“ This unadorned stone was placed here
 “ By the particular desire and express
 “ Directions of the Right Honourable
 “ GEORGE LORD LYTTETTON,
 “ Who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.”

Lord Lyttelton’s Poems are the works of a man of literature and judgement, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his “ Progress of Love,” it is sufficient blame
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to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in "Blenheim" has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether Songs or Epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprizes. But from this censure ought to be excepted his "Advice to "Belinda," which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

THE
L I V E S
OF SUNDRY
E M I N E N T P E R S O N S.

FATHER PAUL SARPI.

FATHER PAUL, whose name, before he entered into the monastic life, was Peter Sarpi, was born at Venice, August 14, 1552. His father followed merchandize, but with so little success, that, at his death, he left his family very ill provided for, but under the care of a mother, whose piety was likely to bring the blessing of Providence upon them, and whose wife conduct supplied the want of fortune by advantages of greater value.

Happily for young Sarpi, she had a brother, master of a celebrated school, under whose direction he was placed by her. Here he lost no time, but cultivated his abilities, naturally of the first rate, with unwearied application. He was born for study, having a natural aversion to pleasure and gaiety, and a memory so tenacious, that he could repeat thirty verses upon once hearing them.

Proportionable to his capacity was his progress in literature: at thirteen, having made himself master of school-learning, he turned his studies to philosophy and the mathematics, and entered upon logic under Capella of Cremona, who, though a celebrated master of that science, confessed himself in a very little time unable to give his pupil farther instructions.

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As Capella was of the order of the Servites, his scholar was induced, by his acquaintance with him, to engage in the same profession, though his uncle and his mother represented to him the hardships and austerities of that kind of life, and advised him with great zeal against it. But he was steady in his resolutions, and in 1566 took the habit of the order, being then only in his 14th year, a time of life in most persons very improper for such engagements, but in him attended with such maturity of thought, and such a settled temper, that he never seemed to regret the choice he then made, and which he confirmed by a solemn public profession in 1572.

At a general chapter of the Servites, held at Mantua, Paul (for so we shall now call him) being then only twenty years old, distinguished himself so much in a public disputation by his genius and learning, that William Duke of Mantua, a great patron of letters, solicited the consent of his superiors to retain him at his court, and not only made him public professor of divinity in the cathedral, but honoured him with many proofs of his esteem.

But Father Paul, finding a court life not agreeable to his temper, quitted it two years afterwards, and retired to his beloved privacies, being then not only acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee languages, but with philosophy, the mathematics, canon and civil law, all parts of natural philosophy, and chemistry itself; for his application was unintermitted, his head clear, his apprehension quick, and his memory retentive.

Being made a priest at twenty-two, he was distinguished by the illustrious cardinal Borromeo with his confidence, and employed by him on many occasions, not without the envy of persons of less merit, who were so far exasperated as to lay a charge against him, before the inquisition, for denying that the Trinity could be proved from the first chapter of Genesis; but the accusation was too ridiculous to be taken notice of.

After this he passed successively through the dignities of his order, and in the intervals of his employment applied himself to his studies with so extensive a capacity, as left no branch of knowledge untouched. By him Acquapendente, the great anatomist, confesses that he was informed how vision is performed; and there are proofs that he was not a stranger to the circulation of the blood. He frequently conversed upon astronomy with mathematicians, upon
anatomy

anatomy with surgeons, upon medicine with physicians, and with chemists upon the analysis of metals, not as a superficial enquirer, but as a complete master.

But the hours of repose, that he employed so well, were interrupted by a new information in the inquisition, where a former acquaintance produced a letter written by him in cyphers, in which he said, "that he detested the court of Rome, and that no preferment was obtained there but " by dishonest means." This accusation, however dangerous, was passed over on account of his great reputation, but made such impression on that court, that he was afterwards denied a bishopric by Clement VIII. After these difficulties were surmounted, Father Paul again retired to his solitude, where he appears, by some writings drawn up by him at that time, to have turned his attention more to improvements in piety than learning. Such was the care with which he read the scriptures, that, it being his custom to draw a line under any passage which he intended more nicely to consider, there was not a single word in his New Testament but was underlined; the same marks of attention appeared in his Old Testament, Psalter, and Breviary.

But the most active scene of his life began about the year 1615, when Pope Paul Vth, exasperated by some decrees of the senate of Venice that interfered with the pretended rights of the church, laid the whole state under an interdict.

The senate, filled with indignation at this treatment, forbade the bishops to receive or publish the Pope's bull; and convening the rectors of the churches, commanded them to celebrate divine service in the accustomed manner, with which most of them readily complied; but the Jesuits and some others refusing, were by a solemn edict expelled the state.

Both parties, having proceeded to extremities, employed their ablest writers to defend their measures: on the Pope's side, among others, Cardinal Bellarmine entered the lists, and with his confederate authors defended the papal claims with great scurrility of expression, and very sophistical reasonings, which were confuted by the Venetian apologists in much more decent language, and with much greater solidity of argument.

On this occasion Father Paul was most eminently distinguished, by his *Defence of the Rights of the supreme Magistrate*, his *Treatise of Excommunication* translated from German,
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son, with an *Apology*, and other writings, for which he was cited before the inquisition at Rome; but it may be easily imagined that he did not obey the summons.

The Venetian writers, whatever might be the abilities of their adversaries, were at least superior to them in the justice of their cause. The propositions maintained on the side of Rome were these: That the Pope is invested with all the authority of heaven and earth. That all princes are his vassals, and that he may annul their laws at pleasure. That kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal monarch of the whole earth. That he can discharge subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and make it their duty to take up arms against their sovereign. That he may depose kings without any fault committed by them, if the good of the church requires it: that the clergy are exempt from all tribute to kings, and are not accountable to them even in cases of high-treason. That the Pope cannot err: that his decisions are to be received and obeyed on pain of sin, though all the world should judge them to be false: that the Pope is God upon earth; that his sentence and that of God are the same; and that to call *his* power in question, is to call in question the power of God: maxims equally shocking, weak, pernicious, and absurd! which did not require the abilities or learning of Father Paul, to demonstrate their falsehood, and destructive tendency.

It may be easily imagined that such principles were quickly overthrown, and that no court but that of Rome thought it for its interest to favour them. The Pope, therefore, finding his authors confuted, and his cause abandoned, was willing to conclude the affair by treaty; which, by the mediation of Henry IV. of France, was accommodated upon terms very much to the honour of the Venetians.

But the defenders of the Venetian rights were, though comprehended in the treaty, excluded by the Romans from the benefit of it; some upon different pretences were imprisoned, some sent to the galleys, and all debarred from preferment. But their malice was chiefly aimed against Father Paul, who soon found the effects of it; for as he was going one night to his convent, about six months after the accommodation, he was attacked by five ruffians armed with stilettos, who gave him no less than fifteen stabs, three of which wounded him in such a manner, that he was left for dead. The murderers fled for refuge to the nuncio, and were afterwards received into the Pope's dominions, but

were pursued by divine justice, and all, except one man who died in prison, perished by violent deaths.

This and other attempts upon his life obliged him to confine himself to his convent, where he engaged in writing the history of the Council of Trent, a work unequalled for the judicious disposition of the matter, and artful texture of the narration, commended by Dr. Burnet as the completest model of historical writing, and celebrated by Mr. Wotton as equivalent to any production of antiquity; in which the reader finds "Liberty without licentiousness, piety without hypocrisy, freedom of speech without neglect of decency, severity without rigour, and extensive learning without ostentation."

In this, and other works of less consequence, he spent the remaining part of his life, to the beginning of the year 1622, when he was seized with a cold and fever, which he neglected till it became incurable. He languished more than twelve months, which he spent almost wholly in a preparation for his passage into eternity; and among his prayers and aspirations was often heard to repeat, *Lord! now let thy servant depart in peace.*

On Sunday the eighth of January of the next year, he rose, weak as he was, to mass, and went to take his repast with the rest, but on Monday was seized with a weakness that threatened immediate death; and on Thursday prepared for his change by receiving the *Viaticum* with such marks of devotion, as equally melted and edified the beholders.

Through the whole course of his illness to the last hour of his life, he was consulted by the senate in public affairs, and returned answers in his greatest weakness, with such presence of mind as could only arise from the consciousness of innocence.

On Sunday, the day of his death, he had the passion of our blessed Saviour read to him out of St. John's gospel, as on every other day of that week, and spoke of the mercy of his Redeemer, and his confidence in his merits.

As his end evidently approached, the brethren of the convent came to pronounce the last prayers, with which he could only join in his thoughts, being able to pronounce no more than these words, *Esto perpetua, Mayst thou last for ever*; which was understood to be a prayer for the prosperity of his country.

Thus died Father Paul, in the 71st year of his age: hated by the Romans as their most formidable enemy, and honoured

by all the learned for his abilities, and by the good for his integrity. His detestation of the corruption of the Roman church appears in all his writings, but particularly in this memorable passage of one of his letters: "There is
" nothing more essential than to ruin the reputation of the
" Jesuits: by the ruin of the Jesuits, Rome will be
" ruined; and if Rome is ruined, religion will reform of
" itself."

He appears by many passages of his life to have had a high esteem of the church of England; and his friend, Father Fulgentio, who had adopted all his notions, made no scruple of administering to Dr. Duncomb, an English gentleman that fell sick at Venice, the communion in both kinds, according to the Common Prayer which he had with him in Italian.

He was buried with great pomp at the public charge, and a magnificent monument was erected to his memory.

B O E R H A A V E.

THE following account of the late Dr. BOERHAAVE, so loudly celebrated, and so universally lamented through the whole learned world, will, we hope be not unacceptable to our readers : We could have made it much larger, by adopting flying reports, and inserting unattested facts ; a close adherence to certainty has contracted our narrative, and hindered it from swelling to that bulk; at which modern histories generally arrive.

Dr. Herman Boerhaave was born on the last day of December, 1668, about one in the morning, at Voorhout, a village two miles distant from Leyden : his father, James Boerhaave, was minister of Voorhout, of whom his son *, in a small account of his own life, has given a very amiable character, for the simplicity and openness of his behaviour, for his exact frugality in the management of a narrow fortune, and the prudence, tenderness, and diligence, with which he educated a numerous family of nine children. He was eminently skilled in history and genealogy, and versed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

His mother was Hagar Daelder, a tradesman's daughter of Amsterdam, from whom he might perhaps, derive an hereditary inclination to the study of Physic, in which she was very inquisitive, and had obtained a knowledge of it not common in female students.

This knowledge, however, she did not live to communicate to her son ; for she died in 1673, ten years after her marriage.

His father, finding himself encumbered with the care of seven children, thought it necessary to take a second wife, and in July 1674, was married to Eve du Bois,

* “ Erat Hermanni Genitor Latine, Græce, Hebraice sciens : peritus valde historiarum & gentium. Vir apertus, candidus, simplex : paterfamilias optimus amore, cura, diligentia, frugalitate, prudentia. Qui non magna in re, sed plenus virtutis, novem liberis educandis exemplum præbuit singulare, quid exacta parsimonia polleat, & frugalitas.” *Orig. Edit.*

daughter of a minister of Leyden, who, by her prudent and impartial conduct, so endeared herself to her husband's children, that they all regarded her as their own mother.

Herman Boerhaave was always designed by his father for the ministry, and with that view instructed by him in grammatical learning, and the first elements of languages ; in which he made such a proficiency, that he was, at the age of eleven years, not only master of the rules of grammar, but capable of translating with tolerable accuracy, and not wholly ignorant of critical niceties.

At intervals, to recreate his mind, and strengthen his constitution, it was his father's custom to send him into the fields, and employ him in agriculture and such kind of rural occupations, which he continued through all his life to love and practise ; and by this vicissitude of study and exercise preserved himself, in a great measure, from those distempers and depressions which are frequently the consequences of indiscreet diligence, and uninterrupted application ; and from which students, not well acquainted with the constitution of the human body, sometimes fly for relief to wine instead of exercise, and purchase temporary ease by the hazard of the most dreadful consequences.

The studies of young Boerhaave were, about this time, interrupted by an accident, which deserves a particular mention, as it first inclined him to that science, to which he was by nature so well adapted, and which he afterwards carried to so great perfection.

In the twelfth year of his age, a stubborn, painful, and malignant ulcer, broke out upon his left thigh ; which, for near five years, defeated all the art of the surgeons and physicians, and not only afflicted him with most excruciating pains, but exposed him to such sharp and tormenting applications, that the disease and remedies were equally insufferable. Then it was that his own pain taught him to compassionate others, and his experience of the inefficacy of the methods then in use incited him to attempt the discovery of others more certain.

He began to practise at least honestly, for he began upon himself ; and his first essay was a prelude to his future success, for, having laid aside all the prescriptions of his physicians, and all the applications of his surgeons, he, at last, by tormenting the part with salt and urine, effected a cure.

That

That he might, on this occasion, obtain the assistance of surgeons with less inconvenience and expence, he was brought, by his father, at fourteen, to Leyden, and placed in the fourth class of the public school, after being examined by the master : here his application and abilities were equally conspicuous. In six months, by gaining the first prize in the fourth class, he was raised to the fifth ; and in six months more, upon the same proof of the superiority of his genius, rewarded with another prize, and translated to the sixth ; from whence it is usual in six months more to be removed to the university.

Thus did our young student advance in learning and reputation, when, as he was within view of the university, a sudden and unexpected blow threatened to defeat all his expectations.

On the 12th of November, in 1682, his father died, and left behind him a very slender provision for his widow and nine children, of which the eldest was not yet seventeen years old.

This was a most afflicting loss to the young scholar, whose fortune was by no means sufficient to bear the expences of a learned education, and who therefore seemed to be now summoned by necessity to some way of life more immediately and certainly lucrative ; but, with a resolution equal to his abilities, and a spirit not so depressed and shaken, he determined to break through the obstacles of poverty, and supply, by diligence, the want of fortune.

He therefore asked and obtained the consent of his guardians to prosecute his studies as long as his patrimony would support him ; and, continuing his wonted industry, gained another prize.

He was now to quit the school for the university, but, on account of the weakness yet remaining in his thigh, was, at his own entreaty, continued six months longer under the care of his master, the learned Winschotan, where he once more was honoured with the prize.

At his removal to the university, the same genius and industry met with the same encouragement and applause. The learned Triglandius, one of his father's friends, made soon after professor of divinity at Leyden, distinguished him in a particular manner, and recommended him to the friendship of Mr. Van Apphen, in whom he found a generous and constant patron.

He

He became now a diligent hearer of the most celebrated professors, and made great advances in all the sciences; still regulating his studies with a view principally to divinity, for which he was originally intended by his father, and for that reason exerted his utmost application to attain an exact knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

Being convinced of the necessity of mathematical learning, he began to study those sciences in 1687, but without that intense industry with which the pleasure he found in that kind of knowledge induced him afterwards to cultivate them.

In 1690, having performed the exercises of the university with uncommon reputation, he took his degree in philosophy; and on that occasion discussed the important and arduous subject of the distinct natures of the soul and body, with such accuracy, perspicuity, and subtilty, that he entirely confuted all the sophistry of Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinoza, and equally raised the characters of his piety and erudition.

Divinity was still his great employment, and the chief aim of all his studies. He read the scriptures in their original languages, and when difficulties occurred, consulted the interpretations of the most ancient fathers, whom he read in order of time, beginning with Clemens Romanus.

In the perusal of those early writers*, he was struck with the profoundest veneration of the simplicity and pu-

* “Jungebat his exercitiis quotidianam patrum lectionem, secundum chronologiam, a Clemente Romano exorsus, et juxta feriem seculorum descendens: ut *Jesu Christi* doctrinam in *N. T.* traditam, primis patribus interpretantibus addiceret.

“Horum simplicitatem sinceræ doctrinæ, disciplinæ sanctitatem, vitæ Deo dicatæ integritatem adorabat. Subtilitatem scholarum divina postmodum inquinasse dolebat. Ægerrime tulit, Sacrorum interpretationem ex sectis sophistarum peti; & *Platonis, Aristotelis, Thomæ Aquinatis, Scoti*; suoque tempore Cartesii, cogitata metaphysica adhiberi pro legibus, ad quas castigarentur sacrorum scriptorum de Deo sententiæ. Experiebatur acerba dissidia, ingeniorumque subtilissimorum acerrima certamina, odia, ambitiones, inde cieri, foveri: adeo contraria paci cum Deo & homine. Nihil hic magis illi obstabat; quam quod omnes asserant sacram scripturam *ἀνθεωποπαδῶς* loquentem, *θεοπρεπῶς* explicandam; & *θεοπρέπειαν* singuli definiant ex placitis suæ metaphysices. Horrebat, inde dominantis sectæ prævalentem opinionem, orthodoxiæ modum, & regulas, unice dare juxta dictata metaphysicorum, nōn sacrarum literarum; unde tam variæ sententiæ de doctrina simplicissima.” *Orig. Edit.*

city of their doctrine, the holiness of their lives, and the sanctity of the discipline practised by them ; but, as he descended to the lower ages, found the peace of Christianity broken by useless controversies, and its doctrines sophisticated by the subtleties of the schools. He found the holy writers interpreted according to the notions of philosophers, and the chimeras of metaphysicians adopted as articles of faith. He found difficulties raised by niceties, and fomented to bitterness and rancour. He saw the simplicity of the Christian doctrine corrupted by the private fancies of particular parties, while each adhered to its own philosophy, and orthodoxy was confined to the sect in power.

Having now exhausted his fortune in the pursuit of his studies, he found the necessity of applying to some profession, that, without engrossing all his time, might enable him to support himself ; and having obtained a very uncommon knowledge of the mathematics, he read lectures in those sciences to a select number of young gentlemen in the university.

At length, his propension to the study of physic grew too violent to be resisted ; and, though he still intended to make divinity the great employment of his life, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of spending some time upon the medical writers, for the perusal of which he was so well qualified by his acquaintance with the mathematics and philosophy.

But this science corresponded so much with his natural genius, that he could not forbear making that his business which he intended only as his diversion ; and still growing more eager, as he advanced further, he at length determined wholly to master that profession, and to take his degree in physic, before he engaged in the duties of the ministry.

It is, I believe, a very just observation, that men's ambition is generally proportioned to their capacity. Providence seldom sends any into the world with an inclination to attempt great things, who have not abilities likewise to perform them. To have formed the design of gaining a complete knowledge of medicine by way of digression from theological studies, would have been little less than madness in most men, and would have only exposed them to ridicule and contempt. But Boerhaave was one of those mighty geniuses, to whom scarce any thing appears impossible,

possible, and who think nothing worthy of their efforts but what appears insurmountable to common understandings.

He began this new course of study by a diligent perusal of Vesalius, Bartholine, and Fallopius; and to acquaint himself more fully with the structure of bodies, was a constant attendant upon Nuck's public dissections in the theatre, and himself very accurately inspected the bodies of different animals.

Having furnished himself with this preparatory knowledge, he began to read the ancient physicians in the order of time, pursuing his enquiries downwards from Hippocrates through all the Greek and Latin writers.

Finding, as he tells us himself, that Hippocrates was the original source of all medical knowledge, and that all the later writers were little more than transcribers from him, he returned to him with more attention, and spent much time in making extracts from him, digesting his treatises into method, and fixing them in his memory.

He then descended to the moderns, among whom none engaged him longer, or improved him more, than Sydenham, to whose merit he has left this attestation, "that he frequently perused him, and always with greater eagerness."

His insatiable curiosity after knowledge engaged him now in the practice of chemistry, which he prosecuted with all the ardour of a philosopher, whose industry was not to be wearied, and whose love of truth was too strong to suffer him to acquiesce in the reports of others.

Yet did he not suffer one branch of science to withdraw his attention from others: anatomy did not withhold him from chemistry, nor chemistry, enchanting as it is, from the study of botany, in which he was no less skilled than in other parts of physic. He was not only a careful examiner of all the plants in the garden of the university, but made excursions for his further improvement into the woods and fields, and left no place unvisited where any increase of botanical knowledge could be reasonably hoped for.

In conjunction with all these enquiries he still pursued his theological studies, and still, as we are informed by himself, "proposed, when he had made himself master of the whole art of physic, and obtained the honour of a degree in that science, to petition regularly for a licence to preach, and to engage in the cure of souls," and intended

intended in his theological exercise to discuss this question, "why so many were formerly converted to Christianity by illiterate persons, and so few at present by men of learning."

In pursuance of this plan he went to Hardewich, in order to take the degree of doctor in physic, which he obtained in July 1693, having performed a public disputation, "*de utilitate explorandorum excrementorum in ægris, ut signorum.*"

Then returning to Leyden full of his pious design of undertaking the ministry; he found to his surprise unexpected obstacles thrown in his way; and an insinuation dispersed through the university that made him suspected, not of any slight deviation from received opinions, not of any pertinacious adherence to his own notions in doubtful and disputable matters, but of no less than Spinosism, or, in plainer terms, of Atheism itself.

How so injurious a report came to be raised, circulated, and credited, will be doubtless very eagerly inquired: we shall therefore give the relation, not only to satisfy the curiosity of mankind, but to shew that no merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded, by the most contemptible whisperers. Those who cannot strike with force, can however poison their weapon, and weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave: so true is that observation, that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good.

This detestable calumny owed its rise to an incident from which no consequence of importance could be possibly apprehended. As Boerhaave was sitting in a common boat, there arose a conversation among the passengers upon the impious and pernicious doctrine of Spinoza, which, as they all agreed, tends to the utter overthrow of all religion. Boerhaave sat, and attended silently to this discourse for some time, till one of the company, willing to distinguish himself by his zeal, instead of confuting the positions of Spinoza by argument, began to give a loose to contumelious language, and virulent invectives, which Boerhaave was so little pleased with, that at last he could not forbear asking him, whether he had ever read the author he declaimed against.

The orator, not being able to make much answer, was checked in the midst of his invectives, but not without feeling

feeling a secret resentment against the person who had at once interrupted his harangue, and exposed his ignorance.

This was observed by a stranger who was in the boat with them; he enquired of his neighbour the name of the young man, whose question had put an end to the discourse, and having learned it, set it down in his pocket-book, as it appears, with a malicious design, for in a few days it was the common conversation at Leyden, that Boerhaave had revolted to Spinoza.

It was in vain that his advocates and friends pleaded his learned and unanswerable confutation of all atheistical opinions, and particularly of the system of Spinoza, in his discourse of the distinction between soul and body. Such calumnies are not easily suppressed, when they are once become general. They are kept alive and supported by the malice of bad, and sometimes by the zeal of good men, who, though they do not absolutely believe them, think it yet the securest method to keep not only guilty but suspected men out of public employments, upon this principle, that the safety of many is to be preferred before the advantage of few.

Boerhaave, finding this formidable opposition raised against his pretensions to ecclesiastical honours or preferments, and even against his design of assuming the character of a divine, thought it neither necessary nor prudent to struggle with the torrent of popular prejudice, as he was equally qualified for a profession, not indeed of equal dignity or importance, but which must undoubtedly claim the second place among those which are of the greatest benefit to mankind.

He therefore applied himself to his medical studies with new ardour and alacrity, reviewed all his former observations and enquiries, and was continually employed in making new acquisitions.

Having now qualified himself for the practice of physic, he began to visit patients, but without that encouragement which others, not equally deserving, have sometimes met with. His business was, at first, not great, and his circumstances by no means easy; but still, superior to any discouragement, he continued his search after knowledge, and determined that prosperity, if ever he was to enjoy it, should be the consequence not of mean art, or disingenuous solicitations, but of real merit, and solid learning.

His

His steady adherence to his resolutions appears yet more plainly from this circumstance : he was, while he yet remained in this unpleasing situation, invited by one of the first favourites of King William III. to settle at the Hague, upon very advantageous conditions ; but declined the offer. For having no ambition but after knowledge, he was desirous of living at liberty, without any restraint upon his looks, his thoughts, or his tongue, and at the utmost distance from all contentions, and state-parties. His time was wholly taken up in visiting the sick, studying, making chemical experiments, searching into every part of medicine with the utmost diligence, teaching the mathematics, and reading the scriptures, and those authors who profess to teach a certain method of loving God*.

This was his method of living to the year 1701, when he was recommended by Van Berg to the university, as a proper person to succeed Drelincurtius in the professorship of physic, and elected without any solicitations on his part, and almost without his consent, on the 18th of May.

On this occasion, having observed, with grief, that Hippocrates, whom he regarded not only as the father but as the prince of physicians, was not sufficiently read or esteemed by young students, he pronounced an oration, “ de commendando Studio Hippocratico ;” by which he restored that great author to his just and ancient reputation.

He now began to read public lectures with great applause, and was prevailed upon by his audience to enlarge his original design, and instruct them in chemistry.

This he undertook, not only to the great advantage of his pupils, but to the great improvement of the art itself, which had been hitherto treated only in a confused and irregular manner, and was little more than a history of par-

* “ Circa hoc tempus, lautis conditionibus, lautioribus promissis, invitatus, plus vice simplici, a viro primariæ dignationis, qui gratia flagrantissima florebat regis Gulielmi III. ut Hagacomitum sedem caperet fortunarum, declinavit constans. Contentus videlicet vita libera, remota a turbis, studiisque porro percolendis unice impensa, ubi non cogeretur alia dicere & simulare, alia sentire & dissimulare : affectuum studiis rapi, regi. Sic tum vita erat, ægros visere, mox domi in musæo se condere, officinam Vulcaniam exercere ; omnes medicinæ partes acerrime persequi ; mathematica etiam aliis tradere ; sacra legere, et auctores qui profitentur docere rationem certam amandi Deum.” *Orig. Edit.*

ticular

ticular experiments, not reduced to certain principles, nor connected one with another : this vast chaos he reduced to order, and made that clear and easy which was before to the last degree difficult and obscure.

His reputation now began to bear some proportion to his merit, and extended itself to distant universities ; so that, in 1703, the professorship of physic being vacant at Groningen, he was invited thither ; but he refused to leave Leyden, and chose to continue his present course of life.

This invitation and refusal being related to the governors of the university of Leyden, they had so grateful a sense of his regard for them, that they immediately voted an honorary increase of his salary, and promised him the first professorship that should be vacant.

On this occasion he pronounced an oration upon the use of mechanics in the science of physic, in which he endeavoured to recommend a rational and mathematical enquiry into the causes of diseases, and the structure of bodies ; and to shew the follies and weakneses of the jargon introduced by Paracelsus, Helmont, and other chemical enthusiasts, who have obtruded upon the world the most airy dreams, and, instead of enlightening their readers with explications of nature, have darkened the plainest appearances, and bewildered mankind in error and obscurity.

Boerhaave had now for nine years read physical lectures, but without the title or dignity of a professor, when, by the death of professor Hotten, the professorship of physic and botany fell to him of course.

On this occasion he asserted the simplicity and facility of the science of physic, in opposition to those that think obscurity contributes to the dignity of learning, and that to be admired it is necessary not to be understood.

His profession of botany made it part of his duty to superintend the physical garden, which improved so much by the immense number of new plants which he procured, that it was enlarged to twice its original extent.

In 1714 he was deservedly advanced to the highest dignities of the university, and in the same year made physician of St. Augustin's hospital in Leyden, into which the students are admitted twice a week, to learn the practice of physic.

This was of equal advantage to the sick and to the students, for the success of his practice was the best demonstration of the soundness of his principles.

When

When he laid down his office of governor of the university in 1715, he made an oration upon the subject of "attaining to certainty in natural philosophy;" in which he declares, in the strongest terms, in favour of experimental knowledge, and reflects with just severity upon those arrogant philosophers, who are too easily disgusted with the slow methods of obtaining true notions by frequent experiments, and who, possessed with too high an opinion of their own abilities, rather chuse to consult their own imaginations, than enquire into nature, and are better pleased with the charming amusement of forming hypotheses, than the toilsome drudgery of making observations.

The emptiness and uncertainty of all those systems, whether venerable for their antiquity, or agreeable for their novelty, he has evidently shewn; and not only declared, but proved, that we are intirely ignorant of the principles of things, and that all the knowledge we have is of such qualities alone as are discoverable by experience, or such as may be deduced from them by mathematical demonstration.

This discourse, filled as it was with piety, and a true sense of the greatness of the Supreme Being, and the incomprehensibility of his works, gave such offence to a professor of Franeker, who professed the utmost esteem for Des Cartes, and considered his principles as the bulwark of orthodoxy, that he appeared in vindication of his darling author, spoke of the injury done him with the utmost vehemence, declaring little less than that the Cartesian system and the Christian must inevitably stand and fall together, and that to say we were ignorant of the principles of things, was not only to enlist among the Sceptics, but sink into Atheism itself.

So far can prejudice darken the understanding, as to make it consider precarious systems as the chief support of sacred and unvariable truth.

This treatment of Boerhaave was so far repented by the governors of his university, that they procured from Franeker a recantation of the invective that had been thrown out against him; this was not only complied with, but offers were made him of more ample satisfaction; to which he returned an answer not less to his honour than the victory he gained, "that he should think himself sufficiently compensated, if his adversary received no farther molestation on his account."

So far was this weak and injudicious attack from shaking a reputation not casually raised by fashion or caprice, but founded upon solid merit, that the same year his correspondence was desired upon Botany and Natural Philosophy by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, of which he was upon the death of Count Marfigli, in the year 1728, elected a member.

Nor were the French the only nation by which this great man was courted and distinguished, for two years after he was elected fellow of our Royal Society.

It cannot be doubted but, thus cared for and honoured with the highest and most public marks of esteem by other nations, he became more celebrated in the university; for Boerhaave was not one of those learned men, of whom the world has seen too many, that disgrace their studies by their vices, and by unaccountable weaknesses make themselves ridiculous at home, while their writings procure them the veneration of distant countries, where their learning is known, but not their follies.

Not that his countrymen can be charged with being insensible of his excellencies till other nations taught them to admire him; for in 1718 he was chosen to succeed Le Mort in the professorship of chemistry; on which occasion he pronounced an oration "*De Chemia errores suos expurgante*," in which he treated that science with an elegance of style not often to be found in chemical writers, who seem generally to have affected not only a barbarous, but unintelligible phrase, and to have, like the Pythagoreans of old, wrapt up their secrets in symbols and ænigmatical expressions, either because they believed that mankind would reverence most what they least understood, or because they wrote not from benevolence but vanity, and were desirous to be praised for their knowledge, though they could not prevail upon themselves to communicate it.

In 1722, his course, both of lectures and practice, was interrupted by the gout, which, as he relates it in his speech after his recovery, he brought upon himself, by an imprudent confidence in the strength of his own constitution, and by transgressing those rules which he had a thousand times inculcated to his pupils and acquaintance. Rising in the morning before day, he went immediately, hot and sweating, from his bed into the open air, and exposed himself to the cold dews.

The

The history of his illness can hardly be read without horror : he was for five months confined to his bed, where he lay upon his back without daring to attempt the least motion, because an effort renewed his torments, which were so exquisite, that he was at length not only deprived of motion but of sense. Here art was at a stand, nothing could be attempted, because nothing could be proposed with the least prospect of success. At length having, in the sixth month of his illness, obtained some remission, he took simple medicines * in large quantities, and at length wonderfully recovered.

His recovery, so much desired, and so unexpected, was celebrated on Jan. 11, 1723, when he opened his school again with general joy and public illuminations.

It would be an injury to the memory of Boerhaave not to mention what was related by himself to one of his friends, that when he lay whole days and nights without sleep, he found no method of diverting his thoughts so effectual as meditation upon his studies, and that he often relieved and mitigated the sense of his torments by the recollection of what he had read, and by reviewing those stores of knowledge which he had repositied in his memory.

This is perhaps an instance of fortitude and steady composure of mind, which would have been for ever the boast of the Stoic schools, and increased the reputation of Seneca or Cato. The patience of Boerhaave, as it was more rational, was more lasting than theirs ; it was that *patientia Christiana* which Lipsius, the great master of the Stoical Philosophy, begged of God in his last hours ; it was founded on religion, not vanity, not on vain reasonings, but on confidence in God.

In 1727 he was seized with a violent burning fever, which continued so long that he was once more given up by his friends.

From this time he was frequently afflicted with returns of his distemper, which yet did not so far subdue him, as to make him lay aside his studies or his lectures, till, in 1726, he found himself so worn out, that it was improper for him to continue any longer the professorships of botany and chemistry, which he therefore resigned, April 28, and

* “ Succos pressos bibit Noster herbarum Cichoreæ, Endiviæ, Fumariæ, Nasturtii aquatici, Veronicæ aquaticæ latifoliæ, copia ingenti ; simul deglutiens abundantissimè gummi ferulaceæ Asiatica.” *Orig. Edit.*

upon his resignation spoke a "Sermō Academicus," or oration, in which he asserts the power and wisdom of the Creator from the wonderful fabric of the human body; and confutes all those idle reasoners, who pretend to explain the formation of parts, or the animal operations, to which he proves that Art can produce nothing equal, nor any thing parallel. One instance I shall mention, which is produced by him, of the vanity of any attempt to rival the work of God. Nothing is more boasted by the admirers of chemistry, than that they can, by artificial heats and digestion, imitate the productions of Nature. "Let all these heroes of science meet together," says Boerhaave; "let them take bread and wine, the food that forms the blood of man, and by assimilation contributes to the growth of the body: let them try all their arts, they shall not be able from these materials to produce a single drop of blood. So much is the most common act of Nature beyond the utmost efforts of the most extended Science!"

From this time Boerhaave lived with less public employment indeed, but not an idle or an useless life; for, besides his hours spent in instructing his scholars, a great part of his time was taken up by patients which came, when the distemper would admit it, from all parts of Europe to consult him, or by letters which, in more urgent cases, were continually sent, to enquire his opinion, and ask his advice.

Of his sagacity, and the wonderful penetration with which he often discovered and described, at the first sight of a patient, such distempers as betray themselves by no symptoms to common eyes, such wonderful relations have been spread over the world, as, though attested beyond doubt, can scarcely be credited. I mention none of them, because I have no opportunity of collecting testimonies, or distinguishing between those accounts which are well proved, and those which owe their rise to fiction and credulity.

Yet I cannot but implore, with the greatest earnestness, such as have been conversant with this great man, that they will not so far neglect the common interest of mankind, as to suffer any of these circumstances to be lost to posterity. Men are generally idle, and ready to satisfy themselves, and intimidate the industry of others, by calling that impossible which is only difficult. The skill to which

Boerhaave attained, by a long and unwearied observation of nature, ought therefore to be transmitted in all its particulars to future ages, that his successors may be ashamed to fall below him, and that none may hereafter excuse his ignorance by pleading the impossibility of clearer knowledge.

Yet so far was this great master from presumptuous confidence in his abilities, that, in his examinations of the sick, he was remarkably circumstantial and particular. He well knew that the originals of distempers are often at a distance from their visible effects; that to conjecture, where certainty may be obtained, is either vanity or negligence; and that life is not to be sacrificed, either to an affectation of quick discernment, or of crowded practice, but may be required, if trifled away, at the hand of the physician.

About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the first approaches of that fatal illness that brought him to the grave, of which we have inserted an account, written by himself, Sept. 8, 1738, to a friend at London*; which deserves not only to be preserved as an historical relation of the disease which deprived us of so great a man, but as a proof of his piety and resignation to the divine will.

In this last illness, which was to the last degree lingering, painful, and afflictive, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary cares of life, nor forgot the proper preparations for death. Though dejection and lowness of spirit was, as he himself tells us, part of his distemper, yet even this, in some measure, gave way to that vigour which the soul receives from a consciousness of innocence.

* “*Ætas, labor, corporisque opima pinguetudo, effecerant, ante annum, ut inertibus refertum, grave, hebes, plenitudine turgens corpus, anhelum ad motus minimos, cum sensu suffocationis, pulsu mirificè anomalo, ineptum evaderet ad ullum motum. Urgebat præcipue subsistens prorsus & intercepta respiratio ad prima somni initia: unde somnus prorsus prohibebatur, cum formidabili strangulationis molestia. Hinc hydrops pedum, crurum, femorum, scroti, præputii, & abdominis. Quæ tamen omnia sublata. Sed dolor manet in abdomine, cum anxietate summa, anhelitu suffocante, & debilitate incredibili: somno paucò, coque vago, per somnia turbatissimo: animus vero rebus agendis impar. Cum his luctor fessus nec emergo: patienter expectans Dei jussa, quibus resigno data, quæ sola amo, & honoro unice.*” *Orig. Edit.*

About three weeks before his death he received a visit at his country house from the Rev. Mr. Schultens, his intimate friend, who found him sitting without-door, with his wife, sister, and daughter: after the compliments of form, the ladies withdrew, and left them to private conversation; when Boerhaave took occasion to tell him what had been, during his illness, the chief subject of his thoughts. He had never doubted of the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul; but declared that he had lately had a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances, which mere reason and philosophy cannot afford, and opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of soul and body, which nothing but long sickness can give. This he illustrated by a description of the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties, which yet they did not so oppress or vanquish, but his soul was always master of itself, and always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker.

He related with great concern, that once his patience so far gave way to extremity of pain, that, after having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by death.

Mr. Schultens, by way of consolation, answered, that he thought such wishes, when forced by continued and excessive torments, unavoidable in the present state of human nature; that the best men, even Job himself, were not able to refrain from such starts of impatience. This he did not deny; but said, "He that loves God, ought to think nothing desirable but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

Such were his sentiments, and such his conduct, in this state of weakness and pain: as death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of pain, and more cheerful under his torments, which continued till the 23d day of September, 1738, on which he died, between four and five in the morning, in the 70th year of his age.

Thus died Boerhaave, a man formed by nature for great designs, and guided by religion in the exertion of his abilities. He was of a robust and athletic constitution of body, so hardened by early severities, and wholesome fatigue, that he was insensible of any sharpness of air, or inclemency of weather. He was tall, and remarkable for extraordinary strength. There was in his air and motion something rough
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and artless, but so majestic and great at the same time, that no man ever looked upon him without veneration, and a kind of tacit submission to the superiority of his genius.

The vigour and activity of his mind sparkled visibly in his eyes; nor was it ever observed, that any change of his fortune, or alteration in his affairs, whether happy or unfortunate, affected his countenance.

He was always cheerful, and desirous of promoting mirth by a facetious and humorous conversation; he was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; "for they are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves."

Yet he took care never to provoke enemies by severity of censure, for he never dwelt on the faults or defects of others, and was so far from inflaming the envy of his rivals by dwelling on his own excellencies, that he rarely mentioned himself or his writings.

He was not to be overawed or depressed by the presence, frowns, or insolence of great men, but persisted on all occasions in the right, with a resolution always present and always calm. He was modest, but not timorous, and firm without rudeness.

He could, with uncommon readiness and certainty, make a conjecture of men's inclinations and capacity by their aspect.

His method of life was, to study in the morning and evening, and to allot the middle of the day to his public business. His usual exercise was riding, till, in his latter years, his distempers made it more proper for him to walk: when he was weary, he amused himself with playing on the violin.

His greatest pleasure was to retire to his house in the country, where he had a garden stored with all the herbs and trees which the climate would bear; here he used to enjoy his hours unmolested, and prosecute his studies without interruption.

The diligence with which he pursued his studies, is sufficiently evident from his success. Statesmen and generals may grow great by unexpected accidents, and a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, neither procured nor foreseen by themselves: but reputation in the learned world must be the effect of industry and capacity. Boerhaave lost none of his hours, but, when he had attended one

science, attempted another: he added phyfic to divinity, chemistry to the mathematics, and anatomy to botany. He examined systems by experiments, and formed experiments into systems. He neither neglected the observations of others, nor blindly submitted to celebrated names. He neither thought so highly of himself as to imagine he could receive no light from books, nor so meanly as to believe he could discover nothing but what was to be learned from them. He examined the observations of other men, but trusted only to his own.

Nor was he unacquainted with the art of recommending truth by elegance, and embellishing the philosopher with polite literature: he knew that but a small part of mankind will sacrifice their pleasure to their improvement, and those authors who would find many readers, must endeavour to please while they instruct.

He knew the importance of his own writings to mankind, and lest he might by a roughness and barbarity of style, too frequent among men of great learning, disappoint his own intentions, and make his labours less useful, he did not neglect the politer arts of eloquence and poetry. Thus was his learning at once various and exact, profound and agreeable.

But his knowledge, however uncommon, holds, in his character, but the second place; his virtue was yet much more uncommon than his learning. He was an admirable example of temperance, fortitude, humility, and devotion. His piety, and a religious sense of his dependance on God, was the basis of all his virtues, and the principle of his whole conduct. He was too sensible of his weakness to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation, by his own natural power; he attributed every good thought, and every laudable action, to the Father of goodness. Being once asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion? he answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

As soon as he rose in the morning, it was, throughout his whole life, his daily practice to retire for an hour to
private

private prayer and meditation; this, he often told his friends, gave him spirit and vigour in the business of the day, and this he therefore commended as the best rule of life; for nothing, he knew, could support the soul in all distresses but a confidence in a Supreme Being, nor can a steady and rational magnanimity flow from any other source than a consciousness of the divine favour.

He asserted on all occasions the divine authority, and sacred efficacy of the holy scriptures; and maintained that they alone taught the way of salvation, and that they only could give peace of mind. The excellency of the Christian religion was the frequent subject of his conversation. A strict obedience to the doctrine, and a diligent imitation of the example of our Blessed Saviour, he often declared to be the foundation of true tranquillity. He recommended to his friends a careful observation of the precept of Moses concerning the love of God and man. He worshipped God as he is in himself, without attempting to enquire into his nature. He desired only to think of God, what God knows of himself. There he stopped, lest, by indulging his own ideas, he should form a Deity from his own imagination, and sin by falling down before him. To the will of God he paid an absolute submission, without endeavouring to discover the reason of his determinations; and this he accounted the first and most inviolable duty of a Christian. When he heard of a criminal condemned to die, he used to think, who can tell whether this man is not better than I? or, if I am better, it is not to be ascribed to myself, but to the goodness of God.

Such were the sentiments of Boerhaave, whose words we have added in the note *. So far was this man from
being

* “ *Doctrinam sacris literis Hebraicè & Græcè traditam, solam animæ salutarem & agnovit & sensit. Omni opportunitate profitebatur disciplinam, quam Jesus Christus ore & vita expressit, unicè tranquillitatem dare menti. Semperque dixit amicis, pacem animi haud reperiundam nisi in magno Moſis præcepto de sincero amore Dei & hominis bene observato. Neque extra sacra monumenta uspiam inveniri, quod mentem serenet. Deum pius adoravit, qui est. Intelligere de Deo, unicè volebat id, quod Deus de se intelligit. Eo contentus ultra nihil requisivit, ne idololatria erraret. In voluntate Dei sic quiescebat, ut illius nullam omnino rationem indagandam putaret. Hanc unicè supremam omnium legem esse contendebat; deliberata constantia perfectissimè colendam.*

being made impious by philosophy, or vain by knowledge, or by virtue, that he ascribed all his abilities to the bounty, and all his goodness to the grace of God. May his example extend its influence to his admirers and followers! May those who study his writings imitate his life! and those who endeavour after his knowledge aspire likewise to his piety!

He married, September 17, 1710, Mary Drolenveaux, the only daughter of a burgo-master of Leyden, by whom he had Joanna Maria, who survives her father, and three other children who died in their infancy.

The works of this great writer are so generally known, and so highly esteemed, that though it may not be improper to enumerate them in the order of time in which they were published, it is wholly unnecessary to give any other account of them.

He published, in 1707, "*Institutiones Medicæ*," to which he added in 1708, "*Aphorismi de cognoscendis & curandis morbis*."

1710, "*Index stirpium in horto academico*."

1719, "*De materia medica, & remediorum formulis liber*;" and in 1727, a second edition.

1720, "*Alter index stirpium*," &c. adorned with plates, and containing twice the number of plants as the former.

1722, "*Epistola ad cl. Ruischium, quâ sententiam Malpighianam de glandulis defendit*."

1724, "*Atrocis nec prius descripti morbi historia illustrissimi baronis Wassenariæ*."

1725, "*Opera anatomica & chirurgica Andræ Vesalii*," with the life of Vesalius.

1728, "*Altera atrocis rarissimique morbi marchionis de Sancto Albano historia*."

"*Auctores de lue Aphrodisiaca, cum tractatu præfixo*."

1731, "*Aretæi Cappadocis nova editio*."

1732, "*Elementa chemiæ*."

dam. De aliis & seipso sentiebat: ut quoties criminis reos ad poenas letales damnatos audiret, semper cogitaret, sæpe diceret; "*Quis dixerat annon me sint meliores? Utique, si ipse melior, id non mihi auctori tribuendum esse palam aio, confiteor; sed ita largienti Deo*." *Orig. Edit.*

1734, "Observata de argento vivo, ad reg. soc. & acad.
"scient."

These are the writings of the great Boerhaave, which have made all encomiums useless and vain, since no man can attentively peruse them without admiring the abilities, and reverencing the virtue of the author*.

* Gent. Mag. 1739. p. 176.

B L A K E.

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AT a time when a nation is engaged in a war with an enemy, whose insults, ravages, and barbarities, have long called for vengeance, an account of such English commanders as have merited the acknowledgments of posterity, by extending the power, and raising the honour of their country, seem to be no improper entertainment for our readers *. We shall therefore attempt a succinct narration of the life and actions of Admiral Blake, in which we have nothing farther in view than to do justice to his bravery and conduct, without intending any parallel between his achievements and those of our present admirals.

ROBERT BLAKE was born at Bridgwater, in Somersetshire, in August 1598, his father being a merchant of that place, who had acquired a considerable fortune by the Spanish trade. Of his earliest years we have no account, and therefore can amuse the reader with none of those prognostics of his future actions, so often met with in memoirs.

In 1615 he entered into the university of Oxford, where he continued till 1623, though without being much countenanced or carested by his superiors, for he was more than once disappointed in his endeavours after academical preferments. It is observable that Mr. Wood (in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*) ascribes the repulse he met with at Wadham College, where he was competitor for a fellowship, either to want of learning, or of stature. With regard to the first objection, the same writer had before informed us, that he was an *early riser*, and *studious*, though he sometimes relieved his attention by the amusements of fowling and fishing. As it is highly probable that he did not want capacity, we may therefore conclude, upon this confession of his diligence, that he could not fail of being learned, at least in the degree requisite to the enjoyment of a fellowship; and may safely ascribe his disappointment to his want of stature, it being the custom of Sir Henry Savil, then warden of that college, to pay much regard to the outward

* This Life was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1740.

appearance of those who solicited preferment in that society. So much do the greatest events owe sometimes to accident or folly!

He afterwards retired to his native place, where "he lived," says Clarendon, "without any appearance of ambition to be a greater man than he was, but inveighed with great freedom against the licence of the times, and power of the court."

In 1640 he was chosen burgeess for Bridgwater by the Puritan party, to whom he had recommended himself by the disapprobation of Bishop Laud's violence and severity, and his non-compliance with those new ceremonies which he was then endeavouring to introduce.

When the civil war broke out, Blake, in conformity with his avowed principles, declared for the parliament; and, thinking a bare declaration for right not all the duty of a good man, raised a troop of dragoons for his party, and appeared in the field with so much bravery, that he was in a short time advanced, without meeting any of those obstructions which he had encountered in the university.

In 1645 he was governor of Taunton, when the Lord Goring came before it with an army of 10,000 men. The town was ill fortified, and unsupplied with almost every thing necessary for supporting a siege. The state of this garrison encouraged Colonel Windham, who was acquainted with Blake, to propose a capitulation; which was rejected by Blake with indignation and contempt: nor were either menaces or persuasions of any effect, for he maintained the place, under all its disadvantages, till the siege was raised by the parliament's army.

He continued, on many other occasions, to give proofs of an insuperable courage, and a steadiness of resolution not to be shaken; and, as a proof of his firm adherence to the parliament, joined with the borough of Taunton in returning thanks for their resolution to make no more addresses to the king. Yet was he so far from approving the death of Charles I. that he made no scruple of declaring, that he would venture his life to save him, as willingly as he had done to serve the parliament.

In February 1648-9, he was made a commissioner of the navy, and appointed to serve on that element, for which he seems by nature to have been designed. He was soon afterwards sent in pursuit of Prince Rupert, whom he shut up in the harbour of Kingsale in Ireland for several months,

months, till want of provisions, and despair of relief, excited the prince to make a daring effort for his escape, by forcing through the parliament's fleet: this design he executed with his usual intrepidity, and succeeded in it, though with the loss of three ships. He was pursued by Blake to the coast of Portugal, where he was received into the Tagus, and treated with great distinction by the Portuguese.

Blake, coming to the mouth of that river, sent to the king a messenger, to inform him, that the fleet in his port belonging to the public enemies of the commonwealth of England, he demanded leave to fall upon it. This being refused, though the refusal was in very soft terms, and accompanied with declarations of esteem, and a present of provisions, so exasperated the admiral, that, without any hesitation, he fell upon the Portuguese fleet, then returning from Brasil, of which he took seventeen ships, and burnt three. It was to no purpose that the king of Portugal, alarmed at so unexpected a destruction, ordered Prince Rupert to attack him, and retake the Brasil ships. Blake carried home his prizes without molestation, the prince not having force enough to pursue him, and well pleased with the opportunity of quitting a port where he could no longer be protected.

Blake soon supplied his fleet with provision, and received orders to make reprisals upon the French, who had suffered their privateers to molest the English trade; an injury which, in those days was always immediately resented, and, if not repaired, certainly punished. Sailing with this commission, he took in his way a French man of war valued at a million. How this ship happened to be so rich, we are not informed; but as it was a cruiser, it is probable the rich lading was the accumulated plunder of many prizes. Then following the unfortunate Rupert, whose fleet by storms and battles was now reduced to five ships, into Carthagena, he demanded leave of the Spanish governor to attack him in the harbour, but received the same answer which had been returned before by the Portuguese: "That they had a right to protect all ships that came into their dominions; that if the admiral were forced in thither, he should find the same security; and that he required him not to violate the peace of a neutral port." Blake withdrew upon this answer into the Mediterranean; and Rupert then leaving Carthagena

entered the port of Malaga, where he burnt and sunk several English merchant ships. Blake, judging this to be an infringement of the neutrality professed by the Spaniards, now made no scruple to fall upon Rupert's fleet in the harbour of Malaga, and having destroyed three of his ships, obliged him to quit the sea, and take sanctuary at the Spanish court.

In February 1650-1, Blake, still continuing to cruise in the Mediterranean, met a French ship of considerable force, and commanded the captain to come on board, there being no war declared between the two nations. The captain, when he came, was asked by him, whether, "he was willing to lay down his sword, and yield;" which he gallantly refused, though in his enemy's power. Blake, scorning to take advantage of an artifice, and detesting the appearance of treachery, told him, "that he was at liberty to go back to his ship, and defend it as long as he could." The captain willingly accepted his offer, and after a fight of two hours confessed himself conquered, kissed his sword, and surrendered it.

In 1652 broke out the memorable war between the two commonwealths of England and Holland; a war, in which the greatest admirals, that perhaps any age has produced, were engaged on each side, in which nothing less was contested than the dominion of the sea, and which was carried on with vigour, animosity, and resolution, proportioned to the importance of the dispute. The chief commanders of the Dutch fleets were Van Trump, De Ruyter, and De Witt, the most celebrated names of their own nations, and who had been perhaps more renowned, had they been opposed by any other enemies. The States of Holland, having carried on their trade without opposition, and almost without competition, not only during the unactive reign of James I. but during the commotions of England, had arrived to that height of naval power, and that affluence of wealth, that, with the arrogance which a long-continued prosperity naturally produces, they began to invent new claims, and to treat other nations with insolence, which nothing can defend but superiority of force. They had for some time made uncommon preparations at a vast expence, and had equipped a large fleet, without any apparent danger threatening them, or any avowed design of attacking their neighbours. This unusual armament was not beheld by the English without some jealousy, and care

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was taken to fit out such a fleet as might secure the trade from interruption, and the coasts from insults: of this Blake was constituted admiral for nine months. In this situation the two nations remained, keeping a watchful eye upon each other, without acting hostilities on either side, till the 18th of May, 1652, when Van Trump appeared in the Downs with a fleet of forty-five men of war. Blake, who had then but twenty ships, upon the approach of the Dutch admiral saluted him with three single shots, to require that he should, by striking his flag, shew that respect to the English, which is due to every nation in their own dominions: to which the Dutchman answered with a broadside; and Blake, perceiving that he intended to dispute the point of honour, advanced with his own ships before the rest of his fleet, that, if it were possible, a general battle might be prevented. But the Dutch, instead of admitting him to treat, fired upon him from their whole fleet, without any regard to the customs of war, or the law of nations. Blake for some time stood alone against their whole force, till the rest of his squadron coming up, the fight was continued from between four and five in the afternoon till nine at night, when the Dutch retired with the loss of two ships, having not destroyed a single vessel, nor more than fifteen men, most of which were on board the admiral, who, as he wrote to the parliament, was himself engaged for four hours with the main body of the Dutch fleet, being the mark at which they aimed; and, as Whitlock relates, received above a thousand shot. Blake, in his letter, acknowledges the particular blessing and preservation of God, and ascribes his success to the justice of the cause, the Dutch having first attacked him upon the English coast. It is indeed little less than miraculous that a thousand great shot should not do more execution; and those who will not admit the interposition of Providence, may draw at least this inference from it, that *the bravest man is not always in the greatest danger.*

In July he met the Dutch fishery fleet with a convoy of twelve men of war, all which he took, with 100 of their herring-busses. And in September, being stationed in the Downs with about sixty sail, he discovered the Dutch admirals De Witt and De Ruyter with near the same number, and advanced towards them; but the Dutch being obliged, by the nature of their coast, and shallowness of their rivers, to build their ships in such a manner that they require less depth of water than the English vessels,
took

took advantage of the form of their shipping, and sheltered themselves behind a flat, called *Kentish knock*; so that the English, finding some of their ships aground, were obliged to alter their course; but perceiving early the next morning that the Hollanders had forsaken their station, they pursued them with all the speed that the wind, which was weak and uncertain, allowed, but found themselves unable to reach them with the bulk of their fleet, and therefore detached some of the lightest frigates to chase them. These came so near as to fire upon them about three in the afternoon; but the Dutch, instead of tacking about, hoisted their sails, steered toward their own coast, and finding themselves the next day followed by the whole English fleet, retired into Goree. The sailors were eager to attack them in their own harbours; but a council of war being convened, it was judged imprudent to hazard the fleet upon the shoals, or to engage in any important enterprise without a fresh supply of provisions.

That in this engagement the victory belonged to the English is beyond dispute, since, without the loss of one ship, and with no more than forty men killed, they drove the enemy into his own ports, took the rear admiral and another vessel, and so discouraged the Dutch admirals, who had not agreed in their measures, that De Ruyter, who had declared against hazarding a battle, desired to resign his commission, and De Witt, who had insisted upon fighting, fell sick, as it was supposed, with vexation. But how great the loss of the Dutch was, is not certainly known; that two ships were taken they are too wise to deny, but affirm that those two were all that were destroyed. The English, on the other side, affirm that three of their vessels were disabled at the first encounter, that their numbers on the second day were visibly diminished, and that on the last day they saw three or four ships sink in their flight.

De Witt being now discharged by the Hollanders as unfortunate, and the chief command restored to Van Trump, great preparations were made for retrieving their reputation, and repairing their losses. Their endeavours were assisted by the English themselves, now made factious by success; the men who were intrusted with the civil administration being jealous of those whose military commands had procured so much honour, lest they who raised them should be eclipsed by them. Such is generally the revolution of affairs in every state; danger and distress produce unanimity

unanimity and bravery, virtues which are seldom unattended with success; but success is the parent of pride, and pride of jealousy and faction; faction makes way for calamity; and happy is that nation whose calamities renew their unanimity. Such is the rotation of interests, that equally tend to hinder the total destruction of a people, and to obstruct an exorbitant increase of power.

Blake had weakened his fleet by many detachments, and lay with no more than forty sail in the Downs, very ill provided both with men and ammunition, and expecting new supplies from those whose animosity hindered them from providing them, and who chose rather to see the trade of their country distressed, than the sea-officers exalted by a new acquisition of honour and influence.

Van Trump, desirous of distinguishing himself at the resumption of his command by some remarkable action, had assembled eighty ships of war, and ten fireships, and steered towards the Downs, where Blake, with whose condition and strength he was probably acquainted, was then stationed. Blake, not able to restrain his natural ardour, or perhaps not fully informed of the superiority of his enemies, put out to encounter them, though his fleet was so weakly manned, that half of his ships were obliged to lie idle without engaging, for want of sailors. The force of the whole Dutch fleet was therefore sustained by about twenty-two ships. Two of the English frigates, named the Vanguard and the Victory, after having for a long time stood engaged amidst the whole Dutch fleet, broke through without much injury, nor did the English lose any ships till the evening, when the Garland carrying forty guns was boarded at once by two great ships, which were opposed by the English till they had scarcely any men left to defend the deck; then retiring into the lower part of the vessel, they blew up their decks, which were now possessed by the enemy, and at length were overpowered and taken. The Bonaventure, a stout well-built merchant-ship, going to relieve the Garland, was attacked by a man of war, and, after a stout resistance, in which the captain, who defended her with the utmost bravery, was killed, was likewise carried off by the Dutch. Blake, in the Triumph, seeing the Garland in distress, pressed forward to relieve her, but in his way had his foremast shattered, and was himself boarded; but beating off the enemies, he disengaged himself, and retired into the Thames with the loss only of two ships

ships of force, and four small frigates, but with his whole fleet much shattered. Nor was the victory gained at a cheap rate, notwithstanding the unusual disproportion of strength; for of the Dutch flagships one was blown up, and the other two disabled; a proof of the English bravery, which should have induced Van Trump to have spared the insolence of carrying a broom at his topmast in his triumphant passage through the channel, which he intended as a declaration that he would sweep the seas of the English shipping; this, which he had little reason to think of accomplishing, he soon after perished in attempting.

There are sometimes observations and enquiries, which all historians seem to decline by agreement, of which this action may afford us an example: nothing appears at the first view more to demand our curiosity, or afford matter for examination, than this wild encounter of twenty-two ships with a force, according to their accounts who favour the Dutch, three times superior. Nothing can justify a commander in fighting under such disadvantages, but the impossibility of retreating. But what hindered Blake from retiring as well before the fight as after it? To say he was ignorant of the strength of the Dutch fleet, is to impute to him a very criminal degree of negligence; and, at least, it must be confessed that, from the time he saw them, he could not but know that they were too powerful to be opposed by him, and even then there was time for retreat. To urge the ardour of his sailors, is to divest him of the authority of a commander, and to charge him with the most reproachful weakness that can enter into the character of a general. To mention the impetuosity of his own courage, is to make the blame of his temerity equal to the praise of his valour; which seems indeed to be the most gentle censure that the truth of history will allow. We must then admit, amidst our eulogies and applauses, that the great, the wise, and the valiant Blake was once betrayed to an inconsiderate and desperate enterprize, by the restless ardour of his own spirit, and a noble jealousy of the honour of his country.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of revenging his loss, and restraining the insolence of the Dutch. On the 18th of February, 1652-3, Blake being at the head of eighty sail, and assisted, at his own request, by Colonels Monk and Dean, espied Van Trump with a fleet of above 100 men of war, as Clarendon relates, of 70 by their
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own public accounts, and 300 merchantships under his convoy. The English, with their usual intrepidity, advanced towards them; and Blake, in the *Triumph*, in which he always led his fleet, with twelve ships more, came to an engagement with the main body of the Dutch fleet, and by the disparity of their force, was reduced to the last extremity, having received in his hull no fewer than 700 shots, when Lawson in the *Fairfax* came to his assistance. The rest of the English fleet now came in, and the fight was continued with the utmost degree of vigour and resolution, till the night gave the Dutch an opportunity of retiring, with the loss of one flagship, and six other men of war. The English had many vessels damaged, but none lost. On board Lawson's ship were killed 100 men, and as many on board Blake's, who lost his captain and secretary, and himself received a wound in the thigh.

Blake having set ashore his wounded men, failed in pursuit of Van Trump, who sent his convoy before, and himself retired fighting towards Bulloign. Blake ordered his light frigates to follow the merchants, still continued to harass Van Trump, and on the third day, the 20th of February, the two fleets came to another battle, in which Van Trump once more retired before the English, and, making use of the peculiar form of his shipping, secured himself in the shoals. The accounts of this fight, as of all the others, are various; but the Dutch writers themselves confess that they lost eight men of war, and more than twenty merchant ships; and it is probable that they suffered much more than they are willing to allow, for these repeated defeats provoked the common people to riots and insurrections, and obliged the States to ask, though ineffectually, for peace.

In April following the form of government in England was changed, and the supreme authority assumed by Cromwell; upon which occasion Blake, with his associates, declared that, notwithstanding the change in the administration, they should still be ready to discharge their trust, and to defend the nation from insults, injuries, and encroachments. "It is not," says Blake, "the business of a sea-man to mind state-affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us." This was the principle from which he never deviated, and which he always endeavoured to inculcate in the fleet, as the surest foundation of unanimity and steadiness. "Disturb not one another with domestic disputes, but re-
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“ member that we are English, and our enemies are foreigners. Enemies ! which, let what party soever prevail, it is equally the interest of our country to humble and restrain.”

After the 30th of April, 1653, Blake, Monk, and Dean, sailed out of the English harbours with 100 men of war, and finding the Dutch with seventy sail on their own coasts, drove them to the Texel, and took fifty doggers. Then they sailed northward in pursuit of Van Trump, who, having a fleet of merchants under his convoy, durst not enter the channel, but steered towards the Sound, and by great dexterity and address escaped the three English admirals, and brought all his ships into their harbour ; then, knowing that Blake was still in the North, came before Dover, and fired upon that town, but was driven off by the castle.

Monk and Dean stationed themselves again at the mouth of the Texel, and blocked up the Dutch in their own ports with eighty sail ; but hearing that Van Trump was at Goree with 120 men of war, they ordered all ships of force in the river and ports to repair to them.

On June 3d, the two fleets came to an engagement, in the beginning of which Dean was carried off by a cannon ball ; yet the fight continued from about twelve to six in the afternoon, when the Dutch gave way, and retreated fighting.

On the 4th, in the afternoon, Blake came up with eighteen fresh ships, and procured the English a complete victory ; nor could the Dutch any otherwise preserve their ships than by retiring once more into the flats and shallows, where the largest of the English vessels could not approach.

In this battle Van Trump boarded vice-admiral Pen ; but was beaten off, and himself boarded, and reduced to blow up his decks, of which the English had gotten possession. He was then entered at once by Pen and another ; nor could possibly have escaped, had not De Ruyter and De Witt arrived at that instant and rescued him.

However the Dutch may endeavour to extenuate their loss in this battle, by admitting no more than eight ships to have been taken or destroyed, it is evident that they must have received much greater damages, not only by the accounts of more impartial historians, but by the remonstrances and exclamations of their admirals themselves ; Van Trump declaring before the States, that “ without a numerous reinforcement of large men of war, he could serve

“ them no more ;” and De Witt crying out before them, with the natural warmth of his character, “ Why should I be silent before my lords and masters ? The English are our masters, and by consequence masters of the sea.”

In November 1654, Blake was sent by Cromwell into the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet, and may be said to have received the homage of all that part of the world, being equally courted by the haughty Spaniards, the furly Dutch, and the lawless Algerines.

In March 1656, having forced Algiers to submission, he entered the harbour of Tunis, and demanded reparation for the robberies practised upon the English by the pirates of that place, and insisted that the captives of his nation should be set at liberty. The governor having planted batteries along the shore, and drawn up his ships under the castles, sent Blake an haughty and insolent answer : “ There are our castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino,” said he, “ upon which you may do your worst ;” adding other menaces and insults, and mentioning in terms of ridicule the inequality of a fight between ships and castles. Blake had likewise demanded leave to take in water, which was refused him. Fired with this inhuman and insolent treatment, he curled his whiskers, as was his custom when he was angry, and entering Porto Ferino with his great ships, discharged his shot so fast upon the batteries and castles, that in two hours the guns were dismounted, and the works forsaken, though he was at first exposed to the fire of sixty cannon. He then ordered his officers to send out their long boats well manned to seize nine of the piratical ships lying in the road, himself continuing to fire upon the castle. This was so bravely executed, that with the loss of only twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded, all the ships were fired in the sight of Tunis. Thence sailing to Tripoli, he concluded a peace with that nation ; then returning to Tunis, he found nothing but submission. And such indeed was his reputation, that he met with no farther opposition, but collected a kind of tribute from the princes of those countries, his business being to demand reparation for all the injuries offered to the English during the civil wars. He exacted from the Duke of Tuscany 60,000*l.* and, as it is said, sent home sixteen ships laden with the effects which he had received from several states.

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The respect with which he obliged all foreigners to treat his countrymen, appears from a story related by Bishop Burnet. When he lay before Malaga, in a time of peace with Spain, some of his sailors went ashore, and meeting a procession of the host, not only refused to pay any respect to it, but laughed at those that did. The people, being put by one of the priests upon resenting this indignity, fell upon them, and beat them severely. When they returned to their ship, they complained of their ill treatment; upon which Blake sent to demand the priest who had procured it. The viceroy answered that, having no authority over the priests, he could not send him: to which Blake replied, "that he did not enquire into the extent of the viceroy's authority, but that if the priest were not sent within three hours, he would burn the town." The viceroy then sent the priest to him, who pleaded the provocation given by the seamen. Blake bravely and rationally answered, that if he had complained to him, he would have punished them severely, for he would not have his men affront the established religion of any place; but that he was angry that the Spaniards should assume that power, for he would have all the world know "that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman." So having used the priest civilly, he sent him back, being satisfied that he was in his power. This conduct so much pleased Cromwell, that he read the letter in council with great satisfaction, and said, "he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been."

In 1656, the Protector having declared war against Spain, dispatched Blake with twenty-five men of war to infest their coasts, and intercept their shipping. In pursuance of these orders he cruised all winter about the Streights, and then lay at the mouth of the harbour of Cales, where he received intelligence that the Spanish plate-fleet lay at anchor in the bay of Santa-Cruz, in the isle of Teneriffe. On the 13th of April, 1657, he departed from Cales, and on the 20th arrived at Santa-Cruz, where he found sixteen Spanish vessels. The bay was defended on the northside by a castle well mounted with cannon, and in other parts with seven forts with cannon proportioned to the bigness, all united by a line of communication manned with musqueteers. The Spanish admiral drew up his small ships under the cannon of the castle, and stationed six great galleons with their broadsides to the sea: an advantageous and prudent disposi-

tion, but of little effect against the English commander ; who determining to attack them, ordered Stayner to enter the bay with his squadron ; then, posting some of his larger ships to play upon the fortifications, himself attacked the galleons, which, after a gallant resistance, were at length abandoned by the Spaniards, though the least of them was bigger than the biggest of Blake's ships. The forts and smaller vessels being now shattered and forsaken, the whole fleet was set on fire, the galleons by Blake, and the smallest vessels by Stayner, the English vessels being too much shattered in the fight to bring them away. Thus was the whole plate-fleet destroyed, "and the Spaniards," according to Rapin's remark, "sustained a great loss of ships, money, men, and merchandize, while the English gained nothing but glory." As if he that increases the military reputation of a people did not increase their power, and he that weakens his enemy in effect strengthens himself.

"The whole action," says Clarendon, "was so incredible, that all men, who knew the place, wondered that any sober man, with what courage soever endued, would ever have undertaken it, and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done: while the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief, that they were devils and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass, that no resistance or advantage of ground can disappoint them ; and it can hardly be imagined how small a loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action, not one ship being left behind, and the killed and wounded not exceeding 200 men ; when the slaughter on board the Spanish ships and on shore was incredible." The general cruised for some time afterwards with his victorious fleet at the mouth of Cales, to intercept the Spanish shipping ; but finding his constitution broken by the fatigue of the last three years, determined to return home, and died before he came to land.

His body was embalmed, and, having lain some time in state at Greenwich-house, was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel, with all the funeral solemnity due to the remains of a man so famed for his bravery, and so spotless in his integrity ; nor is it without regret that I am obliged to relate the treatment his body met a year after the Restoration, when it was taken up by express command, and buried in a
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pit in St. Margaret's church-yard. Had he been guilty of the murder of Charles I. to insult his body had been a mean revenge; but, as he was innocent, it was, at least, inhumanity, and, perhaps, ingratitude. "Let no man," says the oriental proverb, "pull a dead lion by the beard."

But that regard which was denied his body has been paid to his better remains, his name and his memory. Nor has any writer dared to deny him the praise of intrepidity, honesty, contempt of wealth, and love of his country. "He was the first man," says Clarendon, "that declined the old track, and made it apparent that the sciences might be attained in less time than was imagined. He was the first man that brought ships to contemn castles on shore, which had ever been thought very formidable, but were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into seamen, by making them see, by experience, what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon the water; and though he has been very well imitated and followed, was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and beld and resolute achievements."

To this attestation of his military excellence, it may be proper to subjoin an account of his moral character from the author of *Lives English and Foreign*. "He was jealous," says that writer, "of the liberty of the subject, and the glory of his nation; and as he made use of no mean artifices to raise himself to the highest command at sea, so he needed no interest but his merit to support him in it. He scorned nothing more than money, which, as fast as it came in, was laid out by him in the service of the state, and to shew that he was animated by that brave public spirit, which has since been reckoned rather romantic than heroic. And he was so disinterested, that though no man had more opportunities to enrich himself than he, who had taken so many millions from the enemies of England, yet he threw it all into the public treasury, and did not die 500*l*. richer than his father left him; which the author avers from his personal knowledge of his family and their circumstances, having been bred up in it, and often heard his brother give this account of him. He was religious according to the pretended purity of these times, but would frequently allow

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“ himself to be merry with his officers, and by his tenderness and generosity to the seamen had so endeared himself to them, that when he died they lamented his loss as that of a common father.”

Instead of more testimonies, his character may be properly concluded with one incident of his life, by which it appears how much the spirit of Blake was superior to all private views. His brother, in the last action with the Spaniards, having not done his duty, was at Blake's desire discarded, and the ship was given to another; yet was he not less regardful of him as a brother, for when he died he left him his estate, knowing him well qualified to adorn or enjoy a private fortune, though he had found him unfit to serve his country in a public character, and had therefore not suffered him to rob it.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE*.

FRANCIS DRAKE was the son of a clergyman in Devonshire, who being inclined to the doctrine of the Protestants, at that time much opposed by Henry VIII. was obliged to fly from his place of Residence into Kent for refuge, from the persecution raised against him, and those of the same opinion, by the law of the six articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was supported, was not known; nor have we any account of the first years of Sir Francis Drake's life, of any disposition to hazards and adventures which might have been discovered in his childhood, or of the education which qualified him for such wonderful attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put apprentice by his father to the master of a small vessel that traded to France and the Low Countries, under whom he probably learned the rudiments of navigation, and familiarised himself to the dangers and hardships of the sea.

But how few opportunities soever he might have in this part of his life for the exercise of his courage, he gave so many proofs of diligence and fidelity, that his master dying unmarried left him his little vessel in reward of his services; a circumstance that deserves to be remembered, not only as it may illustrate the private character of this brave man, but as it may hint, to all those who may hereafter propose his conduct for their imitation, That virtue is the surest foundation both of reputation and fortune, and that the first step to greatness is to be honest.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an incident at the first view so inconsiderable, it might be added, That it deserves the reflection of those, who, when they are engaged in affairs not adequate to their abilities, pass them over with a contemptuous neglect, and while they amuse themselves with chimerical schemes, and plans of future

* This Life was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1740.

undertakings, suffer every opportunity of smaller advantage to slip away as unworthy their regard. They may learn from the example of Drake, that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprizes.

After having followed for some time his master's profession, he grew weary of so narrow a province, and, having sold his little vessel, ventured his effects in the new trade to the West-Indies, which, having not been long discovered, and very little frequented by the English till that time, were conceived so much to abound in wealth, that no voyage thither could fail of being recompensed by great advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous part of mankind, but the beauty and riches of this new world. Fresh discoveries were frequently made, new countries and nations never heard of before were daily described, and it may easily be concluded that the relaters did not diminish the merit of their attempts, by suppressing or diminishing any circumstance that might produce wonder, or excite curiosity. Nor was their vanity only engaged in raising admirers, but their interest likewise in procuring adventurers, who were indeed easily gained by the hopes which naturally arise from new prospects, though through ignorance of the American seas, and by the malice of the Spaniards, who from the first discovery of those countries considered every other nation that attempted to follow them as invaders of their rights, the best concerted designs often miscarried.

Among those who suffered most from the Spanish injustice, was Capt. John Hawkins, who, having been admitted by the viceroy to traffic in the bay of Mexico, was, contrary to the stipulation then made between them, and in violation of the peace between Spain and England, attacked without any declaration of hostilities, and obliged, after an obstinate resistance, to retire with the loss of four ships, and a great number of his men, who were either destroyed or carried into slavery.

In this voyage Drake had adventured almost all his fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private interest, and by obtaining letters from Queen Elizabeth; for the Spaniards, deaf to all remonstrances, either vindicated the injustice of the viceroy, or at least forbore to redress it.

Drake,

Drake, thus oppressed and impoverished, retained at least his courage and his industry, that ardent spirit that prompted him to adventures, and that indefatigable patience that enabled him to surmount difficulties. He did not sit down idly to lament misfortunes which heaven had put it in his power to remedy, or to repine at poverty while the wealth of his enemies was to be gained. But having made two voyages to America for the sake of gaining intelligence of the state of the Spanish settlements, and acquainted himself with the seas and coasts, he determined on a third expedition of more importance, by which the Spaniards should find how imprudently they always act who injure and insult a brave man.

On the 24th of May, 1572, Francis Drake set sail from Plymouth in the *Pascha* of seventy tons, accompanied by the *Swan* of twenty-five tons, commanded by his brother John Drake, having in both the vessels seventy-three men and boys, with a year's provision, and such artillery and ammunition as was necessary for his undertaking, which, however incredible it may appear to such as consider rather his force than his fortitude, was no less than to make reprisals upon the most powerful nation in the world.

The wind continuing favourable, they entered June 29, between Guadalupe and Dominica, and on July 6th saw the highland of Santa Martha; then continuing their course, after having been becalmed for some time, they arrived at Port Pheasant, so named by Drake in a former voyage to the East of *Nombre de Dios*. Here he proposed to build his pinnaces, which he had brought in pieces ready framed from Plymouth, and was going ashore with a few men unarmed, but, discovering a smoke at a distance, ordered the other boat to follow him with a greater force.

Then marching towards the fire, which was in the top of a high tree, he found a plate of lead nailed to another tree, with an inscription engraved upon it by one Garret an Englishman, who had left that place but five days before, and had taken this method of informing him that the Spaniards had been advertised of his intention to anchor at that place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very short stay there.

But Drake knowing how convenient this place was for his designs, and considering that the hazard and waste of time, which could not be avoided in seeking another station, was equivalent to any other danger which was to be

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apprehended from the Spaniards, determined to follow his first resolution; only, for his greater security, he ordered a kind of palisade, or fortification, to be made, by felling large trees, and laying the trunks and branches one upon another by the side of the river.

On July 20, having built their pinnaces, and being joined by one Capt. Raufe, who happened to touch at the same place with a bark of fifty men, they set sail towards Nombre de Dios, and, taking two frigates at the island of Pines, were informed by the Negroes which they found in them, that the inhabitants of that place were in expectation of some soldiers, which the governor of Panama had promised to defend them from the Symerons, or fugitive Negroes, who, having escaped from the tyranny of their masters in great numbers, had settled themselves under two kings, or leaders, on each side of the way between Nombre de Dios and Panama, and not only asserted their natural right to liberty and independence, but endeavoured to revenge the cruelties they had suffered, and had lately put the inhabitants of Nombre de Dios into the utmost consternation.

Those Negroes the captain set on shore on the main land, so that they might, by joining the Symerons, recover their liberty, or at least might not have it in their power to give the people of Nombre de Dios any speedy information of his intention to invade them.

Then selecting fifty-three men from his own company, and twenty from the crew of his new associate Captain Raufe, he embarked with them in his pinnaces, and set sail for Nombre de Dios.

On July the 23th, at night, he approached the town undiscovered, and dropt his anchors under the shore, intending, after his men were refreshed, to begin the attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable accounts of the strength of the place, and the multitude of the inhabitants, he determined to hinder the panic from spreading farther, by leading them immediately to action; and therefore ordering them to their oars, he landed without any opposition, there being only one gunner upon the bay, though it was secured with six brass cannons of the largest size ready-mounted. But the gunner, while they were throwing the cannons from their carriages, alarmed the town, as they soon discovered by the bell, the drums, and the noise of the people.

Drake,

Drake, leaving twelve men to guard the pinnaces, marched round the town with no great opposition, the men being more hurt by treading on the weapons left on the ground by the flying enemy, than by the resistance which they encountered.

At length having taken some of the Spaniards, Drake commanded them to shew him the governor's house, where the mules that bring the silver from Panama were unloaded; there they found the door open, and entering the room where the silver was repositied, found it heaped up in bars in such quantities as almost exceed belief, the pile being, they conjectured, seventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve in height, each bar weighing between thirty and forty-five pounds.

It is easy to imagine that, at the sight of this treasure, nothing was thought on by the English, but by what means they might best convey it to their boats; and doubtless it was not easy for Drake, who, considering their distance from the shore, and the numbers of their enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his retreat, to hinder his men from encumbering themselves with so much silver as might have retarded their march, and obstructed the use of their weapons; however, by promising to lead them to the king's treasure-house, where there was gold and jewels to a far greater value, and where the treasure was not only more portable, but nearer the coast, he persuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main body of his men then drawn up under the command of his brother in the market-place.

Here he found his little troop much discouraged by the imagination, that if they stayed any longer the enemy would gain possession of their pinnaces, and that they should then, without any means of safety, be left to stand alone against the whole power of that country. Drake, not indeed easily terrified, but sufficiently cautious, sent to the coast to enquire the truth, and see if the same terror had taken possession of the men whom he had left to guard his boats; but, finding no foundation for these dreadful apprehensions, he persisted in his first design, and led the troop forward to the treasure-house. In their way there fell a violent shower of rain, which wet some of their bow-strings, and extinguished many of their matches; a misfortune which might soon have been repaired, and which perhaps the enemy might suffer in common with them, but which however on this occasion very much embarrassed them, as the delay produced

duced by it repressed that ardour which sometimes is only to be kept up by continued action, and gave time to the timorous and slothful to spread their insinuations, and propagate their cowardice. Some, whose fear was their predominant passion, were continually magnifying the numbers and courage of their enemies, and represented whole nations as ready to rush upon them; others, whose avarice mingled with their concern for their own safety, were more solicitous to preserve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in themselves, and resolute, began to doubt of success in an undertaking in which they were associated with cowardly companions. So that scarcely any man appeared to proceed in their enterprize with that spirit and alacrity which could give Drake a prospect of success.

This he perceived, and with some emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief treasure of the world within their reach, they should go home and languish in poverty, they could blame nothing but their own cowardice; that he had performed his part, and was still desirous to lead them on to riches and to honour.

Then finding that either shame or conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the treasure-house to be forced, and commanding his brother, and Oxenham of Plymouth, a man known afterwards for his bold adventures in the same parts, to take charge of the treasure, he commanded the other body to follow him to the market-place, that he might be ready to oppose any scattered troops of the Spaniards, and hinder them from uniting into one body.

But as he stepped forward, his strength failed him on a sudden, and he fell down speechless. Then it was that his companions perceived a wound in his leg, which he had received in the first encounter, but hitherto concealed, lest his men, easily discouraged, should make their concern for his life a pretence for returning to their boats. Such had been his loss of blood, as was discovered upon nearer observation, that it had filled the prints of his footsteps, and it appeared scarce credible that, after such effusion of blood, life should remain.

The bravest were now willing to retire: neither the desire of honour nor of riches was thought enough to prevail in any man over his regard for his leader. Drake, whom cordials had now restored to his speech, was the only man
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who could not be prevailed on to leave the enterprize unfinished. It was to no purpose that they advised him to submit to go on board to have his wound dressed, and promised to return with him and complete their design; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the opportunity when it was once lost, and could easily foresee that a respite, of but a few hours, would enable the Spaniards to recover from their consternation, to assemble their forces, refit their batteries, and remove their treasure. What he had undergone so much danger to obtain was now in his hands, and the thought of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently born.

However, as there was little time for consultation, and the same danger attended their stay in that perplexity and confusion, as their return, they bound up his wound with his scarf, and partly by force, partly by entreaty, carried him to the boats, in which they all embarked by break of day.

Then taking with them, out of the harbour, a ship loaded with wines, they went to the Bastimentes, an island about a league from the town, where they staid two days to repose the wounded men, and to regale themselves with the fruits which grew in great plenty in the gardens of that island.

During their stay here, there came over from the main land a Spanish gentleman, sent by the governor, with instructions to enquire whether the captain was that Drake who had been before on their coast, whether the arrows with which many of their men were wounded were not poisoned, and whether they wanted provisions or other necessaries. The messenger likewise extolled their courage with the highest encomiums, and expressed his admiration of their daring undertaking. Drake, though he knew the civilities of an enemy are always to be suspected, and that the messenger, amidst all his professions of regard, was no other than a spy, yet knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the highest honours that his condition admitted of. In answer to his enquiries, he assured him that he was the same Drake with whose character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid observer of the laws of war, and never permitted his arrows to be poisoned: he then dismissed him with considerable presents, and told him that, though he had unfortunately
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failed in this attempt, he would never desist from his design, till he had shared with Spain the treasures of America.

They then resolved to return to the isle of Pines, where they had left their ships, and consult about the measures they were now to take, and having arrived, August 1, at their former station, they dismissed Captain Raufe, who judging it unsafe to stay any longer on the coast, desired to be no longer engaged in their designs.

But Drake, not to be discouraged from his purpose by a single disappointment, after having enquired of a negro, whom he took on board at Nombre de Dios, the most wealthy settlements, and weakest parts of the coast, resolved to attack Carthagena; and, setting sail without loss of time, came to anchor, August 13, between Charesha and St. Barnard, two islands at a little distance from the harbour of Carthagena; then passing with his boats round the island he entered the harbour, and in the mouth of it found a frigate with only an old man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an hour before a pinnace had passed by with sails and oars, and all the appearance of expedition and importance; that, as she passed, the crew on board her bid them take care of themselves; and that, as soon as she touched the shore, they heard the noise of cannon fired as a warning, and saw the shipping in the port drawn up under the guns of the castle.

The captain, who had himself heard the discharge of the artillery, was soon convinced that he was discovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any probability of success. He therefore contented himself with taking a ship of Seville, of two hundred and forty tons, which the relater of this voyage mentions as a very large ship, and two small frigates, in which he found letters of advice from Nombre de Dios, intended to alarm that part of the coast.

Drake now finding his pinnaces of great use, and not having a sufficient number of sailors for all his vessels, was desirous of destroying one of his ships, that his pinnaces might be better manned: this, necessary as it was, could not easily be done without disgusting his company, who, having made several prosperous voyages in that vessel, would be unwilling to have it destroyed. Drake well knew that nothing but the love of their leaders could animate his followers to encounter such hardships as he was about to expose

pose them to, and therefore rather chose to bring his designs to pass by artifice than authority. He sent for the carpenter of the Swan, took him into his cabin, and, having first engaged him to secrecy, ordered him in the middle of the night to go down into the well of the ship, and bore three holes through the bottom, laying something against them that might hinder the bubbling of the water from being heard. To this the carpenter after some expostulation, consented, and the next night performed his promise.

In the morning, August 15, Drake going out with his pinnace a-fishing, rowed up to the Swan, and, having invited his brother to partake of his diversions, enquired, with a negligent air, why their bark was so deep in the water; upon which the steward going down, returned immediately with an account that the ship was leaky, and in danger of sinking in a little time. They had recourse immediately to the pump; but, having laboured till three in the afternoon, and gained very little upon the water, they willingly, according to Drake's advice, set the vessel on fire, and went on board the pinnaces.

Finding it now necessary to lie concealed for some time, till the Spaniards should forget their danger, and remit their vigilance, they set sail for the Sound of Darien, and without approaching the coast, that their course might not be observed, they arrived there in six days.

This being a convenient place for their reception, both on account of privacy, as it was out of the road of all trade, and as it was well supplied with wood, water, wild fowl, hogs, deer, and all kinds of provisions, he stayed here fifteen days to clean his vessels, and refresh his men, who worked interchangeably, on one day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth day of September, Drake left his brother with the ship at Darien, and set out with two pinnaces towards the Rio Grande, which it reached in three days, and on the ninth were discovered by a Spaniard from the bank, who, believing them to be his countrymen, made a signal to them to come on shore, with which they very readily complied; but he soon finding his mistake, abandoned his plantation, where they found great plenty of provisions, with which having laden their vessels, they departed. So great was the quantity of provisions, which they amassed here and in other places, that in different parts of the coast they built four magazines or storehouses, which they

they filled with necessaries for the prosecution of their voyage. These they placed at such a distance from each other, that the enemy, if he should surprize one, might yet not discover the rest.

In the mean time, his brother, Captain John Drake, went, according to the instructions that had been left him, in search of the Symerons or fugitive Negroes, from whose assistance alone they had now any prospect of a successful voyage; and touching upon the main land, by means of the negro whom they had taken from Nombre de Dios, engaged two of them to come on board his pinnace, leaving two of their own men as hostages for their returning. These men, having assured Drake of the affection of their nation, appointed an interview between them and their leaders. So leaving Port Plenty, in the isle of Pines, so named by the English from the great stores of provisions which they had amassed at that place, they came, by the direction of the Symerons, into a secret bay among beautiful islands covered with trees, which concealed their ship from observation, and where the channel was so narrow and rocky, that it was impossible to enter it by night; so that there was no danger of a sudden attack.

Here they met, and entered into engagements, which common enemies and common dangers preserved from violation. But the first conversation informed the English, that their expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for upon their enquiries after the most probable means of gaining gold and silver, the Symcrons told them, that, had they known sooner the chief end of their expedition, they could easily have gratified them; but that, during the rainy season, which was now begun, and which continues six months, they could not recover the treasure which they had taken from the Spaniards, out of the rivers in which they had concealed it.

Drake, therefore, proposing to wait in this place till the rains were past, built, with the assistance of the Symerons, a fort of earth and timber, and, leaving part of his company with the Symerons, set out with three pinnaces towards Carthagena, being of a spirit too active to lie still patiently, even in a state of plenty and security, and with the most probable expectations of immense riches.

On the 16th of October, he anchored within sight of Carthagena without landing; and on the 17th, going out
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to sea, took a Spanish bark, with which they entered the harbour, where they were accosted by a Spanish gentleman, whom they had some time before taken, and set at liberty, who coming to them in a boat, as he pretended, without the knowledge of the governor, made them great promises of refreshment and professions of esteem; but Drake, having waited till the next morning without receiving the provisions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended kindness was no more than a stratagem to amuse him, while the governor was raising forces for his destruction.

October 20, they took two frigates coming out of Carthagena without lading. Why the Spaniards, knowing Drake to lie at the mouth of the harbour, sent out their vessels on purpose to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep possession of his prizes, he would divide his company, and by that division be more easily destroyed.

In a few hours afterwards, they sent out two frigates well manned, which Drake soon forced to retire, and having sunk one of his prizes, and burnt the other in their fight, leaped afterwards ashore, single, in defiance of their troops, which hovered at a distance in the woods and on the hills, without ever venturing to approach within reach of the shot from the pinnaces.

To leap upon an enemy's coast in sight of a superior force, only to shew how little they were feared, was an act that would in these times meet with little applause, nor can the general be seriously commended, or rationally vindicated, who exposes his person to destruction, and, by consequence, his expedition to miscarriage, only for the pleasure of an idle insult, an insignificant bravado. All that can be urged in his defence is, that perhaps it might contribute to heighten the esteem of his followers, as few men, especially of that class, are philosophical enough to state the exact limits of prudence and bravery, or not to be dazzled with an intrepidity how improperly soever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the Spaniards, whose notions of courage are sufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable enemy, and yield more easily to a hero of whose fortitude they had so high an idea.

However, finding the whole country advertised of his attempts, and in arms to oppose him, he thought it not proper to stay longer where there was no probability of suc-

cess, and where he might in time be overpowered by multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to Rio de Heha.

This resolution, when it was known by his followers, threw them into astonishment; and the company of one of his pinnaces remonstrated to him, that, though they placed the highest confidence in his conduct, they could not think of undertaking such a voyage without provisions, having only a gammon of bacon, and a small quantity of bread, for seventeen men. Drake answered them, that there was on board his vessel even a greater scarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to share his fortune he did not doubt of extricating them from all their difficulties.

Such was the heroic spirit of Drake, that he never suffered himself to be diverted from his designs by any difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his exigencies, but at the expence of his enemies.

Resolution and success reciprocally produce each other. He had not sailed more than three leagues, before they discovered a large ship, which they attacked with all the intrepidity that necessity inspires, and happily found it laden with excellent provisions.

But finding his crew growing faint and sickly with their manner of living in the pinnaces, which was less commodious than on board the ships, he determined to go back to the Symerons, with whom he left his brother and part of his force, and attempt by their conduct to make his way over, and invade the Spaniards in the inland parts, where they would probably never dream of an enemy.

When they arrived at Port Diego, so named from the negro who had procured them their intercourse with the Symerons, they found Captain John Drake and one of his company dead, being killed, in attempting, almost unarmed, to board a frigate well provided with all things necessary for its defence. The captain was unwilling to attack it, and represented to them the madness of their proposal; but, being overborn by their clamours and importunities, to avoid the imputation of cowardice, complied to his destruction. So dangerous is it for the chief commander to be absent!

Nor was this their only misfortune, for in a very short time, many of them were attacked by the calenture, a malignant fever, very frequent in the hot climates, which carried away, among several others, Joseph Drake, another brother of the commander.

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While Drake was employed in taking care of the sick men, the Symerons, who ranged the country for intelligence, brought him an account, that the Spanish fleet was arrived at Nombre de Dios, the truth of which was confirmed by a pinnace, which he sent out to make observations.

This, therefore, was the time for their journey, when the treasures of the American mines were to be transported from Panama, over land, to Nombre de Dios. He therefore, by the direction of the Symerons, furnished himself with all things necessary, and on February 3, set out from Port Diego.

Having lost already twenty-eight of his company, and being under the necessity of leaving some to guard his ship, he took with him only eighteen English, and thirty Symerons, who not only served as guides to shew the way, but as purveyors to procure provisions.

They carried not only arrows for war, but for hunting and fowling; the heads of which are proportioned in size to the game which they are pursuing: for oxen, stags, or wild boars, they have arrows, or javelins, with heads weighing a pound and half, which they discharge near hand, and which scarcely ever fail of being mortal. The second sort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally shot from their bows; these are intended for smaller beasts. With the third sort, of which the heads are an ounce in weight, they kill birds. As this nation is in a state that does not set them above continual cares for the immediate necessities of life, he that can temper iron best is among them most esteemed, and, perhaps, it would be happy for every nation, if honours and applauses were as justly distributed, and he were most distinguished whose abilities were most useful to society. How many chimerical titles to precedence, how many false pretences to respect, would this rule bring to the ground!

Every day, by sun-rising, they began to march, and, having travelled till ten, rested near some river till twelve, then travelling again till four, they reposed all night in houses, which the Symerons had either left standing in their former marches, or very readily erected for them, by setting up three or four posts in the ground, and laying poles from one to another in form of a roof, which they thatched with palmetto boughs and plantane leaves. In the valleys, where they were sheltered from the winds, they left three

or four feet below open ; but on the hills, where they were more exposed to the chill blasts of the night, they thatched them close to the ground, leaving only a door for entrance, and a vent in the middle of the room for the smoke of three fires, which they made in every house.

In their march they met not only with plenty of fruits upon the banks of the rivers, but with wild swine in great abundance, of which the Symérons, without difficulty, killed, for the most part, as much as was wanted. One day, however, they found an otter, and were about to dress it ; at which Drake expressing his wonder, was asked by Pedro the chief Symeron, " Are you a man of war and " in want, and yet doubt whether this be meat that hath " blood in it ? " For which Drake in private rebuked him, says the relator ; whether justly or not, it is not very important to determine. There seems to be in Drake's scruple somewhat of superstition, perhaps not easily to be justified ; and the negro's answer was, at least, martial, and will, I believe, be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third day of their march, Feb. 26, they came to a town of the Symérons, situated on the side of a hill, and encompassed with a ditch and a mud wall to secure it from a sudden surprize : here they lived with great neatness and plenty, and some observation of religion, paying great reverence to the cross ; a practice, which Drake prevailed upon them to change for the use of the Lord's prayer. Here they importuned Drake to stay for a few days, promising to double his strength ; but he either thinking greater numbers unnecessary, or fearing that, if any difference should arise, he should be overborn by the number of Symérons, or that they would demand to share the plunder, that should be taken in common, or for some other reason that might easily occur, refused any addition to his troop, endeavouring to express his refusal in such terms as might heighten their opinion of his bravery.

He then proceeded on his journey through cool shades, and lofty woods, which sheltered them so effectually from the sun, that their march was less toilsome than if they had travelled in England during the heat of the summer. Four of the Symérons that were acquainted with the way, went about a mile before the troop, and scattered branches to direct them ; then followed twelve Symérons, after whom came the English, with the two leaders, and the other Symérons closed the rear.

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On February 11, they arrived at the top of a very high hill, on the summit of which grew a tree of wonderful greatness, in which they had cut steps for the more easy ascent to the top, where there was a kind of tower, to which they invited Drake, and from thence showed him not only the North Sea, from whence they came, but the great South Sea, on which no English vessel had ever sailed. This prospect exciting his natural curiosity and ardour for adventures and discoveries, he lifted up his hands to God, and implored his blessing upon the resolution, which he then formed, of sailing in an English ship on that sea.

Then continuing their march, they came, after two days, into an open, level country, where their passage was somewhat incommoded with the grass, which is of a peculiar kind, consisting of a stalk like that of wheat, and a blade, on which the oxen and other cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach; then the inhabitants set it on fire, and in three days it springs up again; this they are obliged to do thrice a year, so great is the fertility of the soil.

At length, being within view of Panama, they left all frequented roads for fear of being discovered, and posted themselves in a grove near the way between Panama and Nombre de Dios; then they sent a Symeron in the habit of a negro of Panama, to enquire on what night the recoes, or drivers of mules, on which the treasure is carried, were to set forth. The messenger was so well qualified for his undertaking, and so industrious in the prosecution of it, that he soon returned with an account that the treasurer of Lima, intending to return to Europe, would pass that night, with eight mules laden with gold, and one with jewels.

Having received this information, they immediately marched towards Venta Cruz, the first town on the way to Nombre de Dios, sending, for security, two Symerons before, who, as they went, perceived by the scent of a match, that some Spaniard was before them, and going silently forwards, surprised a soldier asleep upon the ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to Drake, who, upon enquiry, found that their spy had not deceived them in his intelligence. The soldier, having informed himself of the captain's name, conceived such a confidence in his well-known clemency, that, after having made an ample discovery of the treasure that was now at hand, he petitioned not only that he would command the Symerons to spare his life, but, that, when the treasure should fall
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into his hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his mistress, since they were about to gain more than their whole company could carry away.

Drake then ordered his men to lie down in the long grass, about fifty paces from the road, half on one side with himself, and half on the other, with Oxenham, and the captain of the Symerons, so much behind, that one company might seize the foremost recoe, and the other the hindermost, for the mules of these recoes, or drivers, being tied together, travel on a line, and are all guided by leading the first.

When they had lain about an hour in this place, they began to hear the bells of the mules on each hand; upon which orders were given, that the droves which came from Venta Cruz should pass unmolested, because they carried nothing of great value, and those only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the men should rise up till the signal should be given. But one Robert Pike heated with strong liquor, left his company, and prevailed upon one of the Symerons to creep with him to the way side, that they might signalize themselves by seizing the first mule, and hearing the trampling of a horse, as he lay, could not be restrained by the Symeron from rising up to observe who was passing by. This he did so imprudently, that he was discovered by the passenger, for by Drake's order the English had put their shirts on over their coats, that the night and tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The gentleman was immediately observed by Drake to change his trot into a gallop; but the reason of it not appearing, it was imputed to his fear of the robbers that usually infest that road, and the English still continued to expect the treasure.

In a short time one of the recoes, that were passing towards Venta Cruz, came up, and was eagerly seized by the English, who expected nothing less than half the revenue of the Indies; nor is it easy to imagine their mortification and perplexity when they found only two mules laden with silver, the rest having no other burthen than provisions.

The driver was brought immediately to the captain, and informed him that the horseman, whom he had observed pass by with so much precipitation, had informed the treasurer of what he had observed, and advised him to send back the mules that carried his gold and jewels, and suffer only

only the rest to proceed, that he might by that cheap experiment discover whether there was any ambush on the way.

That Drake was not less disgusted than his followers at the disappointment, cannot be doubted; but there was now no time to be spent in complaints. The whole country was alarmed, and all the force of the Spaniards was summoned to overwhelm him. He had no fortrefs to retire to, every man was his enemy, and every retreat better known to the Spaniards than to himself.

This was an occasion that demanded all the qualities of an hero, an intrepidity never to be shaken, and a judgment never to be perplexed. He immediately considered all the circumstances of his present situation, and found that it afforded him only the choice of marching back by the same way through which he came, or of forcing his passage to Venta Cruz.

To march back, was to confess the superiority of his enemies, and to animate them to the pursuit; the woods would afford opportunities of ambush, and his followers must often disperse themselves in search of provisions, who would become an easy prey, dispirited by their disappointment and fatigued by their march. On the way to Venta Cruz he should have nothing to fear but from open attacks, and expected enemies.

Determining therefore to pass forward to Venta Cruz, he asked Pedro, the leader of the Symerons, whether he was resolved to follow him; and having received from him the strongest assurances that nothing should separate them, commanded his men to refresh themselves, and prepare to set forward.

When they came within a mile of the town, they dismissed the mules which they had made use of for their more easy and speedy passage, and continued their march along a road cut through thick woods, in which a company of foldiers, who were quartered in the place to defend it against the Symerons, had posted themselves, together with a convent of friars headed by one of their brethren, whose zeal against the Northern heresy had incited him to hazard his person, and assume the province of a general.

Drake, who was advertised by two Symerons, whom he sent before, of the approach of the Spaniards, commanded his followers to receive the first volley without firing.

In a short time he heard himself summoned by the Spanish captain to yield, with a promise of protection and kind treatment;

treatment ; to which he answered with defiance, contempt, and the discharge of his pistol.

Immediately the Spaniards poured in their shot, by which only one man was killed, and Drake, with some others slightly wounded ; upon which the signal was given by Drake's whistle to fall upon them. The English, after discharging their arrows and shot, pressed furiously forward, and drove the Spaniards before them, which the Symérons, whom the terror of the shot had driven to some distance, observed, and recalling their courage, animated each other with songs in their own language, and rushed forward with such impetuosity, that they overtook them near the town, and, supported by the English, dispersed them with the loss of only one man, who, after he had received his wound, had strength and resolution left to kill his assailant.

They pursued the enemy into the town, in which they met with some plunder, which was given to the Symérons, and treated the inhabitants with great clemency, Drake himself going to the Spanish ladies to assure them that no injuries should be offered them ; so inseparable is humanity from true courage.

Having thus broken the spirits, and scattered the forces of the Spaniards, he pursued his march to his ship, without any apprehension of danger, yet with great speed, being very solicitous about the state of the crew ; so that he allowed his men, harassed as they were, but little time for sleep or refreshment, but by kind exhortations, gentle authority, and a cheerful participation of all their hardships, prevailed upon them to bear, without murmurs, not only the toil of travelling, but on some days the pain of hunger.

In this march he owed much of his expedition to the assistance of the Symérons, who being accustomed to the climate, and naturally robust, not only brought him intelligence, and shewed the way, but carried necessaries, provided victuals, and built lodgings, and, when any of the English fainted in the way, two of them would carry him between them for two miles together ; nor was their valour less than their industry, after they had learned, from their English companions, to despise the fire-arms of the Spaniards.

When they were within five leagues of the ship, they found a town built in their absence by the Symérons, at which Drake consented to halt, sending a Symeron to the ship

ship with his gold tooth-pick as a token, which, though the master knew it, was not sufficient to gain the messenger credit, till upon examination he found that the captain, having ordered him to regard no messenger without his handwriting, had engraven his name upon it with the point of his knife. He then sent the pinnace up the river, which they met, and afterwards sent to the town for those whose weariness had made them unable to march farther. On February 23, the whole company was reunited; and Drake, whose good or ill success never prevailed over his piety, celebrated their meeting with thanks to God.

Drake, not yet discouraged, now turned his thoughts to new prospects, and, without languishing in melancholy reflections upon his past miscarriages, employed himself in forming schemes for repairing them. Eager of action, and acquainted with man's nature, he never suffered idleness to infect his followers with cowardice, but kept them from sinking under any disappointment, by diverting their attention to some new enterprize.

Upon consultation with his own men and the Symérons, he found them divided in their opinions: some declaring, that, before they engaged in any new attempt, it was necessary to increase their stores of provisions; and others urging, that the ships in which the treasure was conveyed, should be immediately attacked. The Symérons proposed a third plan, and advised him to undertake another march over land to the house of one Pezoro near Veragua, whose slaves brought him every day more than two hundred pounds sterling from the mines, which he heaped together in a strong stone house, which might by the help of the English be easily forced.

Drake, being unwilling to fatigue his followers with another journey, determined to comply with both the other opinions; and manning his two pinnaces, the Bear and the Minion, he sent John Oxenham in the Bear towards Tolon, to seize upon provisions; and went himself in the Minion to the Cabezas, to intercept the treasure that was to be transported from Veragua and that coast to the fleet at Nombre de Dios, first dismissing with presents those Symérons that desired to return to their wives, and ordered those that chose to remain to be entertained in the ship.

Drake took at the Cabezas a frigate of Nicaragua, the pilot of which informed him that there was, in the harbour
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of Veragua, a ship freighted with more than a million of gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the soundings) if he might be allowed his share of the prize ; so much was his avarice superior to his honesty.

Drake, after some deliberation, complying with the pilot's importunities, sailed towards the harbour, but had no sooner entered the mouth of it than he heard the report of artillery, which was answered by others at a greater distance ; upon which the pilot told him that they were discovered, this being the signal appointed by the governor to alarm the coast.

Drake now thought it convenient to return to the ship, that he might enquire the success of the other pinnace, which he found, with a frigate that she had taken, with twenty-eight fat hogs, two hundred hens, and great store of maiz, or Indian corn. The vessel itself was so strong and well built, that he fitted it out for war, determining to attack the fleet at Nombre de Dios.

On March 21st he set sail with the new frigate and the Bear towards the Cabezas, at which he arrived in about two days, and found there Tetu, a Frenchman, with a ship of war, who after having received from him a supply of water and other necessaries, intreated that he might join with him in his attempt ; which Drake consenting to, admitted him to accompany him with twenty of his men, stipulating to allow them an equal share of whatever booty they should gain. Yet were they not without some suspicions of danger from this new ally, he having eighty men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then manning the frigate and two pinnaces, they set sail for the Cabezas, where they left the frigate, which was too large for the shallows over which they were to pass, and proceeded to Rio Francisco. Here they landed, and having ordered the pinnaces to return to the same place on the fourth day following, travelled through the woods towards Nombre de Dios, with such silence and regularity, as surprised the French, who did not imagine the Symérons so discreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual anxiety about the fidelity of their guides, and the probability of their return. Nor did the Symérons treat them with that submission and regard which they paid to the English, whose bravery and conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious march of more than seven leagues, they began to hear the hammers of the carpenters in the bay, it being the custom in that hot season to work in the night; and in a short time they perceived the approach of the recoes, or droves of mules, from Panama. They now no longer doubted that their labours would be rewarded, and every man imagined himself secure from poverty and labour for the remaining part of his life. They, therefore, when the mules came up, rushed out and seized them, with an alacrity proportioned to their expectations. The three droves consisted of one hundred and nine mules, each of which carried three hundred pounds weight of silver. It was to little purpose that the foldiers, ordered to guard the treasure, attempted resistance. After a short combat, in which the French captain, and one of the Symérons, were wounded, it appeared with how much greater ardour men are animated by interest than fidelity.

As it was possible for them to carry away but a small part of this treasure, after having wearied themselves with hiding it in holes and shallow waters, they determined to return by the same way, and, without being pursued, entered the woods, where the French captain, being disabled by his wound, was obliged to stay, two of his company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two leagues, the Frenchmen missed another of their company, who upon enquiry was known to be intoxicated with wine, and supposed to have lost himself in the woods, by neglecting to observe the guides.

But common prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole company by too much solicitude for a single life, they travelled on towards Rio Francisco, at which they arrived, April the 3d; but, looking out for their pinnaces, were surprised with the sight of seven Spanish shallops, and immediately concluded that some intelligence of their motions had been carried to Nombre de Dios, and that these vessels had been fitted out to pursue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the pinnaces and their feeble crew. Nor did their suspicion stop here; but immediately it occurred to them, that their men had been compelled by torture to discover where their frigate and ship were stationed, which being weakly manned, and without the presence of the chief commander, would fall into their hands,

hands, almost without resistance, and all possibility of escaping be entirely cut off.

These reflections sunk the whole company into despair; and every one, instead of endeavouring to break through the difficulties that surrounded him, resigned up himself to his ill fortune; when Drake, whose intrepidity was never to be shaken, and whose reason was never to be surprised or embarrassed, represented to them that, though the Spaniards should have made themselves masters of their pinnaces, they might yet be hindered from discovering the ships. He put them in mind that the pinnaces could not be taken, the men examined, their examinations compared, the resolutions formed, their vessels sent out, and the ships taken in an instant. Some time must necessarily be spent before the last blow could be struck; and, if that time were not negligently lost, it might be possible for some of them to reach the ships before the enemy, and direct them to change their station.

They were animated with this discourse, by which they discovered that their leader was not without hope; but when they came to look more nearly into their situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To pass by land was impossible, as the way lay over high mountains, through thick woods and deep rivers; and they had not a single boat in their power, so that a passage by water seemed equally impracticable. But Drake, whose penetration immediately discovered all the circumstances and inconveniences of every scheme, soon determined upon the only means of success which their condition afforded them; and ordering his men to make a raft out of the trees that were then floating on the river, offered himself to put off to sea upon it, and cheerfully asked who would accompany him. John Owen, John Smith, and two Frenchmen, who were willing to share his fortune, embarked with him on the raft, which was fitted out with a sail made of a bilket sack, and an oar to direct its course instead of a rudder.

Then, having comforted the rest with assurances of his regard for them, and resolution to leave nothing unattempted for their deliverance, he put off, and after having, with much difficulty, sailed three leagues, descried two pinnaces hastening towards him, which, upon a nearer approach he discovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a point that jutted out into the sea, he

put to shore, and, crossing the land on foot, was received by his company with that satisfaction which is only known to those that have been acquainted with dangers and distresses.

The same night they rowed to Rio Francisco, where they took in the rest, with what treasure they had been able to carry with them through the woods ; then sailing back with the utmost expedition, they returned to their frigate, and soon after to their ship, where Drake divided the gold and silver equally between the French and the English.

Here they spent about fourteen days in fitting out their frigate more completely, and then, dismissing the Spaniards with their ship, lay a few days among the Cabezas : while twelve English and sixteen Symérons travelled once more into the country, as well to recover the French captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the treasure which they had hid in the sands. Drake, whom his company would not suffer to hazard his person in another land expedition, went with them to Rio Francisco, where he found one of the Frenchmen who had stayed to attend their captain, and was informed by him, upon his enquiries after his fortune, that, half an hour after their separation, the Spaniards came upon them, and easily seized upon the wounded captain ; but that his companions might have escaped with him, had he not preferred money to life ; for seeing him throw down a box of jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the gold which he had already, was so loaded that he could not escape. With regard to the bars of gold and silver, which they had concealed in the ground, he informed them that two thousand men had been employed in digging for them.

The men, however, either mistrusting the informer's veracity, or confident that what they had hidden could not be found, pursued their journey ; but, upon their arrival at the place, found the ground turned up for two miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen bars of silver, and a small quantity of gold. They discovered afterwards that the Frenchman who was left in the woods, falling afterwards into the hands of the Spaniards, was tortured by them till he confessed where Drake had concealed his plunder. So fatal to Drake's expedition was the drunkenness of his followers.

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Then, dismissing the French, they passed by Carthagenæ with their colours flying, and soon after took a frigate laden with provisions and honey, which they valued as a great restorative, and then sailed away to the Cabezas.

Here they stayed about a week, to clean their vessels, and fit them for a long voyage, determining to set sail for England; and, that the faithful Symerons might not go away unrewarded, broke up their pinnaces, and gave them the iron, the most valuable present in the world to a nation whose only employments were war and hunting, and amongst whom show and luxury had no place.

Pedro, their captain, being desired by Drake to go through the ship, and to choose what he most desired, fixed his eye upon a scymeter set with diamonds, which the French captain had presented to Drake; and being unwilling to ask for so valuable a present, offered for it four large quoits, or thick plates of gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but Drake, desirous to shew him that fidelity is seldom without a recompence, gave it him with the highest professions of satisfaction and esteem. Pedro, receiving it with the utmost gratitude, informed him, that by bestowing it he had conferred greatness and honour upon him; for, by presenting it to his king he doubted not of obtaining the highest rank amongst the Symerons. He then persisted in his resolution of leaving the gold, which was generously thrown by Drake into the common stock; for he said, that those at whose expences he had been sent out, ought to share in all the gain of the expedition, whatever pretence cavil and chicanery might supply for the approbation of any part of it. Thus was Drake's character consistent with itself; he was equally superior to avarice and fear, and, through whatever danger he might go in quest of gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by artifice or dishonesty.

They now forsook the coast of America, which for many months they had kept in perpetual alarms, having taken more than two hundred ships of all sizes between Carthagenæ and Nombre de Dios, of which they never destroyed any, unless they were fitted out against them, nor ever detained the prisoners longer than was necessary for their own security or concealment, providing for them in the same manner as for themselves, and protecting them from the malice of the Symerons; a behaviour, which humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even policy cannot disapprove.

disapprove. He must certainly meet with obstinate opposition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to resist, and who leaves his enemies no hopes but from victory.

What riches they acquired is not particularly related ; but it is not to be doubted, that the plunder of so many vessels, together with the silver which they seized at Nombre de Dios, must amount to a very large sum, though the part that was allotted to Drake was not sufficient to lull him in effeminacy, or to repress his natural inclination to adventures.

They arrived at Plymouth on the 9th of August, 1573, on Sunday in the afternoon ; and so much were the people delighted with the news of their arrival, that they left the preacher, and ran in crowds to the key with shouts and congratulations.

Drake having, in his former expedition, had a view of the South Sea, and formed a resolution to sail upon it, did not suffer himself to be diverted from his design by the prospect of any difficulties that might obstruct the attempt, nor any dangers that might attend the execution ; obstacles which brave men often find it much more easy to overcome, than secret envy and domestic treachery.

Drake's reputation was now sufficiently advanced to incite detraction and opposition ; and it is easy to imagine that a man by nature superior to mean artifices, and bred, from his earliest years, to the labour and hardships of a sea life, was very little acquainted with policy and intrigue, very little versed in the methods of application to the powerful and great, and unable to obviate the practices of those whom his merit had made his enemies.

Nor are such the only opponents of great enterprises : there are some men, of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real or lasting advantage.

These men value themselves upon a perpetual scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own senses, upon calling for demonstration where it cannot possibly be obtained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them ; upon inventing arguments against the success
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of any new undertaking, and, where arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule.

Such have been the most formidable enemies of the great benefactors to mankind, and to these we can hardly doubt but that much of the opposition which Drake met with is to be attributed; for their notions and discourse are so agreeable to the lazy, the envious, and the timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind.

Whatsoever were his obstacles, and whatsoever the motives that produced them, it was not till the year 1577, that he was able to assemble a force proportioned to his design, and to obtain a commission from the queen, by which he was constituted captain-general of a fleet consisting of five vessels, of which the Pelican Admiral, of an hundred tons, was commanded by himself; the Elizabeth, vice-admiral, of eighty tons, by John Winter; the Marigold, of thirty tons, by John Thomas; the Swan, fifty tons, by John Chester; the Christophcr, of fifteen tons, by Thomas Mochc, the same, as it seems, who was carpenter in the former voyage, and destroyed one of the ships by Drake's direction.

These ships, equipped partly by himself, and partly by other private adventurers, he manned with 164 stout sailors, and furnished with such provisions as he judged necessary for the long voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his concern to naval stores, or military preparations; but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raise in those nations, with which he should have any intercourse, the highest ideas of the politeness and magnificence of his native country. He therefore not only procured a compleat service of silver for his own table, and furnished the cook-room with many vessels of the same metal, but engaged several musicians to accompany him; rightly judging that nothing would more excite the admiration of any savage and uncivilized people.

Having been driven back by a tempest in their first attempt, and obliged to return to Plymouth, to repair the damages which they had suffered, they set sail again from thence on the 13th of December, 1577, and on the 25th had sight of Cape Cantire in Barbary, from whence they coasted on southward to the island of Mogadore, which Drake had appointed for the first place of rendezvous; and on the

27th brought the whole fleet to anchor in a harbour on the main land.

They were soon after their arrival discovered by the Moors that inhabited those coasts, who sent two of the principal men amongst them on board Drake's ship, receiving at the same time two of his company as hostages. These men he not only treated in the most splendid manner, but presented with such things as they appeared most to admire; it being with him an established maxim, to endeavour to secure in every country a kind of reception to such English men as might come after him, by treating the inhabitants with kindness and generosity; a conduct at once just and politic, to the neglect of which may be attributed many of the injuries suffered by our sailors in distant countries, which are generally ascribed, rather to the effects of wickedness and folly of our own commanders, than the barbarity of the natives, who seldom fall upon any unless they have been first plundered or insulted; and, in revenging the ravages of one crew upon another of the same nation, are guilty of nothing but what is countenanced by the example of the Europeans themselves.

But this friendly intercourse was in appearance soon broken; for, on the next day observing the Moors making signals from the land, they sent out their boat, as before, to fetch them to the ship, and one John Fry leaped ashore, intending to become a hostage as on the former day, when immediately he was seized by the Moors; and the crew, observing great numbers to start up from behind the rock with weapons in their hands, found it madness to attempt his rescue, and therefore provided for their own security by returning to the ship.

Fry was immediately carried to the king, who, being then in continual expectation of an invasion from Portugal, suspected that these ships were sent only to observe the coast, and discover a proper harbour for the main fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only dismissed his captive, but made large offers of friendship and assistance, which Drake, however, did not stay to receive, but being disgusted at this breach of the laws of commerce, and afraid of farther violence, after having spent some days in searching for his man, in which he met with no resistance, left the coast on December 31, some time before Fry's return, who, being obliged by

this accident to somewhat a longer residence among the Moors, was afterwards sent home in a merchant's ship.

On January 16, they arrived at Cape Blanc, having in their passage taken several Spanish vessels. Here while Drake was employing his men in catching fish, of which this coast affords great plenty, and various kinds, the inhabitants came down to the sea-side with their aliforges, or leather-bottles, to traffic for water, which they were willing to purchase with ambergrise and other gums. But Drake, compassionating the misery of their condition, gave them water whenever they asked for it, and left them their commodities to traffic with, when they should be again reduced to the same distress, without finding the same generosity to relieve them.

Here having discharged some Spanish ships which they had taken, they set sail towards the isles of Cape Verd, and on January 28, came to anchor before Mayo, hoping to furnish themselves with fresh water; but having landed, they found the town by the water's side entirely deserted, and, marching farther up the country, saw the vallies extremely fruitful and abounding with ripe figs, cocoes, and plantains, but could by no means prevail upon the inhabitants to converse or traffic with them: however, they were suffered by them to range the country without molestation, but found no water, except at such a distance from the sea that the labour of conveying it to the ships was greater than it was at that time necessary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with less trouble, being left by the sea upon the sand, and hardened by the sun during the ebb, in such quantities, that the chief traffic of their island is carried on with it.

January 31, they passed by St. Jago, an island at that time divided between the natives and the Portuguese, who, first entering these islands under the show of traffic, by degrees established themselves, claimed a superiority over the original inhabitants, and harassed them with such cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the woods and mountains, and perish with hunger, or to take arms against their oppressors, and, under the insuperable disadvantages with which they contended, to die almost without a battle in defence of their natural rights, and ancient possessions.

Such treatment had the natives of St. Jago received, which had driven them into the rocky parts of the island, from whence they made incursions into the plantations of the

the Portuguese, sometimes with loss, but generally with that success which desperation naturally procures; so that the Portuguese were in continual alarms, and lived with the natural consequences of guilt, terror, and anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and possessed the island, but not enjoying it.

They then sailed on within sight of Fogo, an island so called from a mountain, about the middle of it, continually burning, and like the rest inhabited by the Portuguese, two leagues to the south of which lies Brava, which has received its name from its fertility, abounding, though uninhabited with all kinds of fruits, and watered with great numbers of springs and brooks, which would easily invite the possessors of the adjacent islands to settle in it, but that it affords neither harbour nor anchorage. Drake, after having sent out his boats with plummets, was not able to find any ground about it; and it is reported, that many experiments have been made with the same success; however, he took in water sufficient, and on the 2d of February set sail for the Straits of Magellan.

On February 17, they passed the equator, and continued their voyage with sometimes calms, and sometimes contrary winds, but without any memorable accident, to March 28, when one of their vessels, with twenty-eight men, and the greatest part of their fresh water on board, was, to their great discouragement, separated from them; but their perplexity lasted not long, for on the next day they discovered and rejoined their associates.

In their long course, which gave them opportunities of observing several animals, both in the air and water, at that time very little known, nothing entertained or surprized them more than the Flying Fish, which is near of the same size with a herring, and has fins of the length of his whole body, by the help of which, when he is pursued by the bonito, or great mackerel, as soon as he finds himself upon the point of being taken, he springs up into the air, and flies forward as long as his wings continue wet, moisture being, as it seems, necessary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and stiff, he falls down into the water, unless some bark or ship intercept him, and dips them again for a second flight. This unhappy animal is not only pursued by fishes in his natural element, but attacked in the air, where he hopes for security by the don, or sparkite, a great bird that preys upon fish; and their

pecies must surely be destroyed, were not their increase so great, that the young fry, in one part of the year, covers the sea.

There is another fish, named the cuttil, of which whole shoals will sometimes rise at once out of the water, and of which a great multitude fell into their ship.

At length, having sailed without sight of land for sixty-three days, they arrived, April 5, at the coast of Brasil, where, on the 7th, the Christopher was separated again from them by a storm; after which they sailed near the land to the southward, and on the 14th anchored under a cape, which they afterwards called Cape Joy, because in two days the vessel which they had lost returned to them.

Having spent a fortnight in the river of Plate, to refresh his men after their long voyage, and then standing out to sea, he was again surprized by a sudden storm, in which they lost sight of the Swan. This accident determined Drake to contract the number of his fleet, that he might not only avoid the inconvenience of such frequent separations, but ease the labour of his men, by having more hands in each vessel.

For this purpose he sailed along the coast in quest of a commodious harbour, and, on May 13, discovered a bay, which seemed not improper for their purpose, but which they durst not enter till it was examined; an employment in which Drake never trusted any, whatever might be his confidence in his followers on other occasions. He well knew how fatal one moment's inattention might be, and how easily almost every man suffers himself to be surprized by indolence and security. He knew the same credulity, that might prevail upon him to trust another, might induce another to commit the same office to a third; and it must be, at length, that some of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other times, ordered the boat to be hoisted out, and, taking the line into his hand, went on sounding the passage till he was three leagues from his ship; when, on a sudden the weather changed, the skies blackened, the winds whistled, and all the usual forerunners of a storm began to threaten them; nothing was now desired but to return to the ship, but the thickness of the fog intercepting it from their sight, made the attempt little other than desperate. By so many unforeseen accidents is prudence itself liable to be embarrassed! So difficult is it sometimes for the quickest sagacity, and most enlightened experience, to judge

judge what measures ought to be taken ! To trust another to found an unknown coast, appeared to Drake folly and presumption ; to be absent from his fleet, though but for an hour, proved nothing less than to hazard the success of their labours, hardships, and dangers.

In this perplexity, which Drake was not more sensible of than those whom he had left in the ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it, as they could venture nothing of equal value with the life of their general. Captain Thomas therefore, having the lightest vessel, steered boldly into the bay, and taking the general aboard, dropped anchor, and lay out of danger, while the rest that were in the open sea suffered much from the tempest, and the Mary, a Portuguese prize, was driven away before the wind ; the others, as soon as the tempest was over, discovering by the fires which were made on shore where Drake was, repaired to him.

Here going on shore they met with no inhabitants, though there were several houses or huts standing, in which they found a good quantity of dried fowls, and among them a great number of ostriches, of which the thighs were as large as those of a sheep. These birds are too heavy and unwieldy to rise from the ground, but with the help of their wings run so swiftly, that the English could never come near enough to shoot at them. The Indians, commonly, by holding a large plume of feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the ostriches into some narrow neck, or point of land, then spreading a strong net from one side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open fields, set their dogs upon them, thus confined between the net and the water, and when they are thrown on their backs, rush in and take them.

Not finding this harbour convenient, or well stored with wood and water, they left it on the 15th of May, and on the 18th entered another much safer and more commodious, which they no sooner arrived at, than Drake, whose restless application never remitted, sent Winter to the southward, in quest of those ships which were absent, and immediately after sailed himself to the northward, and, happily meeting with the Swan, conducted it to the rest of the fleet ; after which, in pursuance of his former resolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reserving the iron work

work for a future supply. The other vessel which they lost in the late storm could not be discovered.

While they were thus employed upon an island about a mile from the main land, to which, at low water, there was a passage on foot, they were discovered by the natives, who appeared upon a hill at a distance, dancing and holding up their hands, as beckoning the English to them; which Drake observing, sent out a boat, with knives, bells, and bugles, and such things as, by their usefulness or novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As soon as the English landed, they observed two men running towards them, as deputed by the company, who came within a little distance, and then standing still could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The English therefore tied their presents to a pole, which they fixed in the ground, and then retiring, saw the Indians advance, who taking what they found upon the pole, left, in return, such feathers as they wear upon their heads, with a small bone about six inches in length, carved round the top, and burnished.

Drake, observing their inclination to friendship and traffic, advanced with some of his company towards the hill, upon sight of whom the Indians ranged themselves in a line from east to west, and one of them running from one end of the rank to the other, backwards and forwards, bowed himself towards the rising and setting of the sun, holding his hands over his head, and, frequently stopping in the middle of the rank, leaped up towards the moon, which then shone directly over their heads; thus calling the sun and moon, the deities they worship, to witness the sincerity of their professions of peace and friendship. While this ceremony was performed, Drake and his company ascended the hill, to the apparent terror of the Indians, whose apprehensions when the English perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the natives so much encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their arrows, feathers, and bones, for such trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for some time; but by frequent intercourse finding that no violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the English without the least distrust.

They go quite naked, except a skin of some animal, which they throw over their shoulders when they lie in the open air. They knit up their hair, which is very long,
with

with a roll of ostrich feathers, and usually carry their arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with reeds, headed with flint, and therefore not heavy. Their bows are about an ell long.

Their chief ornament is paint, which they use of several kinds, delineating generally upon their bodies the figures of the sun and moon, in honour of their deities.

It is observable, that most nations, amongst whom the use of cloaths is unknown, paint their bodies. Such was the practice of the first inhabitants of our own country. From this custom did our earliest enemies, the *Picts*, owe their denomination. As it is not probable that caprice or fancy should be uniform, there must be, doubtless, some reason for a practice so general and prevailing in distant parts of the world, which have no communication with each other. The original end of painting their bodies was, probably, to exclude the cold; an end, which, if we believe some relations, is so effectually produced by it, that the men thus painted never shiver at the most piercing blasts. But doubtless any people so hardened by continual severities, would, even without paint, be less sensible of the cold than the civilized inhabitants of the same climate. However, this practice may contribute, in some degree, to defend them from the injuries of winter, and, in those climates where little evaporates by the pores, may be used with no great inconvenience; but in hot countries, where perspiration in a greater degree is necessary, the natives only use unction to preserve them from the other extreme of weather: so well do either reason or experience supply the place of science in savage countries.

They had no canoes like the other Indians, nor any method of crossing the water, which was probably the reason why the birds in the adjacent islands were so tame, that they might be taken with the hand, having never been before frightened or molested. The great plenty of fowls and seals, which crowded the shallows in such numbers that they killed at their first arrival two hundred of them in an hour, contributed much to the refreshment of the English, who named the place Seal Bay, from that animal.

These seals seem to be the chief food of the natives, for the English often found raw pieces of their flesh half eaten, and left, as they supposed, after a full meal by the Indians, whom they never knew to make use of fire, or any art, in dressing or preparing their victuals.

Nor

Nor were their other customs less wild or uncouth, than their way of feeding; one of them having received a cap off the general's head, and being extremely pleased as well with the honour as the gift, to express his gratitude, and confirm the alliance between them, retired to a little distance, and thrusting an arrow into his leg, let the blood run upon the ground, testifying, as it is probable, that he valued Drake's friendship above life.

Having staid fifteen days among these friendly savages in 47 deg. 30 min. S. Lat. on June 3, they set sail towards the South Sea, and six days afterwards stopped at another little bay to break up the *Christopher*. Then passing on, they cast anchor in another bay, not more than 20 leagues distant from the Straits of Magellan.

It was now time seriously to deliberate in what manner they should act with regard to the Portuguese prize, which, having been separated from them by the storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in search of it was sufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themselves of a considerable part of their force, but to expose their friends and companions, whom common hardships and dangers had endeared to them, to certain death or captivity. This consideration prevailed; and therefore, on the 18th, after prayers to God, with which Drake never forgot to begin an enterprize, he put to sea, and the next day, near Port Julian, discovered their associates, whose ship was now grown leaky, having suffered much, both in the first storm by which they were dispersed, and afterwards in fruitless attempts to regain the fleet.

Drake, therefore, being desirous to relieve their fatigues, entered Port Julian, and, as it was his custom always to attend in person when any important business was in hand, went ashore with some of the chief of his company, to seek for water, where he was immediately accosted by two natives, of whom Magellan left a very terrible account, having described them as a nation of giants and monsters; nor is his narrative entirely without foundation, for they are of the largest size, though not taller than some Englishmen; their strength is proportioned to their bulk, and their voice loud, boisterous, and terrible. What were their manners before the arrival of the Spaniards, it is not possible to discover; but the slaughter made of their countrymen, perhaps without provocation, by these cruel intruders, and the general massacre with which that part of the world had been depopulated, might have raised in
them

them a suspicion of all strangers, and by consequence made them inhospitable, treacherous, and bloody.

The two who associated themselves with the English appeared much pleased with their new guests, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly observed every thing that passed, seeming more particularly delighted with seeing Oliver, the master-gunner, shoot an English arrow. They shot themselves likewise in emulation, but their arrows always fell to the ground far short of his.

Soon after this friendly contest came another, who observing the familiarity of his countrymen with the strangers, appeared much displeased, and, as the Englishmen perceived, endeavoured to dissuade them from such an intercourse. What effect his arguments had was soon after apparent, for another of Drake's companions, being desirous to show the third Indian a specimen of the English valour and dexterity, attempted likewise to shoot an arrow, but drawing it with his full force burst the bow-string; upon which the Indians, who were unacquainted with their other weapons, imagined him disarmed, followed the company, as they were walking negligently down towards their boat, and let fly their arrows, aiming particularly at Winter, who had the bow in his hand. He, finding himself wounded in the shoulder, endeavoured to refit his bow, and turning about was pierced with a second arrow in the breast. Oliver, the gunner, immediately presented his piece at the insidious assailants, which failing to take fire gave them time to level another flight of arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them escaped, surprised and perplexed as they were, had not Drake, with his usual presence of mind, animated their courage, and directed their motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their places, to elude, as much as they could, the aim of their enemies, and to defend their bodies with their targets; and instructing them by his own example, to pick up, and break the arrows as they fell; which they did with so much diligence, that the Indians were soon in danger of being disarmed. Then Drake himself taking the gun, which Oliver had so unsuccessfully attempted to make use of, discharged it at the Indian that first began the fray, and had killed the gunner, aiming it so happily, that the hail shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his belly, and forced him to such terrible outcries, that the Indians, though their numbers increased, and many of their coun-

trymen shewed themselves from different parts of the adjoining wood, were too much terrified to renew the assault, and suffered Drake, without molestation, to withdraw his wounded friend, who, being hurt in his lungs, languished two days, and then dying, was interred with his companion, with the usual ceremony of a military funeral.

They stayed here two months afterwards, without receiving any other injuries from the natives, who, finding the danger to which they exposed themselves by open hostilities, and not being able any more to surprize the vigilance of Drake, preferred their safety to revenge.

But Drake had other enemies to conquer or escape, far more formidable than these Barbarians, and insidious practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the ambushes of the Indians; for in this place was laid open a design, formed by one of the gentlemen of the fleet, not only to defeat the voyage, but to murder the general.

This transaction is related in so obscure and confused a manner, that it is difficult to form any judgment upon it. The writer, who gives the largest account of it, has suppressed the name of the criminal, which we learn, from a more succinct narrative, published in a collection of travels near that time, to have been Thomas Doughtie. What were his inducements to attempt the destruction of his leader, and the ruin of the expedition, or what were his views, if his design had succeeded, what measures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what arts, or what success, we are no where told.

The plot, as the narrative assures us, was laid before their departure from England, and discovered, in its whole extent, to Drake himself in his garden at Plymouth, who nevertheless not only entertained the person so accused as one of his company, but, this writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable kindness and regard, setting him always at his own table, and lodging him in the same cabin with himself. Nor did he ever discover the least suspicion of his intentions, till they arrived at this place, but appeared, by the authority with which he invested him, to consider him, as one to whom, in his absence, he could most securely intrust the direction of his affairs. At length, in this remote corner of the world, he found out a design formed against his life, called together all his officers, laid before them the evidence on which he grounded the accusation, and summoned the criminal, who, full
of

of all the horrors of guilt, and confounded at so clear a detection of his whole scheme, immediately confessed his crimes, and acknowledged himself unworthy of longer life : upon which the whole assembly, consisting of thirty persons, after having considered the affair with the attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in extenuation of his offence, unanimously signed the sentence by which he was condemned to suffer death. Drake, however, unwilling, as it seemed, to proceed to extreme severities, offered him his choice, either of being executed on the island, or set ashore on the main land, or being sent to England to be tried before the council ; of which, after a day's consideration, he chose the first, alledging the improbability of persuading any to leave the expedition for the sake of transporting a criminal to England, and the danger of his future state among savages and infidels. His choice, I believe, few will approve : to be set ashore on the main land, was indeed only to be executed in a different manner ; for what mercy could be expected from the natives so incensed, but the most cruel and lingering death ? But why he should not rather have requested to be sent to England is not easy to conceive. In so long a voyage he might have found a thousand opportunities of escaping, perhaps with the connivance of his keepers, whose resentment must probably in time have given way to compassion, or at least by their negligence, as it is easy to believe they would in times of ease and refreshment have remitted their vigilance : at least he would have gained longer life ; and to make death desirable seems not one of the effects of guilt. However, he was, as it is related, obstinately deaf to all persuasions, and adhering to his first choice, after having received the communion, and dined cheerfully with the general, was executed in the afternoon with many proofs of remorse, but none of fear.

How far it is probable that Drake, after having been acquainted with this man's designs, should admit him into his fleet, and afterwards caress, respect, and trust him ; or that Doughtie, who is represented as a man of eminent abilities, should engage in so long and hazardous a voyage with no other view than that of defeating it ; is left to the determination of the reader. What designs he could have formed with any hope of success, or to what actions worthy of death he could have proceeded without accomplices, for none are mentioned, is equally difficult to imagine.

Nor,

Nor, on the other hand, though the obscurity of the account, and the remote place chosen for the discovery of this wicked project, seem to give some reason for suspicion, does there appear any temptation, from either hope, fear, or interest, that might induce Drake, or any commander in his state, to put to death an innocent man upon false pretences.

After the execution of this man, the whole company, either convinced of the justice of the proceeding, or awed by the severity, applied themselves without any murmurs, or appearance of discontent, to the prosecution of the voyage; and having broken up another vessel, and reduced the number of their ships to three, they left the port, and, on August the 20th, entered the Straits of Magellan, in which they struggled with contrary winds, and the various dangers to which the intricacy of that winding passage exposed them till night, and then entered a more open sea, in which they discovered an island with a burning mountain. On the 24th they fell in with three more islands, to which Drake gave names, and, landing to take possession of them in the name of his Sovereign, found in the largest so prodigious a number of birds, that they killed three thousand of them in one day. This bird, of which they knew not the name, was somewhat less than a wild goose, without feathers, and covered with a kind of down, unable to fly or rise from the ground, but capable of running and swimming with amazing celerity; they feed on the sea, and come to land only to rest at night or lay their eggs, which they deposit in holes like those of coney.

From these islands to the South Sea, the strait becomes very crooked and narrow, so that sometimes, by the interposition of headlands, the passage seems shut up, and the voyage entirely stopped. To double these capes is very difficult, on account of the frequent alterations to be made in the course. There are indeed, as Magellan observes, many harbours, but in most of them no bottom is to be found.

The land on both sides rises into innumerable mountains: the tops of them are encircled with clouds and vapours, which being congealed fall down in snow, and increase their height by hardening into ice, which is never dissolved; but the valleys are, nevertheless, green, fruitful, and pleasant.

Here Drake finding the strait in appearance shut up, went in his boat to make farther discoveries, and, having found

found a passage towards the north, was returning to his ships; but curiosity soon prevailed upon him to stop, for the sake of observing a canoe or boat, with several natives of the country in it. He could not at a distance forbear admiring the form of this little vessel, which seemed inclining to a semicircle, the stern and prow standing up, and the body sinking inward; but much greater was his wonder, when, upon a nearer inspection, he found it made only of the barks of trees sewed together with thongs of seal-skin, so artificially that scarcely any water entered the seams. The people were well-shaped and painted, like those which have been already described. On the land they had a hut built with poles and covered with skins, in which they had water-vessels and other utensils, made likewise of the barks of trees.

Among these people they had an opportunity of remarking, what is frequently observable in savage countries, how natural sagacity, and unwearied industry, may supply the want of such manufactures, or natural productions, as appear to us absolutely necessary for the support of life. The inhabitants of these islands are wholly strangers to iron and its use, but instead of it make use of the shell of a muscle of prodigious size, found upon their coasts; this they grind upon a stone to an edge, which is so firm and solid, that neither wood nor stone is able to resist it.

September 6, they entered the great South Sea, on which no English vessel had ever been navigated before, and proposed to have directed their course towards the line, that their men, who had suffered by the severity of the climate, might recover their strength in a warmer latitude. But their designs were scarce formed before they were frustrated; for, on September 7, after an eclipse of the moon, a storm arose, so violent, that it left them little hopes of surviving it; nor was its fury so dreadful as its continuance, for it lasted with little intermission till October 28, fifty-two days, during which time they were tossed incessantly from one part of the ocean to another, without any power of spreading their sails, or lying upon their anchors, amidst shelving shores, scattered rocks, and unknown islands, the tempest continually roaring, and the waves dashing over them.

In this storm on the 30th of September, the *Marigold*, commanded by captain Thomas, was separated from them. On the 7th of October, having entered a harbour, where they

they hoped for some intermission of their fatigues, they were in a few hours forced out to sea by a violent gulf, which broke the cable, at which time they lost sight of the Elizabeth, the vice-admiral, whose crew, as was afterwards discovered, wearied with labour, and discouraged by the prospect of future dangers, recovered the Straits on the next day, and, returning by the same passage through which they came, sailed along the coast of Brasil, and on the 2d of June, in the year following, arrived at England.

From this bay, they were driven southward to fifty-five degrees, where among some islands they stayed two days, to the great refreshment of the crew ; but, being again forced into the main sea, they were tossed about with perpetual expectation of perishing, till soon after they again came to anchor near the same place, where they found the natives, whom the continuance of the storm had probably reduced to equal distress, rowing from one island to another, and providing the necessaries of life.

It is, perhaps, a just observation, that, with regard to outward circumstances, happiness and misery are equally diffused through all states of human life. In civilized countries, where regular policies have secured the necessaries of life, ambition, avarice, and luxury, find the mind at leisure for their reception, and soon engage it in new pursuits ; pursuits that are to be carried on by incessant labour, and, whether vain, or successful, produce anxiety and contention. Among savage nations, imaginary wants find indeed no place ; but their strength is exhausted by necessary toils, and their passions agitated not by contests about superiority, affluence or precedence, but by perpetual care for the present day, and by fear of perishing for want of food.

But for such reflections as these they had no time ; for, having spent three days in supplying themselves with wood and water, they were by a new storm driven to the latitude of fifty-six degrees, where they beheld the extremities of the American coast, and the confluence of the Atlantic and Southern ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of October, and at last were blessed with the sight of a calm sea, having for almost two months endured such a storm as no traveller has given an account of, and such as in that part of the world, though accustomed to hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

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On the 30th of October they steered away towards the place appointed for the rendezvous of the fleet, which was in thirty degrees, and on the next day discovered two islands so well stocked with fowls, that they victualled their ships with them, and then sailed forwards along the coast of Peru, till they came to thirty-seven degrees, where finding neither of their ships, nor any convenient port, they came to anchor, November the 25th, at Mucho, an island inhabited by such Indians as the cruelty of the Spanish conquerors had driven from the continent, to whom they applied for water and provisions, offering them in return such things as they imagined most likely to please them. The Indians seemed willing to traffic, and having presented them with fruits and two fat sheep, would have shewed them a place whither they should come for water.

The next morning, according to agreement, the English landed with their water-vessels, and sent two men forward towards the place appointed, who, about the middle of the way, were suddenly attacked by the Indians, and immediately slain. Nor were the rest of the company out of danger; for behind the rocks was lodged an ambush of five hundred men, who, starting up from their retreat, discharged their arrows into the boat with such dexterity, that every one of the crew was wounded by them, the sea being then high, and hindering them from either retiring or making use of their weapons. Drake himself received an arrow under his eye, which pierced him almost to the brain, and another in his head. The danger of these wounds was much increased by the absence of their surgeon, who was in the Vice-admiral, so that they had none to assist them but a boy, whose age did not admit of much experience or skill; yet so much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No reason could be assigned for which the Indians should attack them with so furious a spirit of malignity, but that they mistook them for Spaniards, whose cruelties might very reasonably incite them to revenge, whom they had driven by incessant persecution from their country, wasting immense tracks of land by massacre and devastation.

On the afternoon of the same day, they set sail, and on the 30th of November dropped anchor in Philips Bay, where their boat having been sent out to discover the country, returned with an Indian in his canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful stature, dressed in a white coat

coat or gown, reaching almost to his knees, very mild, humble, and docile, such as perhaps were all the Indians, till the Spaniards taught them revenge; treachery, and cruelty.

This Indian, having been kindly treated, was dismissed with presents, and informed as far as the English could make him understand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return; Drake ordering his boat to attend him in his canoe, and to set him safe on the land.

When he was ashore, he directed them to wait till his return, and, meeting some of his countrymen, gave them such an account of his reception, that, within a few hours, several of them repaired with him to the boat with fowls, eggs, and a hog, and with them one of their captains, who willingly came into the boat, and desired to be conveyed by the English to their ship.

By this man Drake was informed, that no supplies were to be expected here; but that southward, in a place to which he offered to be his pilot, there was great plenty. This proposal was accepted; and on the 5th of December, under the direction of the good-natured Indian, they came to anchor in the harbour called, by the Spaniards, Valperizo, near the town of St. James of Chiuli, where they met not only with sufficient stores of provision, and with storehouses full of the wines of Chili, but with a ship called the Captain of Morial, richly laden, having, together with large quantities of the same wines, some of the fine gold of Baldivia, and a great cross of gold set with emeralds.

Having spent three days in storing their ships with all kinds of provision in the utmost plenty, they departed, and landed their Indian pilot where they first received him, after having rewarded him much above his expectations or desires.

They had now little other anxiety than for their friends who had been separated from them, and whom they now determined to seek; but considering that, by entering every creek and harbour with their ship, they exposed themselves to unnecessary dangers, and that their boat would not contain such a number as might defend themselves against the Spaniards, they determined to station their ship at some place, where they might commodiously build a pinnace, which, being of light burden, might easily sail where the ship was in danger of being stranded, and at the same time might carry a sufficient force to resist the enemy, and
afford

afford better accommodation than could be expected in the boat.

To this end, on the 19th of December, they entered a bay near Cippo, a town inhabited by Spaniards, who, discovering them, immediately issued out, to the number of an hundred horsemen, with about two hundred naked Indians running by their sides. The English, observing their approach, retired to their boat without any loss, except of one man, whom no persuasions or entreaties could move to retire with the rest, and who, therefore, was shot by the Spaniards, who, exulting at the victory, commanded the Indians to draw the dead carcase from the rock on which he fell, and in the sight of the English beheaded it, then cut off the right hand, and tore out the heart, which they carried away, having first commanded the Indians to shoot their arrows all over the body. The arrows of the Indians were made of green wood, for the immediate service of the day; the Spaniards, with the fear that always harasses oppressors, forbidding them to have any weapons, when they do not want their present assistance.

Leaving this place, they soon found a harbour more secure and convenient, where they built their pinnace, in which Drake went to seek his companions, but, finding the wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two days.

Leaving this place soon after, they sailed along the coast in search of fresh water, and landing at Turapaca, they found a Spaniard asleep, with silver bars lying by him to the value of three thousand ducats; not all the insults which they had received from his countrymen could provoke them to offer any violence to his person, and therefore they carried away his treasure, without doing him any farther harm.

Landing in another place, they found a Spaniard driving eight Peruvian sheep, which are the beasts of burthen in that country, each laden with an hundred pounds weight of silver, which they seized likewise, and drove to their boats.

Further along the coast lay some Indian towns, from which the inhabitants repaired to the ship, on floats made of seal-skins, blown full of wind, two of which they fasten together, and sitting between them row with great swiftness, and carry considerable burthens. They very readily traded for glass and such trifles, with which the old and the young seemed equally delighted.

Arriving at Mormorena on the 26th of January, Drake invited the Spaniards to traffic with him, which they agreed to, and supplied him with necessaries, selling to him, among other provisions, some of those sheep which have been mentioned, whose bulk is equal to that of a cow, and whose strength is such, that one of them can carry three tall men upon his back ; their necks are like a camel's, and their heads like those of our sheep. They are the most useful animals of this country, not only affording excellent fleeces and wholesome flesh, but serving as carriages over rocks and mountains where no other beast can travel, for their foot is of a peculiar form, which enables them to tread firm in the most steep and slippery places.

On all this coast, the whole soil is so impregnated with silver, that five ounces may be separated from an hundred pound weight of common earth.

Still coasting in hopes of meeting their friends, they anchored on the 7th of February before Aria, where they took two barks with about eight hundred pounds weight of silver, and, pursuing their course, seized another vessel laden with linens.

On the 15th of February, 1578, they arrived at Lima, and entered the harbour without resistance, though thirty ships were stationed there, of which seventeen were equipped for their voyage, and many of them are represented in the narrative as vessels of considerable force ; so that their security seems to have consisted not in their strength, but in their reputation, which had so intimidated the Spaniards, that the sight of their own superiority could not rouse them to opposition. Instances of such panic terrors are to be met with in other relations ; but as they are, for the most part, quickly dissipated by reason and reflection, a wise commander will rarely found his hopes of success on them ; and, perhaps, on this occasion, the Spaniards scarcely deserve a severer censure for their cowardice, than Drake for his temerity.

In one of these ships they found fifteen hundred bars of silver ; in another a chest of money ; and very rich lading in many of the rest, of which the Spaniards tamely suffered them to carry the most valuable part away, and would have permitted them no less peaceably to burn their ships ; but Drake never made war with a spirit of cruelty or revenge, or carried hostilities further than was necessary for his own advantage or defence.

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They set sail the next morning towards Panama, in quest of the *Caca Fuego*, a very rich ship, which had sailed fourteen days before, bound thither from Lima, which they overtook on the first of March, near Cape Francisco, and boarding it, found not only a quantity of jewels, and twelve chests of ryals of plate, but eighty pounds weight of gold, and twenty-six tons of uncoined silver, with pieces of wrought plate to a great value. In unlading this prize, they spent six days, and then dismissing the Spaniards, stood off to sea.

Being now sufficiently enriched, and having lost all hopes of finding their associates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that desire of ease and pleasure which is the natural consequence of wealth obtained by dangers and fatigues, they began to consult about their return home, and, in pursuance of Drake's advice, resolved first to find out some convenient harbour, where they might supply themselves with wood and water, and then endeavour to discover a passage from the South-sea into the Atlantic ocean; a discovery which would not only enable them to return home with less danger, and in a shorter time, but would much facilitate the navigation in those parts of the world.

For this purpose they had recourse to a port in the island of Caines, where they met with fish, wood, and fresh water, and in their course took a ship laden with silk and linen, which was the last that they met with on the coast of America.

But being desirous of storing themselves for a long course, they touched, April the 15th, at Guatulco, a Spanish island, where they supplied themselves with provisions, and seized a bushel of ryals of silver.

From Guatulco, which lies in 15 deg. 40 min. they stood out to sea, and, without approaching any land, sailed forward, till on the night following, the 3d of June, being then in the latitude of 38 degrees, they were suddenly benumbed with such cold blasts, that they were scarcely able to handle the ropes. This cold increased upon them, as they proceeded, to such a degree, that the sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the deck; nor were the effects of the climate to be imputed to the warmth of the regions to which they had been lately accustomed, for the ropes were stiff with frost, and the meat could scarcely be conveyed warm to the table.

On June 17th they came to anchor in 38 deg. 30 min. when they saw the land naked, and the trees without leaves, and in a short time had opportunities of observing that the natives of that country were no less sensible of the cold than themselves; for the next day came a man rowing in his canoe towards the ship, and at a distance from it made a long oration, with very extraordinary gesticulations, and great appearance of vehemence, and a little time afterwards made a second visit in the same manner, and then returning a third time, he presented them, after his harangue was finished, with a kind of crown of black feathers, such as their kings wear upon their heads, and a basket of rushes filled with a particular herb, both which he fastened to a short stick, and threw into the boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any thing in return, though pushed towards him upon a board; only he took up a hat, which was flung into the water.

Three days afterwards, their ship, having received some damage at sea, was brought nearer to land, that the landing might be taken out. In order to which, the English, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their lives to the mercy of savage nations, raised a kind of fortification with stones, and built their tents within it. All this was not beheld by the inhabitants without the utmost astonishment, which incited them to come down in crowds to the coast, with no other view, as it appeared, than to worship the new divinities that had condescended to touch upon their country.

Drake was far from countenancing their errors, or taking advantage of their weakness to injure or molest them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aside their bows and arrows, he presented them with linen, and other necessaries, of which he shewed them the use. They then returned to their habitations, about three quarters of a mile from the English camp, where they made such loud and violent outcries, that they were heard by the English, who found that they still persisted in their first notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy adoration.

Two days afterwards, they perceived the approach of a far more numerous company, who stopped at the top of a hill which overlooked the English settlement, while one of them made a long oration, at the end of which all the
assembly

assembly bowed their bodies, and pronounced the syllable *Ob* with a solemn tone, as by way of confirmation of what had been said by the orator. Then the men, laying down their bows, and leaving the women and children on the top of the hill, came down towards the tents, and seemed transported in the highest degree at the kindness of the general, who received their gifts, and admitted them to his presence. The women at a distance appeared seized with a kind of frenzy, such as that of old among the Pagans in some of their religious ceremonies, and in honour, as it seemed, of their guests, tore their cheeks and bosoms with their nails, and threw themselves upon the stones with their naked bodies till they were covered with blood.

These cruel rites, and mistaken honours, were by no means agreeable to Drake, whose predominant sentiments were notions of piety; and, therefore, not to make that criminal in himself by his concurrence, which, perhaps, ignorance might make guiltless in them, he ordered his whole company to fall upon their knees, and, with their eyes lifted up to heaven, that the savages might observe that their worship was addressed to a Being residing there, they all joined in praying that this harmless and deluded people might be brought to the knowledge of the true religion, and the doctrines of our blessed Saviour; after which they sung psalms, a performance so pleasing to their wild audience, that in all their visits they generally first accosted them with a request that they would sing. They then returned all the presents which they had received, and retired.

Three days after this, on June 25, 1579, our general received two ambassadors from the Hioh, or king of the country, who, intending to visit the camp, required that some token might be sent him of friendship and peace; this request was readily complied with, and soon after came the king, attended by a guard of about an hundred tall men, and preceded by an officer of state, who carried a sceptre made of black wood, adorned with chains of a kind of bone or horn, which are marks of the highest honour among them, and having two crowns, made as before, with feathers fastened to it, with a bag of the same herb which was presented to Drake at his first arrival.

Behind him was the king himself, dressed in a coat of coney-skins, with a cawl woven with feathers upon his head,

head, an ornament so much in estimation there, that none but the domestics of the king are allowed to wear it; his attendants followed him, adorned nearly in the same manner; and after them came the common people, with baskets plaited so artificially that they held water, in which, by way of sacrifice, they brought roots and fish.

Drake, not lulled into security, ranged his men in order of battle, and waited their approach, who coming nearer stood still while the sceptre-bearer made an oration, at the conclusion of which they again came forward to the foot of the hill, and then the sceptre-bearer began a song, which he accompanied with a dance, in both which the men joined, but the women danced without singing.

Drake now, distrusting them no longer, admitted them into his fortification, where they continued their song and dance a short time; and then both the king, and some others of the company, made long harangues, in which it appeared, by the rest of their behaviour, that they entreated him to accept of their country, and to take the government of it into his own hands; for the king, with the apparent concurrence of the rest, placed the crown upon his head, graced him with the chains and other signs of authority, and saluted him by the title of High.

The kingdom thus offered, though of no farther value to him than as it furnished him with present necessities, Drake thought it not prudent to refuse; and therefore took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth, not without ardent wishes that this acquisition might have been of use to his native country, and that so mild and innocent a people might have been united to the church of Christ.

The kingdom being thus consigned, and the grand affair at an end, the common people left their king and his domestics, with Drake, and dispersed themselves over the camp; and when they saw any one that pleased them by his appearance more than the rest, they tore their flesh, and vented their outcries as before, in token of reverence and admiration.

They then proceeded to shew them their wounds and diseases, in hopes of a miraculous and instantaneous cure; to which the English, to benefit and undeceive them at the same time, applied such remedies as they used on the like occasions.

They were now grown confident and familiar, and came down to the camp every day repeating their ceremonies and

and sacrifices, till they were more fully informed how disagreeable they were to those whose favour they were so studious of obtaining: they then visited them without adoration indeed, but with a curiosity so ardent, that it left them no leisure to provide the necessaries of life, with which the English were therefore obliged to supply them.

They had then sufficient opportunity to remark the customs and dispositions of these new allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, strong of body, far beyond the English, yet unfurnished with weapons, either for assault or defence, their bows being too weak for any thing but sport. Their dexterity in taking fish was such, that, if they saw them so near the shore that they could come to them without swimming, they never missed them.

The same curiosity that had brought them in such crowds to the shore, now induced Drake, and some of his company, to travel up into the country, which they found, at some distance from the coast, very fruitful, filled with large deer, and abounding with a peculiar kind of coneys, smaller than ours, with tails like that of a rat, and paws such as those of a mole; they have bags under their chin, in which they carry provisions to their young.

The houses of the inhabitants are round holes dug in the ground, from the brink of which they raise rafters, or piles shelving towards the middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon rushes, with the fire in the midst, and let the smoke fly out at the door.

The men are generally naked; but the women make a kind of petticoat of bulrushes, which they comb like hemp, and throw the skin of a deer over their shoulders. They are very modest, tractable, and obedient to their husbands.

Such is the condition of this people; and not very different is, perhaps, the state of the greatest part of mankind. Whether more enlightened nations ought to look upon them with pity, as less happy than themselves, some sceptics have made, very unnecessarily, a difficulty of determining. More, they say, is lost by the perplexities than gained by the instruction of science; we enlarge our vices with our knowledge, and multiply our wants with our attainments, and the happiness of life is better secured

cured by ignorance of vice than by the knowledge of virtue.

The fallacy, by which such reasoners have imposed upon themselves, seems to arise from the comparison which they make, not between two men equally inclined to apply the means of happiness in their power to the end for which Providence conferred them, but furnished in unequal proportions with the means of happiness, which is the true state of savage and polished nations, but between two men, of which he to whom Providence has been most bountiful destroys the blessings by negligence, or obstinate misuse; while the other, steady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his abilities and conveniencies to their proper end. The question is not whether a good Indian or bad Englishman be most happy; but which state is most desirable, supposing virtue and reason the same in both.

Nor is this the only mistake which is generally admitted in this controversy, for these reasoners frequently confound innocence with the mere incapacity of guilt. He that never saw, or heard, or thought of strong liquors, cannot be proposed as a pattern of sobriety.

This land was named, by Drake, Albion, from its white cliffs, in which it bore some resemblance to his native country; and the whole history of the resignation of it to the English was engraven on a piece of brass, then nailed on a post, and fixed up before their departure, which being now discovered by the people to be near at hand, they could not forbear perpetual lamentations. When the English, on the 23d of July, weighed anchor, they saw them climbing to the tops of hills, that they might keep them in sight, and observed fires lighted up in many parts of the country, on which, as they supposed, sacrifices were offered.

Near this harbour they touched at some islands, where they found great numbers of seals; and, despairing now to find any passage through the northern parts, he, after a general consultation, determined to steer away to the Moluccas, and setting sail, July 25th, he sailed for sixty-eight days without sight of land; and on September 30th arrived within view of some islands, situate about eight degrees northward from the line, from whence the inhabitants resorted to them in canoes, hollowed out of the solid trunk of a tree, and raised at both ends so high above the water, that they seemed almost a semicircle; they were
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burnished in such a manner, that they shone like ebony, and were kept steady by a piece of timber, fixed on each side of them, with strong canes, that were fastened at one end to the boat, and at the other to the end of the timber.

The first company that came brought fruits, potatoes, and other things of no great value, with an appearance of traffic, and exchanged their lading for other commodities, with great shew of honesty and friendship; but, having as they imagined, laid all suspicion asleepe, they soon sent another fleet of canoes, of which the crews behaved with all the insolence of tyrants, and all the rapacity of thieves; for, whatever was suffered to come into their hands, they seemed to consider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor restore it; and at length finding the English resolved to admit them no longer, they discharged a shower of stones from their boats, which insult Drake prudently and generously returned by ordering a piece of ordnance to be fired without hurting them, at which they were so terrified, that they leaped into the water, and hid themselves under the canoes.

Having for some time but little wind, they did not arrive at the Moluccas till the 3d of November, and then designing to touch at Tidore, they were visited, as they sailed by a little island belonging to the king of Ternate, by the viceroy of the place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourse to his master for supplics and assistance than to the king of Ternate, who was in some degree dependent on the Portuguese, and that he would himself carry the news of their arrival, and prepare their reception.

Drake was by the arguments of the viceroy prevailed upon to alter his resolution, and on November 5, cast anchor before Ternate; and scarce was he arrived, before the viceroy, with others of the chief nobles, came out in three large boats, rowed by forty men on each side, to conduct the ship into a safe harbour; and soon after the king himself, having received a velvet cloak by a messenger from Drake, as a token of peace, came with such a retinue and dignity of appearance as was not expected in those remote parts of the world. He was received with discharges of cannons and every kind of music, with which he was so much delighted, that, desiring the musicians to come

come down into the boat, he was towed along in it at the stern of the ship.

The king was of a graceful stature, and regal carriage, of a mild aspect, and low voice; his attendants were dressed in white cotton or callicoe, of whom some, whose age gave them a venerable appearance, seemed his counsellors, and the rest officers or nobles; his guards were not ignorant of fire-arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the most part with bows and darts.

The king having spent some time in admiring the multitude of new objects that presented themselves, retired as soon as the ship was brought to anchor, and promised to return on the day following; and in the mean time the inhabitants, having leave to traffic, brought down provisions in great abundance.

At the time when the king was expected, his brother came aboard, to request of Drake that he would come to the castle, proposing to stay himself as a hostage for his return. Drake refused to go, but sent some gentlemen, detaining the king's brother in the mean time.

These gentlemen were received by another of the king's brothers, who conducted them to the council-house near the castle, in which they were directed to walk: there they found threescore old men, privy counsellors to the king, and on each side of the door without stood four old men of foreign countries, who served as interpreters in commerce.

In a short time the king came from the castle, dressed in cloth of gold, with his hair woven into gold rings, a chain of gold upon his neck, and on his hands rings very artificially set with diamonds and jewels of great value; over his head was born a rich canopy; and by his chair of state, on which he sat down when he had entered the house, stood a page with a fan set with sapphires, to moderate the excess of the heat. Here he received the compliments of the English, and then honourably dismissed them.

The castle, which they had some opportunity of observing, seemed of no great force: it was built by the Portuguese, who, attempting to reduce this kingdom into an absolute subjection, murdered the king, and intended to pursue their scheme by the destruction of all his sons; but the general abhorrence, which cruelty and perfidy naturally excites, armed all the nation against them, and procured their total expulsion from all the dominions of Ternate, which

which from that time increasing in power, continued to make new conquests, and to deprive them of other acquisitions.

While they lay before Ternate, a gentleman came on board attended by his interpreter. He was dressed somewhat in the European manner, and soon distinguished himself from the natives of Ternate, or any country that they had seen, by his civility and apprehension. Such a visitant may easily be imagined to excite their curiosity, which he gratified by informing them that he was a native of China, of the family of the king then reigning; and that, being accused of a capital crime, of which, though he was innocent, he had not evidence to clear himself, he had petitioned the king that he might not be exposed to a trial, but that his cause might be referred to Divine Providence, and that he might be allowed to leave his country, with a prohibition against returning, unless Heaven, in attestation of his innocence, should enable him to bring back to the king some intelligence that might be to the honour and advantage of the empire of China. In search of such information he had now spent three years, and had left Tidore for the sake of conversing with the English general, from whom he hoped to receive such accounts as would enable him to return with honour and safety.

Drake willingly recounted all his adventures and observations; to which the Chinese exile listened with the utmost attention and delight, and having fixed them in his mind, thanked God for the knowledge he had gained. He then proposed to the English general to conduct him to China, recounting, by way of invitation, the wealth, extent, and felicity of that empire; but Drake could not be induced to prolong his voyage.

He therefore set sail on the 9th of November in quest of some convenient harbour, in a desert island, to refit his ship, not being willing, as it seems, to trust the generosity of the king of Ternate. Five days afterwards he found a very commodious harbour in an island overgrown with wood, where he repaired his vessel, and refreshed his men without danger or interruption.

Leaving this place, the 12th of December, they sailed towards the Celebes; but, having a wind not very favourable, they were detained among a multitude of islands, mingled with dangerous shallows, till January 9, 1580. When they thought themselves clear, and were sailing forwards

forwards with a strong gale, they were at the beginning of the night surprized in their course by a sudden shock, of which the cause was easily discovered, for they were thrown upon a shoal, and by the speed of their course fixed too fast for any hope of escaping. Here even the intrepidity of Drake was shaken, and his dexterity baffled; but his piety, however, remained still the same, and what he could not now promise himself from his own ability, he hoped from the assistance of Providence. The pump was plied, and the ship found free from new leaks.

The next attempt was to discover towards the sea some place where they might fix their boat, and from thence drag the ship into deep water; but upon examination it appeared that the rock, on which they had struck, rose perpendicularly from the water, and that there was no anchorage, nor any bottom, to be found a boat's length from the ship. But this discovery with its consequences, was by Drake wisely concealed from the common sailors, lest they should abandon themselves to despair, for which there was, indeed, cause; there being no prospect left but that they must there sink with the ship, which must undoubtedly be soon dashed to pieces, or perish in attempting to reach the shore in their boat, or be cut in pieces by barbarians if they should arrive at land.

In the midst of this perplexity and distress Drake directed that the sacrament should be administered, and his men fortified with all the consolation which religion affords; then persuading them to lighten the vessel by throwing into the sea part of their lading, which was cheerfully complied with, but without effect. At length, when their hopes had forsaken them, and no new struggles could be made, they were on a sudden relieved by a remission of the wind, which, having hitherto blown strongly against the side of the ship which lay towards the sea, held it upright against the rock; but when the blast slackened (being then low water), the ship lying higher with that part which rested on the rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer by the wind, reeled into the deep water, to the surprize and joy of Drake and his companions.

This was the greatest and most inextricable distress which they had ever suffered, and made such an impression upon their minds, that for some time afterwards they durst not adventure to spread their sails, but went slowly forward with the utmost circumspection.

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They thus continued their course without any observable occurrence, till on the 11th of March they came to anchor before the island of Java, and sending to the king a present of cloth and silks, received from him, in return, a large quantity of provisions; and the day following Drake went himself on shore, and entertained the king with his music, and obtained leave to store his ship with provisions.

The island is governed by a great number of petty kings, or raia, subordinate to one chief; of these princes three came on board together a few days after their arrival; and, having upon their return recounted the wonders which they had seen, and the civility with which they had been treated; incited others to satisfy their curiosity in the same manner; and Raia Donan, the chief king, came himself to view the ship, with the warlike armaments and instruments of navigation.

This intercourse of civilities somewhat retarded the business for which they came; but at length they not only victualled their ship, but cleansed the bottom, which, in the long course, was overgrown with a kind of shell-fish that impeded her passage.

Leaving Java on March 26, they sailed homewards by the Cape of Good Hope, which they saw on June the 5th; on the 15th of August passed the Tropic; and on the 26th of September arrived at Plymouth, where they found that, by passing through so many different climates, they had lost a day in their account of time, it being Sunday by their journals, but Monday by the general computation.

In this hazardous voyage they had spent two years, ten months, and some odd days; but were recompensed for their toils by great riches, and the universal applause of their countrymen. Drake afterwards brought his ship up to Deptford, where Queen Elizabeth visited him on board his ship, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him; an honour in that illustrious reign not made cheap by prostitution, nor even bestowed without uncommon merit.

It is not necessary to give an account equally particular of the remaining part of his life, as he was no longer a private man, but engaged in public affairs, and associated in his expeditions with other generals, whose attempts, and the success of them, are related in the histories of those times.

In 1585, on the 12th of September, Sir Francis Drake set sail from Plymouth with a fleet of five-and-twenty ships and pinnaces, of which himself was admiral, Captain Martin Forbisher vice-admiral, and Captain Francis Knollis rear-admiral : they were fitted out to cruize upon the Spaniards ; and having touched at the isle of Bayonne, and plundered Vigo, put to sea again, and on the 16th of November arrived before St. Jago, which they entered without resistance, and rested there fourteen days, visiting in the mean time San Domingo, a town within the land, which they found likewise deserted ; and, carrying off what they pleased of the produce of the island, they at their departure destroyed the town and villages, in revenge of the murder of one of their boys, whose body they found mangled in a most inhuman manner.

From this island they pursued their voyage to the West-Indies, determining to attack St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, as the richest place in that part of the world : they therefore landed a thousand men, and with small loss entered the town, of which they kept possession for a month without interruption or alarm ; during which time a remarkable accident happened which deserves to be related.

Drake, having some intention of treating with the Spaniards, sent to them a negro-boy with a flag of truce, which one of the Spaniards so little regarded, that he stabbed him through the body with a lance. The boy, notwithstanding his wound, came back to the general, related the treatment which he had found, and died in his sight. Drake was so incensed at this outrage, that he ordered two friars, then his prisoners, to be conveyed with a guard to the place where the crime was committed, and hanged up in the sight of the Spaniards, declaring that two Spanish prisoners should undergo the same death every day, till the offender should be delivered up by them : they were too well acquainted with the character of Drake not to bring him on the day following, when, to impress the shame of such actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute them with their own hands. Of this town, at their departure, they demolished part, and admitted the rest to be ransomed for five-and-twenty thousand ducats.

From thence they sailed to Carthagena, where the enemy, having received intelligence of the fate of St. Domingo, had strengthened their fortifications, and prepared to defend

defend themselves with great obstinacy; but the English, landing in the night, came upon them by a way which they did not suspect, and being better armed, partly by surprize, and partly by superiority of order and valour, became masters of the place, where they stayed without fear or danger six weeks, and at their departure received an hundred and ten thousand ducats, for the ransom of the town.

They afterwards took St. Augustin, and, touching at Virginia, took on board the governor, Mr. Lane, with the English that had been left there the year before by Sir Walter Raleigh, and arrived at Portsmouth on July 28, 1586, having lost in the voyage seven hundred and fifty men. The gain of this expedition amounted to sixty thousand pounds, of which forty were the share of the adventurers, who fitted out the ships, and the rest, distributed among the several crews, amounted to six pounds each man. So cheaply is life sometimes hazarded.

The transactions against the Armada, 1588, are in themselves far more memorable, but less necessary to be recited in this succinct narrative; only let it be remembered, that the post of vice-admiral of England, to which Sir Francis Drake was then raised, is a sufficient proof that no obscurity of birth, or meanness of fortune, is unsurmountable to bravery and diligence.

In 1595 Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, were sent with a fleet to the West-Indies, which expedition was only memorable for the destruction of Nombre de Dios, and the death of the two commanders, of whom Sir Francis Drake died January 9, 1597, and was thrown into the sea in a leaden coffin, with all the pomp of naval obsequies. It is reported by some that the ill success of this voyage hastened his death. Upon what this conjecture is grounded does not appear; and we may be allowed to hope, for the honour of so great a man, that it is without foundation; and that he, whom no series of success could ever betray to vanity or negligence, could have supported a change of fortune without impatience or dejection.

B A R R E T I E R *.

HAVING not been able to procure materials for a compleat life of Mr. Barretier, and being nevertheless willing to gratify the curiosity justly raised in the public by his uncommon attainments, we think the following extracts of letters, written by his father, proper to be inserted in our collection, as they contain many remarkable passages, and exhibit a general view of his genius and learning.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at Schwabach, January 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calvinist minister of that place, who took upon himself the care of his education. What arts of instruction he used, or by what method he regulated the studies of his son, we are not able to inform the public; but take this opportunity of intreating those, who have received more compleat intelligence, not to deny mankind so great a benefit as the improvement of education. If Mr. Le Fevre thought the method, in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how justly may Mr. Barretier claim the universal attention of mankind to a scheme of education that has produced such a stupendous progress. The authors who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are universally confessed to have, at least, the merit of a great and noble design, and to have deserved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who has succeeded in what they have only attempted? for to prolong life, and improve it, are nearly the same. If to have all that riches can purchase, is to be rich; if to do all that can be done in a long time, is to live long; he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or shorten the business of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curiosity than this method, by which the father assisted the genius of the

* This article was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1740.

son, every man will be convinced, that considers the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive ; such a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumstance concurred.

At the age of nine years, he not only was master of five languages, an attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this assertion, that he knew the sense of many passages in the original, which were obscure in the translation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted ; but if he intends to tell his correspondent, that his son was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his son had somewhat neglected the study of his native language ; or we must own, that the fondness of a parent has transported him into some natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself ; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his father's relation, from his letter of the 3d of March, 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French, equally well. He can, by laying before him a translation, read any of the books of the Old or New Testament in its original language, without hesitation or perplexity. He is no stranger to biblical criticism or philosophy, nor unacquainted with ancient or modern geography, and is qualified to support a conversation with learned men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illustrated with notes, and accompanied with dissertations ; a work in which his father, as he himself declares, could give him little assistance, as he did not understand the rabbinical dialect.

The reason, for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand

than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him hopes, that, if he should translate some little author, and offer a fair copy of his version to some bookseller, he might, in return for it, have other books which he wanted, and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin," as most proper for his purpose, being a book neither bulky nor common, and in one month completed his translation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular task. In another month he drew up the principal notes; and, in the third wrote some dissertations upon particular passages which seemed to require a larger examination.

These notes contain so many curious remarks and enquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous by long practice in the use of books. Yet, that it is the performance of a boy thus young, is not only proved by the testimony of his father, but by the concurrent evidence of Mr. Le Maitre, his associate in the church of Schwabach, who not only asserts his claim to this work, but affirms that he heard him at six years of age explain the Hebrew text as if it had been his native language; so that the fact is not to be doubted without a degree of incredulity, which it will not be very easy to defend.

This copy was however far from being written with the neatness which his father desired; nor did the booksellers, to whom it was offered, make proposals very agreeable to the expectations of the young translator; but after having examined the performance in their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the printers might not be embarrassed with a copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances in his studies, notwithstanding an obstinate tumour in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest part of the notes,

new-modelled the dissertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

The few touches which his father bestowed upon the revival of the book, though they are minutely set down by him in the preface, are so inconsiderable that it is not necessary to mention them; and it may be much more agreeable, as well as useful, to exhibit the short account which he there gives of the method by which he enabled his son to shew so early how easy an attainment is the knowledge of the languages, a knowledge which some men spend their lives in cultivating, to the neglect of more valuable studies, and which they seem to regard as the highest perfection of human nature.

What applauses are due to an old age, wasted in a scrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, says his father, by seeing how little time is required to arrive at such an eminence in those studies as many even of these venerable doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This censure is doubtless just upon those who spend too much of their lives upon useless niceties, or who appear to labour without making any progress; but as the knowledge of language is necessary, and a minute accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief study, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, since it was to the labour of such men that his son was indebted for his own learning.

The first languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which fatigue the attention and burthen the memory, without any use proportionate to the time which they require, and the disgust which they create. The method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same manner, and almost at the same time, by conversing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was master, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made use of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflections of nouns and verbs. This method, says

his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his sixth year, he entered upon the study of the Old Testament in its original language, beginning with the book of Genesis, to which his father confined him for six months ; after which he read cursorily over the rest of the historical books, in which he found very little difficulty, and then applied himself to the study of the poetical writers, and the prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an attention and so happy a memory, that he could not only translate them without a moment's hesitation into Latin or French, but turn with the same facility the translations into the original language in his tenth year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other studies, and, as his translation of Benjamin is a sufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the study of the fathers, and councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having discovered so much negligence or ignorance in most translations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his studies, neither drawn aside by pleasures, nor discouraged by difficulties. The greatest obstacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally supply him ; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest part of those which his studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the highest degree sensible, ever produced in him that asperity, which a long and reclusive life, without any circumstance of disquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which some students much superior in age would consult their ease, their reputation, and their interest, by copying from him.

In the year 1735 he published *Anti-Artemonius, sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindicatum*, and attained such a degree of reputation, that not only the public, but princes, who are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his success, for the same year the king of Prussia, who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a scheme for discovering the longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier, being promoted to the cure of the church of Stetin, was obliged to travel with his son thither from Schwabach, through Leipzig and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his son, as it would furnish him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpose they staid some time at Leipzig, and then travelled to Hall, where young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university, that they offered him his degree of doctor in philosophy, a dignity correspondent to that of master of arts among us. Barretier drew up that night some positions in philosophy, and the mathematics, which he sent immediately to the press, and defended the next day in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reason, that the whole university was delighted and amazed: he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings, with compliments and acclamations.

His "Theses" or philosophical positions, which he printed in compliance with the practice of that university, ran through several editions in a few weeks, and no testimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his progress.

When they arrived at Berlin, the king ordered him to be brought into his presence, and was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day during his stay at Berlin; and diverted himself with engaging him in conversations upon a multitude of subjects, and in disputes with learned men; on all which occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the king formed the highest ideas of his capacity and future eminence. And
 thinking,

thinking, perhaps with reason, that active life was the noblest sphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the study of modern history, the customs of nations, and those parts of learning, that are of use in public transactions and civil employments, declaring that such abilities properly cultivated might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the prospect of such high promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, or such harassing fatigues. A resolution so unpleasing to the king, that his father attributes to it the delay of those favours which they had hopes of receiving, the king having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the ministry.

It is not impossible that paternal affection might suggest to Mr. Barretier some false conceptions of the king's designs ; for he infers from the introduction of his son to the young princes, and the caresses which he received from them, that the king intended him for their preceptor ; a scheme, says he, which some other resolution happily destroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means these intentions were frustrated ; Barretier, after having been treated with the highest regard by the whole royal family, was dismissed with a present of two hundred crowns ; and his father, instead of being fixed at Stetin, was made pastor of the French church at Hall ; a place more commodious for study, to which they retired ; Barretier being first admitted into the Royal Society at Berlin, and recommended by the king to the university at Hall.

At Hall he continued his studies with his usual application and success, and, either by his own reflections or the persuasions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to those of the king, and direct his enquiries to those subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquisitions to his learning, and to increase his reputation by new performances, till, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, his health began to decline, and his indisposition, which, being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded,
increased

increased by slow degrees for eighteen months, during which he spent days among his books, and neither neglected his studies, nor left his gaiety, till his distemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the use of his limbs : he then prepared himself for his end, without fear or emotion ; and on the 5th of October, 1740, resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

M O R I N *

LEWIS MORIN was born at Mans, on the 11th of July, 1635, of parents eminent for their piety. He was the eldest of sixteen children, a family to which their estate bore no proportion, and which, in persons less resigned to Providence, would have caused great uneasiness and anxiety.

His parents omitted nothing in his education, which religion requires, and which their fortune could supply. Botany was the study that appeared to have taken possession of his inclination, as soon as the bent of his genius could be discovered. A countryman, who supplied the apothecaries of the place, was his first master, and was paid by him for his instructions with the little money that he could procure, or that which was given him to buy something to eat after dinner. Thus abstinence and generosity discovered themselves with his passion for botany, and the gratification of a desire indifferent in itself was procured by the exercise of two virtues.

He was soon master of all his instructor's knowledge, and was obliged to enlarge his acquaintance with plants, by observing them himself in the neighbourhood of Mans. Having finished his grammatical studies, he was sent to learn philosophy at Paris, whither he travelled on foot like a student in botany, and was careful not to lose such an opportunity of improvement.

When his course of philosophy was completed, he was determined, by his love of botany, to the profession of physic, and from that time engaged in a course of life, which was never exceeded either by the ostentation of a philosopher, or the severity of an anchorite; for he confined himself to bread and water, and at most allowed himself no indulgence beyond fruits. By this method, he preserved a constant freedom and serenity of spirits, al-

* Translated from an eloge by Fontenelle, and first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741.

ways equally proper for study; for his soul had no pretences to complain of being overwhelmed with matter.

This regimen, extraordinary as it was, had many advantages; for it preserved his health, an advantage which very few sufficiently regard; it gave him an authority to preach diet and abstinence to his patients; and it made him rich without the assistance of fortune; rich, not for himself, but for the poor, who were the only persons benefited by that artificial affluence, which, of all others, is most difficult to acquire. It is easy to imagine, that, while he practised in the midst of Paris the severe temperance of a hermit, Paris differed no otherwise with regard to him, from a hermitage, than as it supplied him with books, and the conversation of learned men.

In 1662 he was admitted doctor of physic. About that time Dr. Fagon, Dr. Longuet, and Dr. Galois, all eminent for their skill in botany, were employed in drawing up a catalogue of the plants in the Royal Garden, which was published in 1665, under the name of Dr. Vallot, then first physician: during the prosecution of this work, Dr. Morin was often consulted, and from those conversations it was that Dr. Fagon conceived a particular esteem of him, which he always continued to retain.

After having practised physic some years, he was admitted Expectant at the Hotel Dieu, where he was regularly to have been made Pensionary physician upon the first vacancy; but mere unassisted merit advances slowly, if, what is not very common, it advances at all. Morin had no acquaintance with the arts necessary to carry on schemes of preferment; the moderation of his desires preserved him from the necessity of studying them, and the privacy of his life debarred him from any opportunity.

At last, however, justice was done him in spite of artifice and partiality; but his advancement added nothing to his condition, except the power of more extensive charity; for all the money which he received as a salary, he put into the chest of the hospital, always, as he imagined, without being observed. Not content with serving the poor for nothing, he paid them for being served.

His reputation rose so high in Paris, that Madamoiselle de Guise was desirous to make him her physician, but it was not without difficulty that he was prevailed upon by his friend, Dr. Dodart, to accept the place. He was by
this

this new advancement laid under the necessity of keeping a chariot, an equipage very unsuitable to his temper; but while he complied with those exterior appearances which the public had a right to demand from him, he remitted nothing of his former austerity in the more private and essential parts of his life, which he had always the power of regulating according to his own disposition.

In two years and a half the princess fell sick, and was despaired of by Morin, who was a great master of prognostics. At the time when she thought herself in no danger, he pronounced her death inevitable; a declaration to the highest degree disagreeable, but which was made more easy to him than to any other by his piety and artless simplicity. Nor did his sincerity produce any ill consequences to himself; for the princess, affected by his zeal, taking a ring from her finger, gave it him as the last pledge of her affection, and rewarded him still more to his satisfaction, by preparing for death with a true Christian piety. She left him by will an yearly pension of two thousand livres, which was always regularly paid him.

No sooner was the princess dead, but he freed himself from the incumbrance of his chariot, and retired to St. Victor without a servant, having, however, augmented his daily allowance with a little rice boiled in water.

Dodart, who had undertaken the charge of being ambitious on his account, procured him, at the restoration of the academy in 1699, to be nominated associate botanist; not knowing, what he would doubtless have been pleased with the knowledge of, that he introduced into that assembly the man that was to succeed him in his place of Pensionary.

Dr. Morin was not one who had upon his hands the labour of adapting himself to the duties of his condition, but always found himself naturally adapted to them. He had, therefore, no difficulty in being constant at the assemblies of the academy, notwithstanding the distance of places; while he had strength enough to support the journey. But his regimen was not equally effectual to produce vigour as to prevent distempers; and being 64 years old at his admission, he could not continue his assiduity more than a year after the death of Dodart, whom he succeeded in 707.

When Mr. Tournefort went to pursue his botanical enquiries in the Levant, he desired Dr. Morin to supply his
place

place of Demonstrator of the Plants in the Royal Garden, and rewarded him for the trouble, by inscribing to him a new plant which he brought from the east, by the name of *Morina Orientalis*, as he named others the *Dodarto*, the *Fagonne*, the *Bignonne*, the *Phelippe*. These are compliments proper to be made by the botanists, not only to those of their own rank, but to the greatest persons; for a plant is a monument of a more durable nature than a medal or an obelisk; and yet, as a proof that even these vehicles are not always sufficient to transmit to futurity the name conjoined with them, the *Nicotiana* is now scarcely known by any other term than that of tobacco.

Dr. Morin advancing far in age, was now forced to take a servant, and, what was yet a more essential alteration, prevailed upon himself to take an ounce of wine a day, which he measured with the same exactness as a medicine bordering upon poison. He quitted at the same time all his practice in the city, and confined it to the poor of his neighbourhood, and his visits at the Hotel Dieu; but his weakness increasing, he was forced to increase his quantity of wine, which yet he always continued to adjust by weight*.

At 78 his legs could carry him no longer, and he scarcely left his bed; but his intellects continued unimpaired, except in the last six months of his life. He expired, or, to use a more proper term, went out, on the 1st of March, 1714, at the age of 80 years, without any distemper, and merely for want of strength, having enjoyed by the benefit of his regimen a long and healthy life, and a gentle and easy death.

This extraordinary regimen was but part of the daily regulation of his life, of which all the offices were carried

* The practice of Dr. Morin is forbidden, I believe by every writer that has left rules for the preservation of health, and is directly opposite to that of Cornaro, who by his regimen repaired a broken constitution, and protracted his life, without any painful infirmities, or any decay of his intellectual abilities, to more than a hundred years; it is generally agreed, that as men advance in years, they ought to take lighter sustenance, and in less quantities; and reason seems easily to discover that as the concoctive powers grow weaker, they ought to labour less. *Orig. Edit.*

on with a regularity and exactness nearly approaching to that of the planetary motions.

He went to bed at seven, and rose at two, throughout the year. He spent in the morning three hours at his devotions, and went to the Hotel Dieu in the summer between five and six, and in the winter between six and seven, hearing mass for the most part at Notre Dame. After his return he read the holy scripture, dined at eleven, and when it was fair weather walked till two in the royal garden, where he examined the new plants, and gratified his earliest and strongest passion. For the remaining part of the day, if he had no poor to visit, he shut himself up, and read books of literature or physic, but chiefly physic, as the duty of his profession required. This likewise was the time he received visits, if any were paid him. He often used this expression, "Those that come to see me, do me honour; and those that stay away, do me a favour." It is easy to conceive that a man of this temper was not crowded with salutations: there was only now and then an Antony that would pay Paul a visit.

Among his papers was found a Greek and Latin index to Hippocrates, more copious and exact than that of Pini, which he had finished only a year before his death. Such a work required the assiduity and patience of an hermit*.

There is likewise a journal of the weather, kept without interruption, for more than forty years, in which he has accurately set down the state of the barometer and thermometer, the dryness and moisture of the air, the variations of the wind in the course of the day, the rain, the thunders, and even the sudden storms, in a very commodious and concise method, which exhibits, in a little room, a great train of different observations. What numbers of such remarks had escaped a man less uniform in his life, and whose attention had been extended to common objects!

All the estate which he left is a collection of medals, another of herbs, and a library rated at two thousand crowns. Which make it evident that he spent much more upon his mind than upon his body.

* This is an instance of the disposition generally found in writers of lives, to exalt every common occurrence and action into wonders. Are not indexes daily written by men who neither receive nor expect very loud applauses for their labours? *Orig. Edit.*

B U R M A N *.

PETER BURMAN was born at Utrecht, on the 26th day of June, 1668. The family from which he descended has for several generations produced men of great eminence for piety and learning; and his father who was professor of divinity in the university, and pastor of the city of Utrecht, was equally celebrated for the strictness of his life, the efficacy and orthodoxy of his sermons, and the learning and perspicuity of his academical lectures.

From the assistance and instruction which such a father would doubtless have been encouraged by the genius of this son not to have omitted, he was unhappily cut off at eleven years of age, being at that time by his father's death thrown entirely under the care of his mother, by whose diligence, piety, and prudence, his education was so regulated, that he had scarcely any reason, but filial tenderness, to regret the loss of his father.

He was about this time sent to the public school of Utrecht to be instructed in the learned languages; and it will convey no common idea of his capacity and industry to relate, that he had passed through the classes, and was admitted into the university in his thirteenth year.

This account of the rapidity of his progress in the first part of his studies is so stupendous, that though it is attested by his friend, Dr. Osterdyke, of whom it cannot be reasonably suspected that he is himself deceived, or that he can desire to deceive others, it must be allowed far to exceed the limits of probability, if it be considered, with regard to the methods of education practised in our country, where it is not uncommon for the highest genius, and most comprehensive capacity, to be entangled for ten years, in those thorny paths of literature, which Burman is represented to have passed in less than two; and we must doubtless confess the most skilful of our masters much excelled by the

* First printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1742.

addresses of the Dutch teachers, or the abilities of our greatest scholars far surpassed by those of Burman.

But, to reduce this narrative to credibility, it is necessary that admiration should give place to inquiry, and that it be discovered what proficiency in literature is expected from a student, requesting to be admitted into a Dutch university. It is to be observed, that in the universities in foreign countries, they have professors of philology, or humanity, whose employment is to instruct the younger classes in grammar, rhetoric, and languages; nor do they engage in the study of philosophy, till they have passed through a course of philological lectures and exercises, to which, in some places, two years are commonly allotted.

The English scheme of education, which with regard to academical studies is more vigorous, and sets literary honours at a higher price than that of any other country, exacts from the youth, who are initiated in our colleges, a degree of philological knowledge, sufficient to qualify them for lectures in philosophy, which are read to them in Latin, and to enable them to proceed in other studies without assistance; so that it may be conjectured, that Burman, at his entrance into the university, had no such skill in languages, nor such ability of composition, as are frequently to be met with in the higher classes of an English school; nor was perhaps more than moderately skilled in Latin, and taught the first rudiments in Greek.

In the university he was committed to the care of the learned Grævius, whose regard for his father inclined him to superintend his studies with more than common attention, which was soon confirmed and increased by his discoveries of the genius of his pupil, and his observation of his diligence.

One of the qualities which contributed eminently to qualify Grævius for an instructor of youth, was the sagacity by which he readily discovered the predominant faculty of each pupil, and the peculiar designation by which nature had allotted him to any species of literature, and by which he was soon able to determine, that Burman was remarkably adapted to classical studies, and predict the great advances that he would make, by industriously pursuing the direction of his genius.

Animated by the encouragement of a tutor so celebrated, he continued the vigour of his application, and, for several years, not only attended the lectures of Grævius, but made
use

use of every other opportunity of improvement, with such diligence, as might justly be expected to produce an uncommon proficiency.

Having thus attained a sufficient degree of classical knowledge, to qualify him for inquiries into other sciences, he applied himself to the study of the law, and published a dissertation, "*de Vicefima Hæreditatum*," which he publicly defended, under the professor Van Muyden, with such learning and eloquence, as procured him great applause.

Imagining, then, that the conversation of other men of learning might be of use towards his farther improvement, and rightly judging, that notions formed in any single seminary are for the greatest part contracted and partial; he went to Leyden, where he studied philosophy for a year, under M. de Volder, whose celebrity was so great, that the schools assigned to the sciences, which it was his province to teach, were not sufficient, though very spacious, to contain the audience that crowded his lectures, from all parts of Europe.

Yet he did not suffer himself to be engrossed by philosophical disquisitions, to the neglect of those studies in which he was more early engaged, and to which he was perhaps by nature better adapted; for he attended at the same time Ryckius's explanations of Tacitus, and James Gronovius's lectures on the Greek writers, and has often been heard to acknowledge, at an advanced age, the assistance which he received from them.

Having thus passed a year at Leyden with great advantage, he returned to Utrecht, and once more applied himself to philological studies, by the assistance of Grævius, whose early hopes of his genius were now raised to a full confidence of that excellence at which he afterwards arrived.

At Utrecht, in March 1688, in the twentieth year of his age, he was advanced to the degree of doctor of laws; on which occasion he published a learned dissertation, "*de Transactionibus*," and defended it with his usual eloquence, learning, and success.

The attainment of this honour was far from having upon Burman that effect which has been too often observed to be produced in others, who, having in their own opinion no higher object of ambition, have elapsed into idleness and security, and spent the rest of their lives in a lazy enjoyment of their academical dignities. Burman aspired to farther improvements, and, not satisfied with the opportunities
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of literary conversation which Utrecht afforded, travelled into Switzerland and Germany, where he gained an increase both of fame and learning.

At his return from this excursion, he engaged in the practice of the law, and pleaded several causes with such reputation, as might be hoped by a man who had joined to his knowledge of the law, the embellishments of polite literature, and the strict ratiocination of true philosophy, and who was able to employ on every occasion the graces of eloquence and the power of argumentation.

While Burman was hastening to high reputation in the courts of justice, and to those riches and honours which always follow it, he was summoned in 1691, by the magistrates of Utrecht, to undertake the charge of collector of the tenths, an office in that place of great honour, and which he accepted therefore as a proof of their confidence and esteem.

While he was engaged in this employment, he married Eve Clotterboke, a young lady of a good family, and uncommon genius and beauty, by whom he had ten children, of which eight died young ; and only two sons, Francis and Caspar, lived to console their mother for their father's death.

Neither public business, nor domestic cares, detained Burman from the prosecution of his literary enquiries ; by which he so much endeared himself to Grævius, that he was recommended by him to the regard of the university of Utrecht, and accordingly, in 1696, was chosen professor of eloquence and history, to which was added, after some time, the professorship of the Greek language, and afterwards that of politics ; so various did they conceive his abilities, and so extensive his knowledge.

At his entrance upon this new province, he pronounced an oration upon eloquence and poetry.

Having now more frequent opportunities of displaying his learning, he arose, in a short time, to a high reputation, of which the great number of his auditors was a sufficient proof, and which the proficiency of his pupils shewed not to be accidental or undeserved.

In 1714 he formed a resolution of visiting Paris, not only for the sake of conferring in person, upon questions of literature, with the learned men of that place, and of gratifying his curiosity with a more familiar knowledge of those writers whose works he admired, but with a view
more

more important, of visiting the libraries, and making those enquiries which might be of advantage to his darling study.

The vacation of the university allowed him to stay at Paris but six weeks, which he employed with so much dexterity and industry, that he had searched the principal libraries, collated a great number of manuscripts and printed copies, and brought back a great treasure of curious observations.

In this visit to Paris he contracted an acquaintance, among other learned men, with the celebrated father Montfaucon; with whom he conversed, at his first interview, with no other character but that of a traveller; but, their discourse turning upon ancient learning, the stranger soon gave such proofs of his attainments, that Montfaucon declared him a very uncommon traveller, and confessed his curiosity to know his name; which he no sooner heard, than he rose from his seat, and, embracing him with the utmost ardour, expressed his satisfaction at having seen the man whose productions of various kinds he had so often praised; and, as a real proof of his regard, offered not only to procure him an immediate admission to all the libraries of Paris, but to those in remoter provinces, which are not generally open to strangers, and undertook to ease the expences of his journey by procuring him entertainment in all monasteries of his order.

This favour Burman was hindered from accepting, by the necessity of returning to Utrecht at the usual time of beginning a new course of lectures, to which there was always so great a concourse of students, as much increased the dignity and fame of the university in which he taught.

He had already extended, to distant parts, his reputation for knowledge of ancient history by a treatise "*de Vectigalibus Populi Romani*," on the revenues of the Romans; and for his skill in Greek learning, and in ancient coins, by a tract called "*Jupiter Fulgurator*;" and after his return from Paris, he published "*Phædrus*," first with the notes of various commentators, and afterwards with his own. He printed many poems, and made many orations upon different subjects, and procured an impression of the epistles of Gudius and Sanavius.

While he was thus employed, the professorships of history, eloquence, and the Greek language, became vacant at Leyden, by the death of Perizonius, which Burman's reputation incited the curators of the university to offer him upon very generous terms, and which, after some strug-

gles with his fondness for his native place, his friends, and his colleagues, he was prevailed on to accept, finding the solicitations from Leyden warm and urgent, and his friends at Utrecht, though unwilling to be deprived of him, yet not zealous enough for the honour and advantage of their university, to endeavour to detain him by great liberality.

At his entrance upon this new professorship, which was conferred upon him in 1715, he pronounced an oration upon the duty and office of a professor of polite literature; "*De publici humanioris Disciplinæ professoris proprio officio et munere*;" and shewed, by the usefulness and perspicuity of his lectures, that he was not confined to speculative notions on that subject, having a very happy method of accommodating his instructions to the different abilities and attainments of his pupils.

Nor did he suffer the public duties of this station to hinder him from promoting learning by labours of a different kind; for, besides many poems and orations which he recited on different occasions, he wrote several prefaces to the works of others, and published many useful editions of the best Latin writers, with large collections of notes from various commentators.

He was twice rector, or chief governor, of the university, and discharged that important office with equal equity and ability, and gained by his conduct in every station so much esteem, that when the professorship of history of the United Provinces became vacant, it was conferred on him, as an addition to his honours and revenues, which he might justly claim; and, afterwards, as a proof of the continuance of their regard, and a testimony that his reputation was still increasing, they made him chief librarian, an office which was the more acceptable to him, as it united his business with his pleasure, and gave him an opportunity at the same time of superintending the library, and carrying on his studies.

Such was the course of his life, till, in his old age, leaving off his practice of walking and other exercises, he began to be afflicted with the scurvy, which discovered itself by very tormenting symptoms of various kinds; sometimes disturbing his head with vertigos, sometimes causing faintness in his limbs, and sometimes attacking his legs with anguish so excruciating, that all his vigour was destroyed, and the power of walking entirely taken away, till at length his left foot became motionless. The violence of his pain
produced

produced irregular fevers, deprived him of rest, and entirely debilitated his whole frame.

This tormenting disease he bore, though not without some degree of impatience, yet without any unbecoming or irrational despondency, and applied himself in the intermission of his pains to seek for comfort in the duties of religion.

While he lay in this state of misery he received an account of the promotion of two of his grandsons, and a catalogue of the king of France's library, presented to him by the command of the king himself, and expressed some satisfaction on all these occasions; but soon diverted his thoughts to the more important consideration of his eternal state, into which he passed on the 31st of March, 1741, in the 73d year of his age.

He was a man of moderate stature, of great strength and activity, which he preserved by temperate diet, without medical exactness, and by allotting proportions of his time to relaxation and amusement, not suffering his studies to exhaust his strength, but relieving them by frequent intermissions; a practice consistent with the most exemplary diligence, and which he that omits will find at last, that time may be lost, like money, by unseasonable avarice.

In his hours of relaxation he was gay, and sometimes gave way so far to his temper, naturally satirical, that he drew upon himself the ill-will of those who had been unfortunately the subjects of his mirth; but enemies so provoked he thought it beneath him to regard or to pacify; for he was fiery, but not malicious, disdained dissimulation, and in his gay or serious hours preserved a settled detestation of falsehood. So that he was an open and undisguised friend or enemy, entirely unacquainted with the artifices of flatterers, but so judicious in the choice of friends, and so constant in his affection to them, that those with whom he had contracted familiarity in his youth, had for the greatest part his confidence in his old age.

His abilities, which would probably have enabled him to have excelled in any kind of learning, were chiefly employed, as his station required, on polite literature, in which he arrived at very uncommon knowledge, which, however, appears rather from judicious compilations than original productions. His style is lively and masculine, but not without harshness and constraint, nor, perhaps, always polished to that purity which some writers have attained. He

was at least instrumental to the instruction of mankind, by the publication of many valuable performances, which lay neglected by the greatest part of the learned world; and, if reputation be estimated by usefulness, he may claim a higher degree in the ranks of learning than some others of happier elocution, or more vigorous imagination.

The malice or suspicion of those who either did not know, or did not love him, had given rise to some doubts about his religion, which he took an opportunity of removing on his death-bed by a voluntary declaration of his faith, his hopes of everlasting salvation from the revealed promises of God, and his confidence in the merits of our Redeemer, of the sincerity of which declaration his whole behaviour in his long illness was an incontestable proof; and he concluded his life, which had been illustrious for many virtues, by exhibiting an example of true piety.

Of his works we have not been able to procure a complete catalogue: he published,

"Quintilianus," 2 vols. 4to.

"Valerius Flaccus,"

"Ovidius," 3 vols. 4to.

"Poetæ Latini Minores," 2 vols. 4to.

"Buchanani Opera," 2 vols. 4to.

} Cum notis
variorum.

S Y D E N H A M*.

THOMAS SYDENHAM was born in the year 1624, at Winford Eagle in Dorsetshire, where his father, William Sydenham, Esq. had a large fortune. Under whose care he was educated, or in what manner he passed his childhood, whether he made any early discoveries of a genius peculiarly adapted to the study of nature, or gave any presages of his future eminence in medicine, no information is to be obtained. We must therefore repress that curiosity which would naturally incline us to watch the first attempts of so vigorous a mind, to pursue it in its childish enquiries, and see it struggling with rustic prejudices, breaking on trifling occasions the shackles of credulity, and giving proofs, in its casual excursions, that it was formed to shake off the yoke of prescription, and dispel the phantoms of hypothesis.

That the strength of Sydenham's understanding, the accuracy of his discernment, and ardour of his curiosity, might have been remarked from his infancy by a diligent observer, there is no reason to doubt. For there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour; but it has been the lot of the greatest part of those who have excelled in science, to be known only by their own writings, and to have left behind them no remembrance of their domestic life, or private transactions, or only such memorials of particular passages as are, on certain occasions, necessarily recorded in public registers.

From these it is discovered, that at the age of eighteen, in 1642, he commenced a commoner of Magdalen-Hall in Oxford, where it is not probable that he continued long; for he informs us himself, that he was with-held from the

* Originally prefixed to the New Translation of Dr. Sydenham's Works, by John Swan, M. D. of Newcastle in Staffordshire, 1742.

university by the commencement of the war; nor is it known in what state of life he engaged, or where he resided during that long series of public commotion. It is indeed reported, that he had a commission in the king's army, but no particular account is given of his military conduct; nor are we told what rank he obtained when he entered into the army, or when or on what occasion he retired from it.

It is, however, certain, that if ever he took upon him the profession of arms, he spent but few years in the camp; for in 1648 he obtained at Oxford the degree of bachelor of physic, for which, as some medicinal knowledge is necessary, it may be imagined that he spent some time in qualifying himself.

His application to the study of physic was, as he himself relates, produced by an accidental acquaintance with Dr. Cox, a physician eminent at that time in London, who in some sickness prescribed to his brother, and, attending him frequently on that occasion, enquired of him what profession he designed to follow. The young man answering that he was undetermined, the Doctor recommended physic to him, on what account, or with what arguments, it is not related; but his persuasions were so effectual, that Sydenham determined to follow his advice, and retired to Oxford for leisure and opportunity to pursue his studies.

It is evident that this conversation must have happened before his promotion to any degree in physic, because he himself fixes it in the interval of his absence from the university, a circumstance which will enable us to confute many false reports relating to Dr. Sydenham, which have been confidently inculcated, and implicitly believed.

It is the general opinion that he was made a physician by accident and necessity, and Sir Richard Blackmore reports in plain terms [*Preface to his Treatise on the Small-Pox*], that he engaged in practice without any preparatory study, or previous knowledge, of the medicinal sciences; and affirms, that, when he was consulted by him what books he should read to qualify him for the same profession, he recommended Don Quixote.

That he recommended Don Quixote to Blackmore, we are not allowed to doubt; but the relater is hindered by that self-love which dazzles all mankind from discovering that he might intend a satire very different from a general censure of all the ancient and modern writers on medicine, since he might perhaps mean, either seriously or in jest, to in-

nuate that Blackmore was not adapted by nature to the study of phyfic, and that, whether he should read Cervantes or Hippocrates, he would be equally unqualified for practice, and equally unsuccessful in it.

Whatsoever was his meaning, nothing is more evident, than that it was a transient folly of an imagination warmed with gaiety, or the negligent effusion of a mind intent upon some other employment, and in haste to dismiss a troublesome intruder; for it is certain that Sydenham did not think it impossible to write usefully on medicine, because he has himself written upon it; and it is not probable that he carried his vanity so far, as to imagine that no man had ever acquired the same qualifications besides himself. He could not but know that he rather restored than invented most of his principles, and therefore could not but acknowledge the value of those writers whose doctrines he adopted and enforced.

That he engaged in the practice of phyfic without any acquaintance with the theory, or knowledge of the opinions or precepts of former writers, is undoubtedly false; for he declares, that after he had, in pursuance of his conversation with Dr. Cox, determined upon the profession of phyfic, he *applied himself in earnest to it, and spent several years in the university* [aliquot annos in academica palestra], before he began to practise in London.

Nor was he satisfied with the opportunities of knowledge which Oxford afforded, but travelled to Montpellier, as Default relates [*Dissertation on Consumptions*], in quest of farther information, Montpellier being at that time the most celebrated school of phyfic: so far was Sydenham from any contempt of academical institutions, and so far from thinking it reasonable to learn phyfic by experiments alone, which must necessarily be made at the hazard of life.

What can be demanded beyond this by the most zealous advocate for regular education? What can be expected from the most cautious and most industrious student, than that he should dedicate *several years* to the rudiments of his art, and travel for further instructions from one university to another?

It is likewise a common opinion, that Sydenham was thirty years old before he formed his resolution of studying phyfic, for which I can discover no other foundation than one expression in his dedication to Dr. Mapletost, which seems

seems to have given rise to it by a gross misinterpretation ; for he only observes that from his conversation which Dr. Cox to the publication of that treatise *thirty years* had intervened.

Whatever may have produced this notion, or how long soever it may have prevailed, it is now proved beyond controversy to be false, since it appears that Sydenham, having been for some time absent from the university, returned to it in order to pursue his physical enquiries before he was twenty-four years old ; for in 1648 he was admitted to the degree of batchelor of physick.

That such reports should be confidently spread, even among the contemporaries of the author to whom they relate, and obtain in a few years such credit as to require a regular confutation ; that it should be imagined that the greatest physician of the age arrived at so high a degree of skill, without any assistance from his predecessors ; and that a man eminent for integrity practised medicine by chance, and grew wise only by murder ; is not to be considered without astonishment.

But if it be, on the other part, remembered, how much this opinion favours the laziness of some, and the pride of others ; how readily some men confide in natural sagacity, and how willingly most would spare themselves the labour of accurate reading and tedious enquiry ; it will be easily discovered how much the interest of multitudes was engaged in the production and continuance of this opinion, and how cheaply those, of whom it was known that they practised physick before they studied it, might satisfy themselves and others with the example of the illustrious Sydenham.

It is therefore in an uncommon degree useful to publish a true account of this memorable man, that pride, temerity, and idleness may be deprived of that patronage which they have enjoyed too long ; that life may be secured from the dangerous experiments of the ignorant and presumptuous ; and that those, who shall hereafter assume the important province of superintending the health of others, may learn from this great master of the art, that the only means of arriving at eminence and success are labour and study.

From these false reports it is probable that another arose, to which, though it cannot be with equal certainty confuted, it does not appear that entire credit ought to be given.

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The acquisition of a Latin style did not seem consistent with the manner of life imputed to him; nor was it probable, that he, who had so diligently cultivated the ornamental parts of general literature, would have neglected the essential studies of his own profession. Those therefore who were determined, at whatever price, to retain him in their own party, and represent him equally ignorant and daring with themselves, denied him the credit of writing his own works in the language in which they were published, and asserted, but without proof, that they were composed by him in English, and translated into Latin by Dr. Mapletoft.

Whether Dr. Mapletoft lived and was familiar with him during the whole time in which these several treatises were printed, treatises written on particular occasions, and printed at periods considerably distant from each other, we have had no opportunity of enquiring, and therefore cannot demonstrate the falsehood of this report: but if it be considered how unlikely it is that any man should engage in a work so laborious and so little necessary, only to advance the reputation of another, or that he should have leisure to continue the same office upon all following occasions; if it be remembered how seldom such literary combinations are formed, and how soon they are for the greatest part dissolved; there will appear no reason for not allowing Dr. Sydenham the laurel of eloquence as well as physic*.

It is observable, that his *Processus Integri*, published after his death, discovers alone more skill in the Latin language than is commonly ascribed to him; and it surely will not be suspected, that the officiousness of his friends was continued after his death, or that he procured the book to be translated only that, by leaving it behind him, he might secure his claim to his other writings.

* Since the foregoing was written, we have seen Mr. Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*; who, in the life of Dr. Mapletoft, says, that in 1676 Dr. Sydenham published his *Observationes medicæ circa morborum acutorum historiam & curationem*, which he dedicated to Dr. Mapletoft, who at the desire of the author had translated them into Latin; and that the other pieces of that excellent physician were translated into that language by Mr. Gilbert Havers, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a student in physic and friend of Dr. Mapletoft. But as Mr. Ward, like others, neglects to bring any proof of his assertion, the question cannot fairly be decided by his authority. *Orig. Edit.*

It is asserted by Sir Hans Sloane, that Dr. Sydenham, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, was particularly versed in the writings of the great Roman orator and philosopher; and there is evidently such a luxuriance in his style, as may discover the author which gave him most pleasure, and most engaged his imitation.

About the same time that he became bachelor of physic, he obtained, by the interest of a relation, a fellowship of All Souls college, having submitted by the subscription required to the authority of the visitors appointed by the parliament, upon what principles, or how consistently with his former conduct, it is now impossible to discover.

When he thought himself qualified for practice, he fixed his residence in Westminster, became doctor of physic at Cambridge, received a licence from the college of physicians, and lived in the first degree of reputation, and the greatest affluence of practice, for many years, without any other enemies than those which he raised by the superior merit of his conduct, the brighter lustre of his abilities, or his improvements of his science, and his contempt of pernicious methods supported only by authority in opposition to sound reason and indubitable experience. These men are indebted to him for concealing their names, when he records their malice, since they have thereby escaped the contempt and detestation of posterity.

It is a melancholy reflection, that they who have obtained the highest reputation, by preserving or restoring the health of others, have often been hurried away before the natural decline of life, or have passed many of their years under the torments of those distempers which they profess to relieve. In this number was Sydenham, whose health began to fail in the 52d year of his age, by the frequent attacks of the gout, to which he was subject for a great part of his life, and which was afterwards accompanied with the stone in the kidneys, and, its natural consequence, bloody-urine.

These were distempers which even the art of Sydenham, could only palliate, without hope of a perfect cure, but which, if he has not been able by his precepts to instruct us to remove, he has, at least, by his example taught us to bear; for he never betrayed any indecent impatience, or unmanly dejection, under his torments, but supported himself by the reflections of philosophy, and the consolations

tions of religion, and in every interval of ease applied himself to the assistance of others with his usual assiduity.

After a life thus usefully employed, he died at his house in Pall-mall, on the 29th of December, 1689, and was buried in the aisle, near the south door of the church of St. James, in Westminster.

What was his character, as a physician, appears from the treatises which he has left, which it is not necessary to epitomise or transcribe; and from them it may likewise be collected, that his skill in physic was not his highest excellence; that his whole character was amiable; that his chief view was the benefit of mankind, and the chief motive of his actions the will of God, whom he mentions with reverence, well becoming the most enlightened and most penetrating mind. He was benevolent, candid, and communicative, sincere, and religious; qualities, which it were happy if they could copy from him, who emulate his knowledge, and imitate his methods.

C H E Y N E L *.

THERE is always this advantage in contending with illustrious adversaries, that the combatant is equally immortalized by conquest or defeat. He that dies by the sword of a hero will always be mentioned when the acts of his enemy are mentioned. The man, of whose life the following account is offered to the public, was indeed eminent among his own party, and had qualities, which, employed in a good cause, would have given him some claim to distinction ; but no one is now so much blinded with bigotry, as to imagine him equal either to Hammond or Chillingworth ; nor would his memory, perhaps, have been preserved, had he not, by being conjoined with illustrious names, become the object of public curiosity.

Francis Cheynel was born in 1608, at Oxford †, where his father Dr. John Cheynel, who had been fellow of Corpus Christi College, practised physic with great reputation. He was educated in one of the grammar schools of his native city, and in the beginning of the year 1623 became a member of the university.

It is probable that he lost his father when he was very young ; for it appears, that before 1629 his mother had married Dr. Abbot, bishop of Salisbury, whom she had likewise buried. From this marriage he received great advantage ; for his mother being now allied to Dr. Brent, then warden of Merton college, exerted her interest so vigorously, that he was admitted there a probationer, and afterwards obtained a fellowship ‡.

Having taken the degree of master of arts, he was admitted to orders according to the rites of the church of England, and held a curacy near Oxford, together with his fellowship. He continued in his college till he was quali-

* First printed in *The Student*, 1751.

† Vide Wood's *Ath. Ox. Orig. Edit.*

‡ Ibid.

ned by his years of residence for the degree of bachelor of divinity, which he attempted to take in 1641, but was denied his grace *, for disputing concerning predestination, contrary to the king's injunctions.

This refusal of his degree he mentions in his dedication to his account of Mr. Chillingworth: "Do not conceive that I snatch up my pen in an angry mood, that I might vent my dangerous wit, and ease my overburned spleen; no, no, I have almost forgotten the visitation of Merton college, and the denial of my grace, the plundering of my house, and little library: I know when, and where, and of whom to demand satisfaction for all these injuries and indignities. I have learnt *centum plagas Spartana nobilitate concoquere*. I have not learnt how to plunder others of goods, or living, and make myself amends by force of arms. I will not take a living which belonged to any civil, studious, learned delinquent; unless it be the much neglected *commendam* of some lordly prelate, condemned by the known laws of the land, and the highest court of the kingdom, for some offence of the first magnitude."

It is observable, that he declares himself to have almost forgot his injuries and indignities, though he recounts them with an appearance of acrimony, which is no proof that the impression is much weakened; and insinuates his design of demanding, at a proper time, satisfaction for them.

These vexations were the consequence, rather, of the abuse of learning, than the want of it; no one that reads his works can doubt that he was turbulent, obstinate, and petulant, and ready to instruct his superiors, when he most needed instruction from them. Whatever he believed (and the warmth of his imagination naturally made him precipitate in forming his opinions) he thought himself obliged to profess; and what he professed he was ready to defend, without that modesty which is always prudent, and generally necessary, and which, though it was not agreeable to Mr. Cheynel's temper, and therefore readily condemned by him, is a very useful associate to truth, and often introduces her by degrees, where she never could have forced her way by argument or declamation.

* Vide Wood's Hist. Univ. Ox. Orig. Edit.

A temper of this kind is generally inconvenient and offensive in any society, but in a place of education is least to be tolerated ; for, as authority is necessary to instruction, whoever endeavours to destroy subordination, by weakening that reverence which is claimed by those to whom the guardianship of youth is committed by their country, defeats at once the institution ; and may be justly driven from a society, by which he thinks himself too wise to be governed, and in which he is too young to teach, and too opinionative to learn.

This may be readily supposed to have been the case of Cheynel ; and I know not how those can be blamed for censuring his conduct, or punishing his disobedience, who had a right to govern him, and who might certainly act with equal sincerity, and with greater knowledge.

With regard to the visitation of Merton college, the account is equally obscure. Visitors are well known to be generally called to regulate the affairs of colleges, when the members disagree with their head, or with one another ; and the temper that Dr. Cheynel discovers will easily incline his readers to suspect that he could not long live in any place without finding some occasion for debate ; nor debate any question without carrying his opposition to such a length as might make a moderator necessary. Whether this was his conduct at Merton, or whether an appeal to the visitor's authority was made by him, or his adversaries, or any other member of the college, is not to be known ; it appears only, that there was a visitation, that he suffered by it, and repented his punishment.

He was afterwards presented to a living of great value, near Banbury, where he had some dispute with Archbishop Laud. Of this dispute I have found no particular account. Calamy only says he had a ruffle with Bishop Laud, while at his height.

Had Cheynel been equal to his adversary in greatness and learning, it had not been easy to have found either a more proper opposite ; for they were both, to the last degree, zealous, active, and pertinacious, and would have afforded mankind a spectacle of resolution and boldness not often to be seen. But the amusement of beholding the struggle would hardly have been without danger, as they were too fiery not to have communicated their heat, though it should have produced a conflagration of their country.

About

About the year 1641, when the whole nation was engaged in the controversy about the rights of the church, and necessity of episcopacy, he declared himself a Presbyterian, and an enemy to bishops, liturgies, ceremonies, and was considered as one of the most learned and acute of his party; for, having spent much of his life in a college, it cannot be doubted that he had a considerable knowledge of books, which the vehemence of his temper enabled him often to display, when a more timorous man would have been silent, though in learning not his inferior.

When the war broke out, Mr. Cheynel, in consequence of his principles, declared himself for the parliament; and as he appears to have held it as a first principle, that all great and noble spirits abhor neutrality, there is no doubt but that he exerted himself to gain proselytes, and to promote the interest of that party which he had thought it his duty to espouse. These endeavours were so much regarded by the parliament, that, having taken the covenant, he was nominated one of the assembly of divines, who were to meet at Westminster for the settlement of the new discipline.

This distinction drew necessarily upon him the hatred of the cavaliers; and his living being not far distant from the king's head-quarters, he received a visit from some of the troops, who, as he affirms, plundered his house, and drove him from it. His living, which was, I suppose, considered as forfeited by his absence (though he was not suffered to continue upon it), was given to a clergyman, of whom he says, that he would become a stage better than a pulpit; a censure which I can neither confute nor admit, because I have not discovered who was his successor. He then retired into Suffex, to exercise his ministry among his friends, in a place where, as he observes, there had been little of the power of religion either known or practised. As no reason can be given why the inhabitants of Suffex should have less knowledge or virtue than those of other places, it may be suspected that he means nothing more than a place where the presbyterian discipline or principles had never been received. We now observe, that the Methodists, where they scatter their opinions, represent themselves as preaching the gospel to unconverted nations; and enthusiasts of all kinds have been inclined to disguise their particular tenets with pompous appellations, and to imagine themselves the great instruments of salvation: yet it must be

be confessed that all places are not equally enlightened; that in the most civilized nations there are many corners which may be called barbarous, where neither politeness, nor religion, nor the common arts of life, have yet been cultivated; and it is likewise certain, that the inhabitants of Suffex have been sometimes mentioned as remarkable for brutality.

From Suffex he went often to London, where, in 1643, he preached three times before the parliament; and, returning in November to Colchester, to keep the monthly fast there, as was his custom, he obtained a convoy of sixteen soldiers, whose bravery or good fortune was such, that they faced and put to flight more than two hundred of the king's forces.

In this journey he found Mr. Chillingworth in the hands of the parliament's troops, of whose sickness and death he gave the account, which has been sufficiently made known to the learned world by Mr. Maizeaux, in his *Life of Chillingworth*.

With regard to this relation it may be observed, that it is written with an air of fearless veracity, and with the spirit of a man who thinks his cause just, and his behaviour without reproach: nor does there appear any reason for doubting that Cheynel spoke and acted as he relates; for he does not publish an apology, but a challenge, and writes not so much to obviate calumnies, as to gain from others that applause which he seems to have bestowed very liberally upon himself for his behaviour on that occasion.

Since, therefore, this relation is credible, a great part of it being supported by evidence which cannot be refused, Mr. Maizeaux seems very justly, in his *Life of Mr. Chillingworth*, to oppose the common report, that his life was shortened by the inhumanity of those to whom he was a prisoner; for Cheynel appears to have preserved, amidst all his detestation of the opinions which he imputed to him, a great kindness to his person, and veneration for his capacity: nor does he appear to have been cruel to him, otherwise than by that incessant importunity of disputation, to which he was doubtless incited by a sincere belief of the danger of his soul, if he should die without renouncing some of his opinions.

The same kindness which made him desirous to convert him before his death, would incline him to preserve him from dying before he was converted; and accordingly we find,

find, that, when the castle was yielded, he took care to procure him a commodious lodging : when he was to have been unseasonably removed, he attempted to shorten his journey, which he knew would be dangerous : when the physician was disgusted by Chillingworth's distrust, he prevailed upon him, as the symptoms grew more dangerous, to renew his visits ; and when death left no other act of kindness to be practised, procured him the rites of burial, which some would have denied him.

Having done thus far justice to the humanity of Cheynel, it is proper to enquire how far he deserves blame. He appears to have extended none of that kindness to the opinions of Chillingworth, which he shewed to his person ; for he interprets every word in the worst sense, and seems industrious to discover in every line heresies, which might have escaped for ever any other apprehension : he appears always suspicious of some latent malignity, and ready to persecute what he only suspects, with the same violence as if it had been openly avowed : in all his procedure he shews himself sincere, but without candour.

About this time Cheynel, in pursuance of his natural ardour, attended the army under the command of the Earl of Essex, and added the praise of valour to that of learning ; for he distinguished himself so much by his personal bravery, and obtained so much skill in the science of war, that his commands were obeyed by the colonels with as much respect as those of the general. He seems, indeed, to have been born a soldier, for he had an intrepidity which was never to be shaken by any danger, and a spirit of enterprise not to be discouraged by difficulty ; which were supported by an unusual degree of bodily strength. His services of all kinds were thought of so much importance by the parliament, that they bestowed upon him the living of Petworth, in Suffex. This living was of the value of 700*l.* per annum, from which they had ejected a man remarkable for his loyalty, and therefore, in their opinion, not worthy of such revenues. And it may be enquired, whether in accepting this preferment, Cheynel did not violate the protestation which he makes in the passage already recited, and whether he did not suffer his resolution to be over-born by the temptations of wealth.

In 1646, when Oxford was taken by the forces of the parliament, and the reformation of the University was resolved, Mr. Cheynel was sent, with six others, to prepare the way

for a visitation ; being authorized by the parliament to preach in any of the churches, without regard to the right of the members of the university ; that their doctrine might prepare their hearers for the changes which were intended.

When they arrived at Oxford, they began to execute their commission, by possessing themselves of the pulpits ; but, if the relation of Wood * is to be regarded, were heard with very little veneration. Those who had been accustomed to the preachers of Oxford, and the liturgy of the church of England, were offended at the emptiness of their discourses, which were noisy and unmeaning ; at the unusual gestures, the wild distortions, and the uncouth tone with which they were delivered ; at the coldness of their prayers for the king, and the vehemence and exuberance of those which they did not fail to utter for *the blessed councils* and actions of the parliament and army ; and at, what was surely not to be remarked without indignation, their omission of the Lord's Prayer.

But power easily supplied the want of reverence, and they proceeded in their plan of reformation ; and thinking sermons not so efficacious to conversion as private interrogatories and exhortations, they established a weekly meeting for *freeing tender consciences from scruple*, at a house, that, from the business to which it was appropriated, was called the *Scruple-shop*.

With this project they were so well pleased, that they sent to the parliament an account of it, which was afterwards printed, and is ascribed by Wood to Mr. Cheynel. They continued for some weeks to hold their meetings regularly, and to admit great numbers, whom curiosity, or a desire of conviction, or compliance with the prevailing party, brought thither. But their tranquillity was quickly disturbed by the turbulence of the Independents, whose opinions then prevailed among the soldiers, and were very industriously propagated by the discourses of William Earbury, a preacher of great reputation among them, who one day, gathering a considerable number of his most zealous followers, went to the house appointed for the resolution of scruples, on a day which was set apart for the disquisition of the dignity and office of a minister, and began to dispute with great vehemence against the Presbyterians, whom he denied to have any true ministers among them, and whose assemblies he affirmed not to be the true church.

* Vide Wood's Hist. Antiq. Oxon. Orig. Edit.

He was opposed with equal heat by the Presbyterians, and at length they agreed to examine the point another day, in a regular disputation. Accordingly they appointed the twelfth of November for an enquiry, "whether, in the Christian church, the office of minister is committed to any particular persons?"

On the day fixed, the antagonists appeared each attended by great numbers; but when the question was proposed they began to wrangle, not about the doctrine which they had engaged to examine, but about the terms of the proposition, which the Independents alleged to be changed since their agreement; and at length the soldiers insisted that the question should be, "Whether those who call themselves ministers have more right or power to preach the gospel, than any other man that is a Christian?" This question was debated for some time with great vehemence and confusion, but without any prospect of a conclusion. At length, one of the soldiers, who thought they had an equal right with the rest to engage in the controversy, demanded of the Presbyterians, whence they themselves received their orders, whether from bishops or any other persons? This unexpected interrogatory put them to great difficulties; for it happened that they were all ordained by the bishops, which they durst not acknowledge, for fear of exposing themselves to a general censure, and being convicted from their own declarations, in which they had frequently condemned Episcopacy as contrary to Christianity; nor durst they deny it, because they might have been confuted, and must at once have sunk into contempt. The soldiers, seeing their perplexity, insulted them; and went away boasting of their victory: nor did the Presbyterians, for some time, recover spirit enough to renew their meetings, or to proceed in the work of easing consciences.

Earbury, exulting at the victory, which, not his own abilities, but the subtilty of the soldier, had procured him, began to vent his notions of every kind without scruple, and at length asserted, that "the Saints had an equal measure of the divine nature with our Saviour, though not equally manifest." At the same time he took upon him the dignity of a prophet, and began to utter predictions relating to the affairs of England and Ireland.

His prophecies were not much regarded, but his doctrine was censured by the Presbyterians in their pulpits; and Mr. Cheynel challenged him to a disputation, to which

he agreed, and at his first appearance in St. Mary's church addressed his audience in the following manner :

“ Christian friends, kind fellow-foldiers, and worthy
 “ students, I, the humble servant of all mankind, am this
 “ day drawn, against my will, out of my cell, into this
 “ public assembly, by the double chain of accusation and
 “ a challenge from the pulpit. I have been charged
 “ with heresy ; I have been challenged to come hither
 “ in a letter written by Mr. Francis Cheynel. Here
 “ then I stand in defence of myself and my doctrine,
 “ which I shall introduce with only this declaration, that I
 “ claim not the office of a minister on account of any out-
 “ ward call, though I formerly received ordination, nor do
 “ I boast of illumination, or the knowledge of our Saviour,
 “ though I have been held in esteem by others, and for-
 “ merly by myself. For I now declare, that I know no-
 “ thing, and am nothing, nor would I be thought of
 “ otherwise than as an enquirer and seeker.”

He then advanced his former position in stronger terms, and with additions equally detestable, which Cheynel attacked with the vehemence which, in so warm a temper, such horrid assertions might naturally excite. The dispute, frequently interrupted by the clamours of the audience, and tumults raised to disconcert Cheynel, who was very unpopular, continued about four hours, and then both the controvertists grew weary and retired. The Presbyterians afterwards thought they should more speedily put an end to the heresies of Earbury by power than by argument ; and, by soliciting General Fairfax, procured his removal.

Mr. Cheynel published an account of this dispute under the title of “ Faith triumphing over Error and Heresy in a “ Revelation,” &c. nor can it be doubted but he had the victory, where his cause gave him so great superiority.

Somewhat before this, his captious and petulant disposition engaged him in a controversy, from which he could not expect to gain equal reputation. Dr. Hammond had not long before published his *Practical Catechism*, in which Mr. Cheynel, according to his custom, found many errors implied, if not asserted ; and therefore, as it was much read, thought it convenient to censure it in the pulpit. Of this Dr. Hammond being informed, desired him in a letter to communicate his objections ; to which Mr. Cheynel returned an answer, written with his usual temper, and therefore somewhat perverse. The controversy was drawn out to a

considerable length; and the papers on both sides were afterwards made public by Dr. Hammond.

In 1647, it was determined by parliament, that the reformation of Oxford should be more vigorously carried on; and Mr. Cheynel was nominated one of the visitors. The general process of the visitation, the firmness and fidelity of the students, the address by which the enquiry was delayed, and the steadiness with which it was opposed, which are very particularly related by Wood, and after him by Walker, it is not necessary to mention here, as they relate not more to Dr. Cheynel's life than to those of his associates.

There is, indeed, some reason to believe that he was more active and virulent than the rest, because he appears to have been charged in a particular manner with some of their most unjustifiable measures. He was accused of proposing, that the members of the University should be denied the assistance of counsel, and was lampooned by name, as a madman, in a satire written on the visitation.

One action, which shews the violence of his temper, and his disregard both of humanity and decency, when they came in competition with his passions, must not be forgotten. The visitors being offended at the obstinacy of Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ-church, and Vice-chancellor of the University, having first deprived him of his vice-chancellorship, determined afterwards to dispossess him of his deanery; and, in the course of their proceedings, thought it proper to seize upon his chambers in the college. This was an act which most men would willingly have referred to the officers to whom the law assigned it; but Cheynel's fury prompted him to a different conduct. He, and three more of the visitors, went and demanded admission; which, being steadily refused them, they obtained by the assistance of a file of soldiers, who forced the doors with pick-axes. Then entering, they saw Mrs. Fell in the lodgings, Dr. Fell being in prison at London, and ordered her to quit them; but found her not more obsequious than her husband. They repeated their orders with menaces, but were not able to prevail upon her to remove. They then retired, and left her exposed to the brutality of the soldiers, whom they commanded to keep possession; which Mrs. Fell however did not leave. About nine days afterwards she received another visit of the same kind from the new chancellor, the earl of Pembroke; who having, like the others, ordered her to depart without effect, treated her with reproachful

proachful language, and at last commanded the soldiers to take her up in her chair, and carry her out of doors. Her daughters, and some other gentlewomen that were with her, were afterwards treated in the same manner; one of whom predicted, without dejection, that she should enter the house again with less difficulty, at some other time; nor was she mistaken in her conjecture, for Dr. Fell lived to be restored to his deanery.

At the reception of the chancellor, Cheynel, as the most accomplished of the visitors, had the province of presenting him with the ensigns of his office, some of which were counterfeit, and addressing him with a proper oration. Of this speech, which Wood has preserved, I shall give some passages, by which a judgment may be made of his oratory.

Of the staves of the beadles he observes, that "some are stained with double guilt, that some are pale with fear, and that others have been made use of as crutches, for the support of bad causes and desperate fortunes;" and he remarks of the book of statutes which he delivers, that "the ignorant may perhaps admire the splendor of the cover, but the learned know that the real treasure is within." Of these two sentences it is easily discovered, that the first is forced and unnatural, and the second trivial and low.

Soon afterwards Mr. Cheynel was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, for which his grace had been denied him in 1641, and, as he then suffered for an ill-timed assertion of the Presbyterian doctrines, he obtained that his degree should be dated from the time at which he was refused it; an honour, which, however, did not secure him from being soon after publicly reproached as a madman.

But the vigour of Cheynel was thought by his companions to deserve profit as well as honour; and Dr. Bailey, the president of St. John's College, being not more obedient to the authority of the parliament than the rest, was deprived of his revenues and authority, with which Mr. Cheynel was immediately invested; who, with his usual coolness and modesty, took possession of the lodgings soon after by breaking open the door.

This preferment being not thought adequate to the deserts or abilities of Mr. Cheynel, it was therefore desired by the committee of parliament, that the visitors would recommend

mend him to the lectureship of divinity founded by the Lady Margaret. To recommend him and to choose was at that time the same ; and he had now the pleasure of propagating his darling doctrine of predestination, without interruption, and without danger.

Being thus flushed with power and success, there is little reason for doubting that he gave way to his natural vehemence, and indulged himself in the utmost excesses of raging zeal, by which he was indeed so much distinguished, that, in a satire mentioned by Wood, he is dignified by the title of Arch-visitor ; an appellation which he seems to have been industrious to deserve by severity and inflexibility : for, not contented with the commission which he and his colleagues had already received, he procured six or seven of the members of parliament to meet privately in Mr. Rouse's lodgings, and assume the style and authority of a committee, and from them obtained a more extensive and tyrannical power, by which the visitors were enabled to force the *solemn League and Covenant* and the *negative Oath* upon all the members of the University, and to prosecute those for a contempt who did not appear to a citation, at whatever distance they might be, and whatever reasons they might assign for their absence.

By this method he easily drove great numbers from the University, whose places he supplied with men of his own opinion, whom he was very industrious to draw from other parts, with promises of making a liberal provision for them out of the spoils of heretics and malignants.

Having in time almost extirpated those opinions which he found so prevalent at his arrival, or at least obliged those, who would not recant, to an appearance of conformity, he was at leisure for employments which deserve to be recorded with greater commendation. About this time, many Socinian writers began to publish their notions with great boldness, which the Presbyterians considering as heretical and impious, thought it necessary to confute ; and therefore Cheynel, who had now obtained his doctor's degree, was desired, in 1649, to write a vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity, which he performed, and published the next year.

He drew up likewise a confutation of some Socinian tenets advanced by John Fry ; a man who spent great part of his life in ranging from one religion to another, and who sat as one of the judges on the king, but was expelled afterwards

afterwards from the House of Commons, and disabled from sitting in parliament. Dr. Cheynel is said to have shewn himself evidently superior to him in the controversy, and was answered by him only with an opprobrious book against the Presbyterian clergy.

Of the remaining part of his life there is found only an obscure and confused account. He quitted the presidency of St. John's, and the professorship, in 1650, as Calamy relates, because he would not take the engagement; and gave a proof that he could suffer as well as act in a cause which he believed just. We have, indeed, no reason to question his resolution, whatever occasion might be given to exert it; nor is it probable that he feared affliction more than danger, or that he would not have borne persecution himself for those opinions which inclined him to prosecute others.

He did not suffer much upon this occasion; for he retained the living of Petworth, to which he thenceforward confined his labours, and where he was very assiduous, and, as Calamy affirms; very successful in the exercise of his ministry, it being his peculiar character to be warm and zealous in all his undertakings.

This heat of his disposition, increased by the uncommon turbulence of the times in which he lived, and by the opposition to which the unpopular nature of some of his employments exposed him, was at last heightened to distraction, so that he was for some years disordered in his understanding, as both Wood and Calamy relate, but with such difference as might be expected from their opposite principles. Wood appears to think, that a tendency to madness was discoverable in a great part of his life; Calamy, that it was only transient and accidental, though, in his additions to his first narrative, he pleads it as an extenuation of that fury with which his kindest friends confess him to have acted on some occasions. Wood declares, that he died little better than distracted; Calamy, that he was perfectly recovered to a sound mind before the Restoration, at which time he retired to Preston, a small village in Suffex, being turned out of his living at Petworth.

It does not appear, that he kept his living till the general ejection of the Nonconformists; and it is not unlikely that the asperity of his carriage, and the known virulence of his temper, might have raised him enemies, who were willing to make him feel the effects of persecution which he had

so furiously incited against others ; but of this incident of his life there is no particular account.

After his deprivation, he lived (till his death, which happened in 1665) at a small village near Chichester, upon a paternal estate, not augmented by the large preferments wasted upon him in the triumphs of his party ; having been remarkable, throughout his life, for hospitality and contempt of money.

C A V E *.

EDWARD CAVE was born at Newton in Warwickshire, Feb. 29, 1691. His father (Joseph) was the younger son of Mr. Edward Cave, of Cave's in the Hole, a lone house, on the Street-road in the same county, which took its name from the occupier ; but having concurred with his elder brother in cutting off the intail of a small hereditary estate, by which act it was lost from the family, he was reduced to follow in Rugby the trade of a shoe-maker. He was a man of good reputation in his narrow circle, and remarkable for strength and rustic intrepidity. He lived to a great age, and was in his latter years supported by his son.

It was fortunate for Edward Cave, that, having a disposition to literary attainments, he was not cut off by the poverty of his parents from opportunities of cultivating his faculties. The school of Rugby, in which he had, by the rules of its foundation, a right to be instructed, was then in high reputation, under the Rev. Mr. Holyock, to whose care most of the neighbouring families, even of the highest rank, entrusted their sons. He had judgment to discover, and, for some time, generosity to encourage, the genius of young Cave ; and was so well pleased with his quick progress in the school, that he declared his resolution to breed him for the university, and recommended him as a servitor to some of his scholars of high rank. But prosperity which depends upon the caprice of others is of short duration. Cave's superiority in literature exalted him to an invidious familiarity with boys who were far above him in rank and expectations ; and, as in unequal associations it always happens, whatever unlucky prank was played was imputed to Cave. When any mischief, great or small, was done,

* This life first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754, and is now printed from a copy revised by the author, at the request of Mr. Nichols, in 1781.

though

though perhaps others boasted of the stratagem when it was successful, yet upon detection or miscarriage, the fault was sure to fall upon poor Cave.

At last, his mistress by some invisible means lost a favourite cock. Cave was, with little examination stigmatized as the thief or murderer; not because he was more apparently criminal than others, but because he was more easily reached by vindictive justice. From that time Mr. Holyock withdrew his kindness visibly from him, and treated him with harshness, which the crime, in its utmost aggravation, could scarcely deserve; and which surely he would have forborn, had he considered how hardly the habitual influence of birth and fortune is resisted; and how frequently men, not wholly without sense of virtue, are betrayed to acts more atrocious than the robbery of a hen-roost, by the desire of pleasing their superiors.

Those reflections his master never made, or made without effect; for under pretence that Cave obstructed the discipline of the school, by selling clandestine assistance, and supplying exercises to idlers, he was oppressed with unreasonable tasks, that there might be an opportunity of quarrelling with his failure; and when his diligence had surmounted them, no regard was paid to the performance. Cave bore this persecution a while, and then left the school, and the hope of literary education, to seek some other means of gaining a livelihood.

He was first placed with a collector of the excise. He used to recount with some pleasure a journey or two which he rode with him as his clerk, and relate the victories that he gained over the excisemen in grammatical disputations. But the insolence of his mistress, who employed him in servile drudgery, quickly disgusted him, and he went up to London in quest of more suitable employment.

He was recommended to a timber-merchant at the Bank-side, and while he was there on liking, is said to have given hopes of great mercantile abilities; but this place he soon left, I know not for what reason, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Collins, a printer of some reputation, and deputy alderman.

This was a trade for which men were formerly qualified by a literary education, and which was pleasing to Cave, because it furnished some employment for his scholastic attainments. Here, therefore, he resolved to settle, though
his

his master and mistress lived in perpetual discord, and their house was therefore no comfortable habitation. From the inconveniencies of these domestic tumults he was soon released, having in only two years attained so much skill in his art, and gained so much the confidence of his master, that he was sent without any superintendant to conduct a printing-house at Norwich, and publish a weekly paper. In this undertaking he met with some opposition, which produced a public controversy, and procured young Cave the reputation of a writer.

His master died before his apprenticeship was expired, and he was not able to bear the perverseness of his mistress. He therefore quitted her house upon a stipulated allowance, and married a young widow with whom he lived at Bow. When his apprenticeship was over, he worked as a journeyman at the printing-house of Mr. Barber, a man much distinguished, and employed by the Tories, whose principles had at that time so much prevalence with Cave, that he was for some years a writer in "Mist's Journal;" which, though he afterwards obtained by his wife's interest a small place in the Post-office, he for some time continued. But as interest is powerful, and conversation, however mean, in time persuasive, he by degrees inclined to another party; in which, however, he was always moderate, though steady and determined.

When he was admitted into the Post-office he still continued, at his intervals of attendance, to exercise his trade, or to employ himself with some typographical business. He corrected the "Gradus ad Parnassum;" and was liberally rewarded by the Company of Stationers. He wrote an "Account of the Criminals," which had for some time a considerable sale; and published many little pamphlets that accident brought into his hands, of which it would be very difficult to recover the memory. By the correspondence which his place in the Post-office facilitated, he procured country news-papers, and sold their intelligence to a Journalist in London, for a guinea a-week.

He was afterwards raised to the office of clerk of the franks, in which he acted with great spirit and firmness; and often stopped franks, which were given by members of parliament to their friends, because he thought such extension of a peculiar right illegal. This raised many complaints; and having stopped, among others, a frank given to the old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer,

mer, he was cited before the house, as for breach of privilege, and accused, I suppose very unjustly, of opening letters to detect them. He was treated with great harshness and severity; but declining their questions by pleading his oath of secrecy, was at last dismissed. And it must be recorded to his honour, that, when he was ejected from his office, he did not think himself discharged from his trust, but continued to refuse to his nearest friends any information about the management of the office.

By this constancy of diligence and diversification of employment, he in time collected a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small printing-office, and began the "Gentleman's Magazine," a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken. To this undertaking he owed the affluence in which he passed the last twenty years of his life, and the fortune which he left behind him, which, though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded.

"The Gentleman's Magazine," which has now subsisted fifty years, and still continues to enjoy the favour of the world *, is one of the most successful and lucrative pamphlets which literary history has upon record, and therefore deserves, in this narrative, particular notice.

Mr. Cave, when he formed the project, was far from expecting the success which he found; and others had so little prospect of its consequence, that though he had for several years talked of his plan among printers and booksellers, none of them thought it worth the trial. That they were not restrained by virtue from the execution of another man's design, was sufficiently apparent as soon as that design began to be gainful; for in a few years a multitude of magazines arose and perished; only the London Magazine, supported by a powerful association of booksellers, and circulated with all the art and all the cunning of trade, exempted itself from the general fate of Cave's invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a considerable sale †.

* This was said in the beginning of the year 1781; and may be repeated in 1791.

† The London Magazine ceased to exist in 1785.

Cave now began to aspire to popularity ; and being a greater lover of poetry than any other art, he sometimes offered subjects for poems, and proposed prizes for the best performers. The first prize was 50*l.* for which, being but newly acquainted with wealth, and thinking the influence of 50*l.* extremely great, he expected the first authors of the kingdom to appear as competitors ; and offered the allotment of the prize to the universities. But when the time came, no name was seen among the writers that had ever been seen before ; the universities and several private men rejected the province of assigning the prize*. At all this Mr. Cave wondered for a while ; but his natural judgment, and a wider acquaintance with the world, soon cured him of his astonishment, as of many other prejudices and errors. Nor have many men been seen raised by accident or industry to sudden riches, that retained less of the meanness of their former state.

He continued to improve his Magazine, and had the satisfaction of seeing its success proportionate to his diligence, till, in 1751, his wife died of an asthma. He seemed not at first much affected by her death, but in a few days lost his sleep and his appetite, which he never recovered ; but after having lingered about two years, with many vicissitudes of amendment and relapse, fell by drinking acid liquors into a diarrhœa, and afterwards into a kind of lethargic insensibility, in which one of the last acts of reason which he exerted was fondly to press the hand that is now writing this little narrative. He died on the 10th of January, 1754, having just concluded the twenty-third annual collection †.

He

* The determination was left to Dr. Cromwell Mortimer and Dr. Birch, and by the latter the award was made, which may be seen in the *Gent. Mag.* vol. vi. p. 59.

† Mr. Cave was buried in the church of St. James, Clerkenwell, without an epitaph ; but the following inscription at Rugby, from the pen of Dr. Hawkefworth, is here transcribed from the "Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer," p. 88.

Near this place lies

The body of

J O S E P H C A V E,

Late of this parish ;

Who departed this life Nov. 18, 1747,

Aged 79 years.

He.

He was a man of a large stature, not only tall but bulky, and was, when young, of remarkable strength and activity. He was generally healthful, and capable of much labour and long application; but in the latter years of his life was afflicted with the gout, which he endeavoured to cure or alleviate by a total abstinence both from strong

He was placed by Providence in a humble station;
 But
 Industry abundantly supplied the wants of Nature,
 And
 Temperance blest him with
 Content and Wealth.

As he was an affectionate Father,
 He was made happy in the decline of life
 By the deserved eminence of his eldest Son
 E D W A R D C A V E;
 Who, without interest, fortune, or connection,
 By the native force of his own genius,
 Assisted only by a classical education,
 Which he received at the Grammar-school
 Of this Town,
 Planned, executed, and established
 A literary work, called

T H E
 GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
 Whereby he acquir'd an ample fortune,
 The whole of which devolved to his Family.
 Here also lies

The body of WILLIAM CAVE,
 Second Son of the said JOSEPH CAVE,
 Who died May 2, 1757, aged 62 years;
 And who, having survived his elder brother
 EDWARD CAVE,

Inherited from him a competent estate;
 And, in gratitude to his benefactor,
 Ordered this monument to perpetuate his memory.

He liv'd a Patriarch in his numerous race,
 And shew'd in charity a Christian's grace:
 Whate'er a friend or parent feels, he knew;
 His hand was open, and his heart was true;
 In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind,
 A grateful always is a generous mind.
 Here rest his clay! his soul must ever rest,
 Who blest'd when living, dying must be blest.

liquore

liquors and animal food. From animal food he abstained about four years, and from strong liquors much longer ; but the gout continued unconquered, perhaps unabated.

His resolution and perseverance were very uncommon ; in whatever he undertook, neither expence nor fatigue were able to repress him : but his constancy was calm, and to those who did not know him, appeared faint and languid ; but he always went forward, though he moved slowly.

The same chiliness of mind was observable in his conversation : he was watching the minutest accent of those whom he disgusted by seeming inattention ; and his visitant was surprized when he came a second time, by preparations to execute the scheme which he supposed never to have been heard.

He was, consistently with this general tranquillity of mind, a tenacious maintainer, though not a clamorous demander of his right. In his youth having summoned his fellow journeymen to concert measures against the oppression of their masters, he mounted a kind of rostrum, and harangued them so efficaciously, that they determined to resist all future invasions ; and when the stamp-officers demanded to stamp the last half sheet of the Magazines, Mr. Cave alone defeated their claim, to which the proprietors of the rival Magazines would meanly have submitted.

He was a friend rather easy and constant, than zealous and active ; yet many instances might be given, where both his money and his diligence were employed liberally for others. His enmity was in like manner cool and deliberate ; but though cool, it was not insidious, and though deliberate, not pertinacious.

His mental faculties were slow. He saw little at a time, but that little he saw with great exactness. He was long in finding the right, but seldom failed to find it at last. His affections were not easily gained, and his opinions not quickly discovered. His reserve, as it might hide his faults, concealed his virtues : but such he was, as they who best knew him have most lamented.

KING OF PRUSSIA*.

CHARLES FREDERICK the present king of Prussia, whose actions and designs now keep Europe in attention, is the eldest son of Frederick William by Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George the First, king of England. He was born January 24, 1711-12. Of his early years nothing remarkable has been transmitted to us. As he advanced towards manhood, he became remarkable by his disagreement with his father.

The late king of Prussia was of a disposition violent and arbitrary, of narrow views, and vehement passions, earnestly engaged in little pursuits, or in schemes terminating in some speedy consequence, without any plan of lasting advantage to himself or his subjects, or any prospect of distant events. He was therefore always busy though no effects of his activity ever appeared, and always eager though he had nothing to gain. His behaviour was to the last degree rough and savage. The least provocation, whether designed or accidental, was returned by blows, which he did not always forbear to the queen and princesses.

From such a king and such a father it was not any enormous violation of duty in the immediate heir of a kingdom sometimes to differ in opinion, and to maintain that difference with decent pertinacity. A prince of a quick sagacity and comprehensive knowledge must find many practices in the conduct of affairs which he could not approve, and some which he could scarcely forbear to oppose.

The chief pride of the old king was to be master of the tallest regiment in Europe. He therefore brought together from all parts men above the common military standard. To exceed the height of six feet was a certain recommendation to notice, and to approach that of seven a claim to distinction. Men will readily go where they are sure to be caressed; and he had therefore such a collection of giants as perhaps was never seen in the world before.

* First printed in the Literary Magazine for 1756.

To review this towering regiment was his daily pleasure, and to perpetuate it was so much his care, that when he met a tall woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry her, that they might propagate procerity, and produce heirs to the father's habiliments.

In all this there was apparent folly, but there was no crime. The tall regiment made a fine show at an expence not much greater, when once it was collected, than would have been bestowed upon common men. But the king's military pastimes were sometimes more pernicious. He maintained a numerous army, of which he made no other use than to review and to talk of it; and when he, or perhaps his emissaries, saw a boy, whose form and sprightliness promised a future soldier, he ordered a kind of a badge to be put about his neck, by which he was marked out for the service, like the sons of Christian captives in Turkey; and his parents were forbidden to destine him to any other mode of life.

This was sufficiently oppressive, but this was not the utmost of his tyranny. He had learned, though otherwise perhaps no very great politician, that to be rich was to be powerful; but that the riches of a king ought to be seen in the opulence of his subjects, he wanted either ability or benevolence to understand. He therefore raised exorbitant taxes from every kind of commodity and possession, and piled up the money in his treasury, from which it issued no more. How the land which had paid taxes once was to pay them a second time, how imposts could be levied without commerce, or commerce continued without money, it was not his custom to enquire. Eager to snatch at money and delighted to count it, he felt new joy at every receipt, and thought himself enriched by the impoverishment of his dominions.

By which of these freaks of royalty the prince was offended, or whether, as perhaps more frequently happens, the offences of which he complained were of a domestic and personal kind, it is not easy to discover. But his resentment, whatever was its cause, rose so high, that he resolved not only to leave his father's court, but his territories, and to seek a refuge among the neighbouring or kindred princes. It is generally believed that his intention was to come to England, and live under the protection of his uncle, till his father's death, or change of conduct, should give him liberty to return.

His

His design, whatever it was, he concerted with an officer of the army whose name was Kat, a man in whom he placed great confidence, and whom having chosen him for the companion of his flight, he necessarily trusted with the preparatory measures. A prince cannot leave his country with the speed of a meaner fugitive. Something was to be provided, and something to be adjusted. And, whether Kat found the agency of others necessary, and therefore was constrained to admit some partners of the secret; whether levity or vanity incited him to disburden himself of a trust that swelled in his bosom, or to shew to a friend or mistress his own importance; or whether it be in itself difficult for princes, to transact any thing in secret; so it was, that the king was informed of the intended flight, and the prince and his favourite, a little before the time settled for their departure, were arrested, and confined in different places.

The life of princes is seldom in danger, the hazard of their irregularities falls only on those whom ambition or affection combines with them. The king, after an imprisonment of some time, set his son at liberty; but poor Kat was ordered to be tried for a capital crime. The court examined the cause, and acquitted him; the king remanded him to a second trial, and obliged his judges to condemn him. In consequence of the sentence thus tyrannically extorted, he was publicly beheaded, leaving behind him some papers of reflections made in the prison, which were afterwards printed, and among others an admonition to the prince, for whose sake he suffered, not to foster in himself the opinion of destiny, for that a Providence is discoverable in every thing round us.

This cruel prosecution of a man who had committed no crime, but by compliance with influence not easily to be resisted, was not the only act by which the old king irritated his son. A lady with whom the prince was suspected of intimacy, perhaps more than virtue allowed, was seized, I know not upon what accusation, and, by the king's order, notwithstanding all the reasons of decency and tenderness that operate in other countries and other judicatures, was publicly whipped in the streets of Berlin.

At last, that the prince might feel the power of a king and a father in its utmost rigour, he was, in 1733, married against his will to the princess Elizabetha Christina of Brunswick Lunenburg Beveren. He married her indeed

at his father's command, but without professing for her either esteem or affection, and, considering the claim of parental authority fully satisfied by the external ceremony, obstinately and perpetually during the life of his father refrained from her bed. The poor princess lived about seven years in the court of Berlin, in a state which the world has not often seen, a wife without a husband, married so far as to engage her person to a man who did not desire her affection, and of whom it was doubtful whether he thought himself restrained from the power of repudiation by an act performed under evident compulsion.

Thus he lived secluded from public business, in contentment with his father, in alienation from his wife. This state of uneasiness he found the only means of softening. He diverted his mind from the scenes about him by studies and liberal amusements. The studies of princes seldom produce great effects, for princes draw with meaner mortals the lot of understanding; and since of many students not more than one can be hoped to advance far towards perfection, it is scarcely to be expected that we should find that one a prince; that the desire of science should overpower in any mind the love of pleasure when it is always present or always within call; that laborious meditation should be preferred in the days of youth to amusements and festivity; or that perseverance should press forward in contempt of flattery; and that he, in whom moderate acquisitions would be extolled as prodigies, should exact from himself that excellence of which the whole world conspires to spare him the necessity.

In every great performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greatest part, the effect of voluntary election, and regular design. The king of Prussia was undoubtedly born with more than common abilities; but that he has cultivated them with more than common diligence was probably the effect of his peculiar condition, of that which he then considered as cruelty and misfortune.

In this long interval of unhappiness and obscurity he acquired skill in the mathematical sciences, such as is said to put him on the level with those who have made them the business of their lives. This is probably to say too much: the acquisitions of kings are always magnified. His skill in the poetry and in the French language have
been

been loudly praised by Voltaire, a judge without exception, if his honesty were equal to his knowledge. Music he not only understands, but practises on the German flute in the highest perfection; so that, according to the regal censure of Philip of Macedon, he may be ashamed to play so well.

He may be said to owe to the difficulties of his youth an advantage less frequently obtained by princes than literature and mathematics. The necessity of passing his time without pomp, and of partaking of the pleasures and labours of a lower station, made him acquainted with the various forms of life, and with the genuine passions, interests, desires, and distresses, of mankind. Kings without this help from temporary infelicity see the world in a mist, which magnifies every thing near them, and bounds their view to a narrow compass, which few are able to extend by the mere force of curiosity. I have always thought that what Cromwell had more than our lawful kings, he owed to the private condition in which he first entered the world, and in which he long continued; in that state he learned his art of secret transaction, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppose zeal to zeal, and make one enthusiast destroy another.

The king of Prussia gained the same arts, and, being born to fairer opportunities of using them, brought to the throne the knowledge of a private man without the guilt of usurpation. Of this general acquaintance with the world there may be found some traces in his whole life. His conversation is like that of other men upon common topics, his letters have an air of familiar elegance, and his whole conduct is that of a man who has to do with men, and who is ignorant what motives will prevail over friends or enemies.

In 1740 the old king fell sick, and spoke and acted in his illness with his usual turbulence and roughness, reproaching his physicians in the grossest terms with their unskilfulness and impotence, and imputing to their ignorance or wickedness the pain which their prescriptions failed to relieve. These insults they bore with the submission which is commonly paid to despotic monarchs; till at last the celebrated Hoffman was consulted, who, failing like the rest to give ease to his majesty, was like the rest treated with injurious language. Hoffman, conscious of his own merit, replied, that he could not bear reproaches which he did

did not deserve ; that he had tried all the remedies that art could supply, or nature could admit ; that he was indeed a professor by his majesty's bounty ; but that, if his abilities or integrity were doubted, he was willing to leave not only the university but the kingdom, and that he could not be driven into any place where the name of Hoffman would want respect. The king, however unaccustomed to such returns, was struck with conviction of his own indecency, told Hoffman that he had spoken well, and requested him to continue his attendance.

The king, finding his distemper gaining upon his strength, grew at last sensible that his end was approaching, and, ordering the prince to be called to his bed, laid several injunctions upon him, of which one was to perpetuate the tall regiment by continual recruits, and another to receive his espoused wife. The prince gave him a respectful answer, but wisely avoided to diminish his own right or power by an absolute promise ; and the king died uncertain of the fate of the tall regiment.

The young king began his reign with great expectations, which he has yet surpassed. His father's faults produced many advantages to the first years of his reign. He had an army of seventy thousand men well disciplined, without any imputation of severity to himself, and was master of a vast treasure without the crime or reproach of raising it. It was publicly said in our house of commons, that he had eight millions sterling of our money ; but, I believe, he that said it had not considered how difficultly eight millions would be found in all the Prussian dominions. Men judge of what they do not see by that which they see. We are used to talk in England of millions with great familiarity, and imagine that there is the same affluence of money in other countries, in countries whose manufactures are few, and commerce little.

Every man's first cares are necessarily domestic. The king, being now no longer under influence or its appearance, determined how to act towards the unhappy lady who had possessed for seven years the empty title of the Princess of Prussia. The papers of those times exhibited the conversation of their first interview ; as if the king, who plans campaigns in silence, would not accommodate a difference with his wife, but with writers of news admitted as witnesses. It is certain that he received her as queen, but whether he treats her as a wife is yet in dispute.

In a few days his resolution was known with regard to the tall regiment ; for some recruits being offered him, he rejected them ; and this body of giants, by continued disregard, mouldered away.

He treated his mother with great respect, ordered that she should bear the title of *Queen Mother*, and that, instead of addressing him as *His Majesty*, she should only call him *Son*.

As he was passing soon after between Berlin and Potsdam, a thousand boys who had been marked out for military service, surrounded his coach, and cried out, " Merciful king, deliver us from our slavery." He promised them their liberty, and ordered the next day that the badge should be taken off.

He still continued that correspondence with learned men which he began when he was prince ; and the eyes of all scholars, a race of mortals formed for dependence, were upon him, as a man likely to renew the times of patronage, and to emulate the bounties of Lewis the Fourteenth.

It soon appeared that he was resolved to govern with very little ministerial assistance : he took cognizance of every thing with his own eyes ; declared that, in all contrarieties of interest between him and his subjects, the public good should have the preference ; and in one of the first exertions of regal power banished the prime minister and favourite of his father, as one that had *betrayed his master, and abused his trust*.

He then declared his resolution to grant a general toleration of religion, and among other liberalities of concession allowed the profession of Free Masonry. It is the great taint of his character, that he has given reason to doubt, whether this toleration is the effect of charity or indifference, whether he means to support good men of every religion, or considers all religions as equally good.

There had subsisted for some time in Prussia an order called the *Order for favour*, which, according to its denomination, had been conferred with very little distinction. The king instituted the *Order for merit*, with which he honoured those whom he considered as deserving. There were some who thought their merit not sufficiently recompensed by this new title ; but he was not very ready to grant pecuniary rewards. Those who were most in his favour he sometimes presented with snuff-boxes, on which was inscribed *Amitie augmente le prix*.

He

He was, however, charitable if not liberal, for he ordered the magistrates of the several districts to be very attentive to the relief of the poor ; and, if the funds established for that use were not sufficient, permitted that the deficiency should be supplied out of the revenues of the town.

One of his first cares was the advancement of learning. Immediately upon his accession, he wrote to Rollin and Voltaire, that he desired the continuance of their friendship ; and sent for Mr. Maupertuis, the principal of the French academicians, who passed a winter in Lapland, to verify, by the mensuration of a degree near the Pole, the Newtonian doctrine of the form of the earth. He requested of Maupertuis to come to Berlin, to settle an academy, in terms of great ardour and great condescension.

At the same time, he shewed the world that literary amusements were not likely, as has more than once happened to royal students, to withdraw him from the care of the kingdom, or make him forget his interest. He began by reviving a claim to Herstal and Hermal, two districts in the possession of the bishop of Liege. When he sent his commissary to demand the homage of the inhabitants, they refused him admission, declaring that they acknowledged no sovereign but the bishop. The king then wrote a letter to the bishop, in which he complained of the violation of his right, and the contempt of his authority, charged the prelate with countenancing the late act of disobedience, and required an answer in two days.

In three days the answer was sent, in which the bishop founds his claim to the two lordships upon a grant of Charles the Fifth, guarantied by France and Spain ; alledges that his predecessors had enjoyed this grant above a century, and that he never intended to infringe the rights of Prussia ; but, as the house of Brandenburg had always made some pretensions to that territory, he was willing to do what other bishops had offered, to purchase that claim for an hundred thousand crowns.

To every man that knows the state of the feudal countries, the intricacy of their pedigrees, the confusion of their alliances, and the different rules of inheritance that prevail in different places, it will appear evident, that of reviving antiquated claims there can be no end, and that the possession of a century is a better title than can commonly be produced. So long a prescription supposes an acquiescence in the other claimants ; and that acquiescence supposes also
some

some reason, perhaps now unknown, for which the claim was forborn. Whether this rule could be considered as valid in the controversy between these sovereigns may however be doubted, for the bishop's answer seems to imply, that the title of the house of Brandenburg had been kept alive by repeated claims, though the seizure of the territory had been hitherto forborn.

The king did not suffer his claim to be subjected to any altercations, but, having published a declaration in which he charged the bishop with violence and injustice, and remarked that the feudal laws allowed every man, whose possession was withheld from him, to enter it with an armed force, he immediately dispatched two thousand soldiers into the controverted countries, where they lived without controul, exercising every kind of military tyranny, till the cries of the inhabitants forced the bishop to relinquish them to the quiet government of Prussia.

This was but a petty acquisition; the time was now come when the king of Prussia was to form and execute greater designs. On the 9th of October, 1740, half Europe was thrown into confusion by the death of Charles the Sixth, emperor of Germany, by whose death all the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria descended, according to the pragmatic sanction, to his eldest daughter, who was married to the duke of Lorrain, at the time of the emperor's death, duke of Tuscany.

By how many securities the pragmatic sanction was fortified, and how little it was regarded when those securities became necessary; how many claimants started up at once to the several dominions of the house of Austria: how vehemently their pretensions were enforced, and how many invasions were threatened or attempted: the distresses of the emperor's daughter, known for several years by the title only of the Queen of Hungary, because Hungary was the only country to which her claim had not been disputed: the firmness with which she struggled with her difficulties, and the good fortune by which she surmounted them: the narrow plan of this essay will not suffer me to relate. Let them be told by some other writer of more leisure and wider intelligence.

Upon the emperor's death, many of the German princes fell upon the Austrian territories as upon a dead carcase, to be dismembered among them without resistance. Among these, with whatever justice, certainly with very little generosity, was

was the king of Prussia, who, having assembled his troops, as was imagined to support the pragmatic sanction, on a sudden entered Silesia with thirty thousand men, publishing a declaration, in which he disclaims any design of injuring the rights of the house of Austria, but urges his claim to Silesia, as arising *from ancient conventions of family and confraternity between the house of Brandenburg and the princes of Silesia, and other honourable titles.* He says, the fear of being defeated by other pretenders to the Austrian dominions, obliged him to enter Silesia without any previous expostulation with the queen, and that he shall *strenuously espouse the interests of the house of Austria.*

Such a declaration was, I believe, in the opinion of all Europe, nothing less than the aggravation of hostility by insult, and was received by the Austrians with suitable indignation. The king pursued his purpose, marched forward, and in the frontiers of Silesia made a speech to his followers, in which he told them, that he considered them rather "as friends than subjects, that the troops of Brandenburg had been always eminent for their bravery, that they would always fight in his presence, and that he would recompense those who should distinguish themselves in his service, rather as a father than as a king."

The civilities of the great are never thrown away. The soldiers would naturally follow such a leader with alacrity; especially because they expected no opposition: but human expectations are frequently deceived.

Entering thus suddenly into a country which he was supposed rather likely to protect than to invade, he acted for some time with absolute authority; but supposing that this submission would not always last, he endeavoured to persuade the queen to a cession of Silesia, imagining that she would easily be persuaded to yield what was already lost. He therefore ordered his ministers to declare at Vienna, "that he was ready to guaranty all the German dominions of the house of Austria: that he would conclude a treaty with Austria, Russia, and the Maritime powers: that he would endeavour that the duke of Lorraine should be elected emperor, and believed that he could accomplish it: that he would immediately advance to the queen two millions of florins: that, in recompense for all this, he required Silesia to be yielded to him."

These seem not to be the offers of a prince very much convinced of his own right. He afterwards moderated his claim,

claim, and ordered his minister to hint at Vienna, that half of Silesia would content him.

The queen answered, that though the king alledged, as his reason for entering Silesia, the danger of the Austrian territories from other pretenders, and endeavoured to persuade her to give up part of her possessions for the preservation of the rest, it was evident that he was the first and only invader, and that, till he entered in a hostile manner, all her estates were unmolested.

To his promises of assistance she replied, "that she set an high value on the king of Prussia's friendship; but that he was already obliged to assist her against invaders, both by the golden bull, and the pragmatic sanction, of which he was a guarantee; and that, if these ties were of no force, she knew not what to hope from other engagements." Of his offers of alliances with Russia and the Maritime powers, she observed, that it could be never fit to alienate her dominions for the consolidation of an alliance formed only to keep them intire.

With regard to his interest in the election of an emperor, she expressed her gratitude in strong terms; but added, that the election ought to be free, and that it must be necessarily embarrassed by contentions thus raised in the heart of the empire. Of the pecuniary assistance proposed she remarks, that no prince ever made war to oblige another to take money, and that the contributions already levied in Silesia exceed the two millions offered as its purchase.

She concluded, that as she values the king's friendship, she was willing to purchase it by any compliance but the diminution of her dominions, and exhorted him to perform his part in support of the pragmatic sanction.

The king, finding negotiation thus ineffectual, pushed forward his inroads, and now began to show how secretly he could take his measures. When he called a council of war, he proposed the question in a few words: all his generals wrote their opinions in his presence upon separate papers, which he carried away; and, examining them in private, formed his resolution without imparting it otherwise than by his orders.

He began, not without policy, to seize first upon the estates of the clergy, an order every where necessary, and every where envied. He plundered the convents of their stores of provision; and told them, that he never had heard of any magazines erected by the apostles.

This

This insult was mean, because it was unjust ; but those who could not resist were obliged to bear it. He proceeded in his expedition ; and a detachment of his troops took Jablunca, one of the strong places of Silesia, which was soon after abandoned, for want of provisions, which the Austrian hussars, who were now in motion, were busy to interrupt.

One of the most remarkable events of the Silesia war, was the conquest of Great Glogaw, which was taken by an assault in the dark, headed by prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau. They arrived at the foot of the fortifications about twelve at night, and in two hours were masters of the place. In attempts of this kind many accidents happen which cannot be heard without surprize. Four Prussian grenadiers who had climbed the ramparts, missing their own company, met an Austrian captain with fifty-two men : they were at first frightened, and were about to retreat ; but, gathering courage, commanded the Austrians to lay down their arms, and in the terror of darkness and confusion were unexpectedly obeyed.

At the same time a conspiracy to kill or carry away the king of Prussia was said to be discovered. The Prussians published a memorial, in which the Austrian court was accused of employing emissaries and assassins against the king ; and it was alleged, in direct terms, that one of them had confessed himself obliged by oath to destroy him, which oath had been given him in an aulic council in the presence of the duke of Lorrain.

To this the Austrians answered, “ that the character of the queen and duke was too well known not to destroy the force of such an accusation, that the tale of the confession was an imposture, and that no such attempt was ever made.”

Each party was now inflamed, and orders were given to the Austrian general to hazard a battle. The two armies met at Molwitz, and parted without a complete victory on either side. The Austrians quitted the field in good order ; and the king of Prussia rode away upon the first disorder of his troops, without waiting for the last event. This attention to his personal safety has not yet been forgotten.

After this there was no action of much importance. But the king of Prussia, irritated by opposition, transferred his interest in the election to the duke of Bavaria ; and the queen
of

of Hungary, now attacked by France, Spain, and Bavaria, was obliged to make peace with him at the expence of half Silesia, without procuring those advantages which were once offered her.

To enlarge dominions has been the boast of many princes ; to diffuse happiness and security through wide regions has been granted to few. The king of Prussia has aspired to both these honours, and endeavoured to join the praise of legislator to that of conqueror.

To settle property, to suppress false claims, and to regulate the administration of civil and criminal justice, are attempts so difficult and so useful, that I shall willingly suspend or contract the history of battles and sieges, to give a larger account of this pacific enterprize.

That the king of Prussia has considered the nature, and the reasons of laws, with more attention than is common to princes, appears from his dissertation on the *reasons for enacting and repealing Laws* ; a piece which yet deserves notice, rather as a proof of good inclination than of great ability : for there is nothing to be found in it more than the most obvious books may supply, or the weakest intellect discover. Some of his observations are just and useful ; but upon such a subject who can think without often thinking right ? It is however not to be omitted, that he appears always propense towards the side of mercy. “ If a poor
“ man,” says he, “ steals in his want a watch, or a few
“ pieces from one to whom the loss is inconsiderable, is
“ this a reason for condemning him to death ? ”

He regrets that the laws against duels have been ineffectual ; and is of opinion, that they can never attain their end, unless the princes of Europe shall agree not to afford an asylum to duellists, and to punish all who shall insult their equals either by word, deed, or writing. He seems to suspect this scheme of being chimerical. “ Yet why,” says he, “ should not personal quarrels be submitted to
“ judges, as well as questions of possession ? and why should
“ not a congress be appointed for the general good of
“ mankind, as well as for so many purposes of less im-
“ portance ? ”

He declares himself with great ardour against the use of torture, and by some misinformation charges the English that they still retain it.

It is perhaps impossible to review the laws of any country without discovering many defects and many superfluities.

Laws

Laws often continue, when their reasons have ceased. Laws made for the first state of the society continue unabolished, when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at first only accidental, become in time essential; and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more study, than the discovery of right.

The king of Prussia, examining the institutions of his own country, thought them such as could only be amended by a general abrogation, and the establishment of a new body of law, to which he gave the name of the CODE FREDERIQUE, which is comprised in one volume of no great bulk, and must therefore unavoidably contain general positions, to be accommodated to particular cases by the wisdom and integrity of the courts. To embarrass justice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, seem to be the opposite rocks on which all civil institutions have been wrecked, and between which legislative wisdom has never yet found an open passage.

Of this new system of laws, contracted as it is, a full account cannot be expected in these memoirs; but, that curiosity may not be dismissed without some gratification, it has been thought proper to epitomise the king's *plan for the reformation of his courts*.

“ The differences which arise between members of the same society, may be terminated by a voluntary agreement between the parties, by arbitration, or by a judicial process.

“ The two first methods produce more frequently a temporary suspension of disputes than a final termination. Courts of justice are therefore necessary, with a settled method of procedure, of which the most simple is to cite the parties, to hear their pleas, and dismiss them with immediate decision.

“ This however is in many cases impracticable, and in others is so seldom practised, that it is frequent rather to incur loss than to seek for legal reparation, by entering a labyrinth of which there is no end.

“ This tediousness of suits keeps the parties in disquiet and perturbation, rouses and perpetuates animosities, exhausts the litigants by expence, retards the progress of their fortune, and discourages strangers from settling.

“ These inconveniences, with which the best regulated politics of Europe are embarrassed, must be removed,

“ not by the total prohibition of suits, which is impossible, but by contraction of processes; by opening an easy way for the appearance of truth, and removing all obstructions by which it is concealed.

“ The ordinance of 1667, by which Lewis the Fourteenth established an uniformity of procedure through all his courts, has been considered as one of the greatest benefits of his reign.

“ The king of Prussia, observing that each of his provinces had a different method of judicial procedure, proposed to reduce them all to one form; which being tried with success in Pomerania, a province remarkable for contention, he afterwards extended to all dominions, ordering the judges to inform him of any difficulties which arose from it.

“ Some settled method is necessary in judicial procedures. Small and simple causes might be decided upon the oral pleas of the two parties appearing before the judge: but many cases are so entangled and perplexed as to require all the skill and abilities of those who devote their lives to the study of the law.

“ Advocates, or men who can understand and explain the question to be discussed, are therefore necessary. But these men, instead of endeavouring to promote justice and discover truth, have exerted their wits in the defence of bad causes, by forgeries of facts, and fallacies of argument.

“ To remedy this evil, the king has ordered an inquiry into the qualifications of the advocates. All those who practise without a regular admission, or who can be convicted of dissingenuous practice, are discarded. And the judges are commanded to examine which of the causes now depending have been protracted by the crimes and ignorance of the advocates, and to dismiss those who shall appear culpable.

“ When advocates are too numerous to live by honest practice, they busy themselves in exciting disputes, and disturbing the community: the number of these to be employed in each court is therefore fixed.

“ The reward of the advocates is fixed with due regard to the nature of the cause, and the labour required; but not a penny is received by them till the suit is ended, that it may be their interest, as well as that of the clients, to shorten the process.

“ No

“ No advocate is admitted in petty courts, small towns,
 “ or villages ; where the poverty of the people, and for
 “ the most part the low value of the matter contested,
 “ make dispatch absolutely necessary. In those places the
 “ parties shall appear in person, and the judge make a summary decision.

“ There must likewise be allowed a subordination of tribunals, and a power of appeal. No judge is so skilful
 “ and attentive as not sometimes to err. Few are so honest
 “ as not sometimes to be partial. Petty judges would
 “ become insupportably tyrannical if they were not restrained by the fear of a superior judicature ; and their
 “ decision would be negligent or arbitrary if they were
 “ not in danger of seeing them examined and cancelled.

“ The right of appeal must be restrained, that causes
 “ may not be transferred without end from court to court ;
 “ and a peremptory decision must at last be made.

“ When an appeal is made to a higher court, the appellant is allowed only four weeks to frame his bill, the
 “ judge of the lower court being to transmit to the higher
 “ all the evidences and informations. If upon the first
 “ view of the cause thus opened, it shall appear that the
 “ appeal was made without just cause, the first sentence
 “ shall be confirmed without citation of the defendant. If
 “ any new evidence shall appear, or any doubts arise,
 “ both the parties shall be heard.

“ In the discussion of causes altercation must be allowed ; yet to altercation some limits must be put. There
 “ are therefore allowed a bill, an answer, a reply, and a
 “ rejoinder, to be delivered in writing.

“ No cause is allowed to be heard in more than three
 “ different courts. To further the first decision, every
 “ advocate is enjoined, under severe penalties, not to begin
 “ a suit till he has collected all the necessary evidence. If
 “ the first court has decided in an unsatisfactory manner,
 “ an appeal may be made to the second, and from the
 “ second to the third. The process in each appeal is
 “ limited to six months. The third court may indeed pass
 “ an erroneous judgment ; and then the injury is without
 “ redress. But this objection is without end, and therefore
 “ without force. No method can be found of preserving
 “ humanity from error ; but of contest there must some
 “ time be an end ; and he, who thinks himself injured
 “ for

“ for want of an appeal to a fourth court, must consider
 “ himself as suffering for the public.

“ There is a special advocate appointed for the poor.

“ The attorneys, who had formerly the care of collecting evidence, and of adjusting all the preliminaries of a
 “ suit, are now totally dismissed ; the whole affair is put
 “ into the hands of the advocates, and the office of an
 “ attorney is annulled for ever.

“ If any man is hindered by some lawful impediment
 “ from attending his suit, time will be granted him upon
 “ the representation of his case.”

Such is the order according to which civil justice is administered through the extensive dominions of the king of Prussia ; which, if it exhibits nothing very subtle or profound, affords one proof more that the right is easily discovered, and that men do not so often want ability to find, as willingness to practise it.

We now return to the war.

The time at which the queen of Hungary was willing to purchase peace by the resignation of Silesia, though it came at last, was not come yet. She had all the spirit, though not all the power of her ancestors, and could not bear the thought of losing any part of her patrimonial dominions to the enemies, which the opinion of her weakness raised every where against her.

In the beginning of the year 1742, the elector of Bavaria was invested with the imperial dignity, supported by the arms of France, master of the kingdom of Bohemia ; and confederated with the elector Palatine, and the elector of Saxony, who claimed Moravia ; and with the king of Prussia, who was in possession of Silesia.

Such was the state of the queen of Hungary, pressed on every side, and on every side preparing for resistance : she yet refused all offers of accommodation, for every prince set peace at a price which she was not yet so far humbled as to pay.

The king of Prussia was among the most zealous and forward in the confederacy against her. He promised to secure Bohemia to the emperor, and Moravia to the elector of Saxony ; and, finding no enemy in the field able to resist him, he returned to Berlin, and left Schwerin his general to prosecute the conquest.

The Prussians in the midst of winter took Olmutz, the capital of Moravia, and laid the whole country under con-

tribution. The cold then hindered them from action, and they only blocked up the fortresses of Brinn and Spielberg.

In the spring, the king of Prussia came again into the field, and undertook the siege of Brinn; but upon the approach of prince Charles of Lorrain retired from before it, and quitted Moravia, leaving only a garrison in the capital.

The condition of the queen of Hungary was now changed. She was a few months before without money, without troops, incircled with enemies. The Bavarians had entered Austria, Vienna was threatened with a siege, and the queen left it to the fate of war, and retired into Hungary, where she was received with zeal and affection, not unmingled however with that neglect which must always be borne by greatness in distress. She bore the disrespect of her subjects with the same firmness as the outrages of her enemies; and at last persuaded the English not to despair of her preservation, by not despairing herself.

Voltaire in his late history has asserted, that a large sum was raised for her succour, by voluntary subscriptions of the English ladies. It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders. He was misinformed, and was perhaps unwilling to learn, by a second enquiry, a truth less splendid and amusing. A contribution was by news-writers, upon their own authority, fruitlessly, and, I think, illegally proposed. It ended in nothing. The parliament voted a supply, and five hundred thousand pounds were remitted to her.

It has been always the weakness of the Austrian family to spend in the magnificence of empire those revenues which should be kept for its defence. The court is splendid, but the treasury is empty; and, at the beginning of every war, advantages are gained against them, before their armies can be assembled and equipped.

The English money was to the Austrians as a shower to a field, where all the vegetative powers are kept unactive by a long continuance of drought. The armies, which had hitherto been hid in mountains and forests, started out of their retreats; and wherever the queen's standard was erected, nations scarcely known by their names swarmed immediately about it. An army, especially a defensive army, multiplies itself. The contagion of enterprize spreads from one heart to another. Zeal for a native or detestation of a foreign sovereign, hope of sudden greatness

ness or riches, friendship or emulation between particular men, or, what are perhaps more general and powerful, desire of novelty and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and squadron to squadron.

The queen had still enemies on every part, but she now on every part had armies ready to oppose them. Austria was immediately recovered; the plains of Bohemia were filled with her troops, though the fortresses were garrisoned by the French. The Bavarians were recalled to the defence of their own country, now wasted by the incursions of troops that were called Barbarians, greedy enough of plunder, and daring perhaps beyond the rules of war, but otherwise not more cruel than those whom they attacked. Prince Lobkowitz with one army observed the motions of Broglie, the French general in Bohemia; and prince Charles with another put a stop to the advances of the king of Prussia.

It was now the turn of the Prussians to retire. They abandoned Olmutz, and left behind them part of their cannon and magazines. And the king, finding that Broglie could not long oppose prince Lobkowitz, hastened into Bohemia to his assistance; and having received a reinforcement of twenty-three thousand men, and taken the castle of Glatz, which, being built upon a rock, scarcely accessible, would have defied all his power, had the garrison been furnished with provisions, he purposed to join his allies, and prosecute his conquests.

Prince Charles, seeing Moravia thus evacuated by the Prussians, determined to garrison the towns which he had just recovered, and pursue the enemy, who, by the assistance of the French, would have been too powerful for prince Lobkowitz.

Success had now given confidence to the Austrians, and had proportionably abated the spirit of their enemies. The Saxons, who had co-operated with the king of Prussia in the conquest of Moravia, of which they expected the perpetual possession, seeing all hopes of sudden acquisition defeated, and the province left again to its former masters, grew weary of following a prince, whom they considered as no longer acting the part of their confederate; and when they approached the confines of Bohemia took a different road, and left the Prussians to their own fortune.

The king continued his march, and Charles his pursuit. At Czaław the two armies came in sight of one another, and the Austrians resolved on a decisive day. On the 6th of May, about seven in the morning, the Austrians began the attack: their impetuosity was matched by the firmness of the Prussians. The animosity of the two armies was much inflamed: the Austrians were fighting for their country, and the Prussians were in a place where defeat must inevitably end in death or captivity. The fury of the battle continued four hours; the Prussian horse were at length broken, and the Austrians forced their way to the camp, where the wild troops, who had fought with so much vigour and constancy, at the sight of plunder forgot their obedience, nor had any man the least thought but how to load himself with the richest spoils.

While the right wing of the Austrians was thus employed, the main body was left naked: the Prussians recovered from their confusion, and regained the day. Charles was at last forced to retire, and carried with him the standard of his enemies, the proofs of a victory, which though so nearly gained, he was not able to keep.

The victory however was dearly bought; the Prussian army was much weakened, and the cavalry almost totally destroyed. Peace is easily made when it is necessary to both parties, and the king of Prussia had now reason to believe that the Austrians were not his only enemies. When he found Charles advancing, he sent to Broglio for assistance, and was answered that "he must have orders from Versailles." Such a desertion of his most powerful ally disconcerted him, but the battle was unavoidable.

When the Prussians were returned to the camp, the king, hearing that an Austrian officer was brought in mortally wounded, had the condescension to visit him. The officer, struck with this act of humanity, said, after a short conversation, "I should die, Sir, contentedly after this honour, if I might first shew my gratitude to your majesty by informing you with what allies you are now united, allies that have no intention but to deceive you." The king appearing to suspect this intelligence; "Sir," said the Austrian, "if you will permit me to send a messenger to Vienna, I believe the queen will not refuse to transmit an intercepted letter now in her hands, which will put my report beyond all doubt."

The

The messenger was sent, and the letter transmitted, which contained the order sent to Broglie, who was, first, forbidden to mix his troops on any occasion with the Prussians. Secondly, he was ordered to act always at a distance from the king. Thirdly, to keep always a body of twenty thousand men to observe the Prussian army. Fourthly, to observe very closely the motions of the king, for important reasons. Fifthly, to hazard nothing; but to pretend want of reinforcements, or the absence of Bellisle.

The king now with great reason considered himself as disengaged from the confederacy, being deserted by the Saxons, and betrayed by the French: he therefore accepted the mediation of king George, and in three weeks after the battle of Czaślaw made peace with the queen of Hungary, who granted to him the whole province of Silesia, a country of such extent and opulence that he is said to receive from it one-third part of his revenues. By one of the articles of this treaty it is stipulated, "that neither should assist the enemies of the other."

The queen of Hungary thus disentangled on one side, and set free from the most formidable of her enemies, soon persuaded the Saxons to peace; took possession of Bavaria; drove the emperor, after all his imaginary conquests, to the shelter of a neutral town, where he was treated as a fugitive; and besieged the French in Prague, in the city which they had taken from her.

Having thus obtained Silesia, the king of Prussia returned to his own capital, where he reformed his laws, forbid the torture of criminals, concluded a defensive alliance with England, and applied himself to the augmentation of his army.

This treaty of peace with the queen of Hungary was one of the first proofs, given by the king of Prussia, of the secrecy of his counsels. Bellisle, the French general, was with him in the camp, as a friend and coadjutor in appearance, but in truth a spy and a writer of intelligence. Men who have great confidence in their own penetration are often by that confidence deceived; they imagine that they can pierce through all the involutions of intrigue without the diligence necessary to weaker minds, and therefore sit idle and secure; they believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try. Bellisle, with all his reputation of sagacity, though he was
in

in the Prussian camp, gave every day fresh assurances of the king's adherence to the allies; while Broglio, who commanded the army at a distance, discovered sufficient reason to suspect his desertion. Broglio was slighted, and Bellisle believed, till on the 11th of June the treaty was signed, and the king declared his resolution to keep a neutrality.

This is one of the great performances of polity which mankind seem agreed to celebrate and admire; yet to all this nothing was necessary but the determination of a very few men to be silent.

From this time the queen of Hungary proceeded with an uninterrupted torrent of success. The French, driven from station to station, and deprived of fortresses after fortresses, were at last enclosed with their two generals, Bellisle and Broglio, in the walls of Prague, which they had stored with all provisions necessary to a town besieged, and where they defended themselves three months before any prospect appeared of relief.

The Austrians, having been engaged chiefly in the field, and in sudden and tumultuary excursions rather than a regular war, had no great degree of skill in attacking or defending towns. They likewise would naturally consider all the mischiefs done to the city as falling ultimately on themselves, and therefore were willing to gain it by time rather than by force.

It was apparent that, how long soever Prague might be defended, it must be yielded at last, and therefore all arts were tried to obtain an honourable capitulation. The messengers from the city were sent back sometimes unheard, but always with this answer, "that no terms would be allowed, but that they should yield themselves prisoners of war."

The condition of the garrison was in the eyes of all Europe desperate; but the French, to whom the praise of spirit and activity cannot be denied, resolved to make an effort for the honour of their arms. Maillebois was at that time encamped with his army in Westphalia. Orders were sent him to relieve Prague. The enterprize was considered as romantic. Maillebois was a march of forty days distant from Bohemia; the passes were narrow, and the ways foul; and it was likely that Prague would be taken before he could reach it. The march was, however begun: the army, being joined by that of count Saxe, consisted of
fifty

fifty thousand men, who, notwithstanding all the difficulties which two Austrian armies could put in their way, at last entered Bohemia. The siege of Prague, though not raised, was remitted, and a communication was now opened to it with the country. But the Austrians, by perpetual intervention hindered the garrison from joining their friends. The officers of Maillebois incited him to a battle, because the army was hourly lessening by the want of provisions; but, instead of pressing on to Prague, he retired into Bavaria, and completed the ruin of the emperor's territories.

The court of France, disappointed and offended, conferred the chief command upon Broglio, who escaped from the besiegers with very little difficulty, and kept the Austrians employed till Bellisle by a sudden sally quitted Prague, and without any great loss joined the main army. Broglio then retired over the Rhine into the French dominions, wasting in his retreat the country which he had undertaken to protect, and burning towns, and destroying magazines of corn, with such wantonness, as gave reason to believe that he expected commendation from his court for any mischiefs done, by whatever means.

The Austrians pursued their advantages, recovered all their strong places, in some of which French garrisons had been left, and made themselves masters of Bavaria, by taking not only Munich the capital, but Ingolstadt the strongest fortification in the elector's dominions, where they found a great number of cannon and quantity of ammunition intended in the dreams of projected greatness for the siege of Vienna, all the archives of the state, the plate and ornaments of the electoral palace, and what had been considered as most worthy of preservation. Nothing but the warlike stores were taken away. An oath of allegiance to the queen was required of the Bavarians, but without any explanation whether temporary or perpetual.

The emperor lived at Francfort in the security that was allowed to neutral places, but without much respect from the German princes, except that, upon some objections made by the queen to the validity of his election, the king of Prussia declared himself determined to support him in the imperial dignity with all his power.

This may be considered as a token of no great affection to the queen of Hungary, but it seems not to have raised much alarm. The German princes were afraid of new broils. To contest the election of an emperor once invested
and

and acknowledged, would be to overthrow the whole Germanic constitution. Perhaps no election by plurality of suffrages was ever made among human beings, to which it might not be objected that voices were procured by illicit influence.

Some suspicions, however, were raised by the king's declaration, which he endeavoured to obviate by ordering his ministers to declare, at London and at Vienna, that he was resolved not to violate the treaty of Breslaw. This declaration was sufficiently ambiguous, and could not satisfy those whom it might silence. But this was not a time for nice disquisitions : to distrust the king of Prussia might have provoked him, and it was most convenient to consider him as a friend, till he appeared openly as an enemy.

About the middle of the year 1744, he raised new alarms by collecting his troops and putting them in motion. The earl of Hindford about this time demanded the troops stipulated for the protection of Hanover, not perhaps because they were thought necessary, but that the king's designs might be guessed from his answer, which was that troops were not granted for the defence of any country till that country was in danger, and that he could not believe the elector of Hanover to be in much dread of an invasion, since he had withdrawn the native troops, and put them into the pay of England.

He had, undoubtedly, now formed designs which made it necessary that his troops should be kept together, and the time soon came when the scene was to be opened. Prince Charles of Lorraine, having chased the French out of Bavaria, lay for some months encamped on the Rhine, endeavouring to gain a passage into Alsace. His attempts had long been evaded by the skill and vigilance of the French general, till at last, June 21, 1744, he executed his design, and lodged his army in the French dominions, to the surprise and joy of a great part of Europe. It was now expected that the territories of France would in their turn feel the miseries of war; and the nation, which so long kept the world in alarm, be taught at last the value of peace.

The king of Prussia now saw the Austrian troops at a great distance from him, engaged in a foreign country against the most powerful of all their enemies. Now, therefore, was the time to discover that he had lately made a treaty at Francfort with the emperor, by which he had engaged,

engaged, “ that, as the court of Vienna and its allies appeared backward to re-establish the tranquillity of the empire, and more cogent methods appeared necessary ; he, being animated with a desire of co-operating towards the pacification of Germany, should make an expedition for the conquest of Bohemia, and to put it into the possession of the emperor, his heirs and successors, for ever ; in gratitude for which, the emperor should resign to him and his successors a certain number of lordships, which are now part of the kingdom of Bohemia. His Imperial majesty likewise guaranties to the king of Prussia the perpetual possession of Upper Silesia ; and the king guaranties to the emperor the perpetual possession of Upper Austria, as he shall have occupied it by conquest.”

It is easy to discover that the king began the war upon other motives than zeal for peace ; and that whatever respect he was willing to shew to the emperor, he did not purpose to assist him without reward. In prosecution of this treaty he put his troops in motion ; and, according to his promise, while the Austrians were invading France, he invaded Bohemia.

Princes have this remaining of humanity, that they think themselves obliged not to make war without a reason. Their reasons are indeed not always very satisfactory. Lewis the Fourteenth seemed to think his own glory a sufficient motive for the invasion of Holland. The Czar attacked Charles of Sweden, because he had not been treated with sufficient respect when he made a journey in disguise. The king of Prussia, having an opportunity of attacking his neighbour, was not long without his reasons. On July 30, he published his declaration, in which he declares,

That he can no longer stand an idle spectator of the troubles in Germany, but finds himself obliged to make use of force to restore the power of the laws, and the authority of the emperor.

That the queen of Hungary has treated the emperor's hereditary dominions with inexpressible cruelty.

That Germany has been over-run with foreign troops, which have marched through neutral countries without the customary requisitions.

That the emperor's troops have been attacked under neutral fortresses, and obliged to abandon the empire, of which their master is the head.

That

That the imperial dignity has been treated with indecency by the Hungarian troops.

The queen declaring the election of the emperor void, and the diet of Frankfort illegal, had not only violated the imperial dignity, but injured all the princes who have the right of election.

That he has no particular quarrel with the queen of Hungary; and that he desires nothing for himself, and only enters as an auxiliary into a war for the liberties of Germany.

That the emperor had offered to quit his pretension to the dominions of Austria, on condition that his hereditary countries be restored to him.

That this proposal had been made to the king of England at Hanau, and rejected in such a manner as shewed that the king of England had no intention to restore peace, but rather to make his advantage of the troubles.

That the mediation of the Dutch had been desired; but that they declined to interpose, knowing the inflexibility of the English and Austrian courts.

That the same terms were again offered at Vienna, and again rejected: that therefore the queen must impute it to her own council that her enemies find new allies.

That he is not fighting for any interest of his own, that he demands nothing for himself; but is determined to exert all his powers in defence of the emperor, in vindication of the right of election, and in support of the liberties of Germany, which the queen of Hungary would enslave.

When this declaration was sent to the Prussian minister in England, it was accompanied with a remonstrance to the king, in which many of the foregoing positions were repeated; the emperor's candour and disinterestedness were magnified; the dangerous designs of the Austrians were displayed; it was imputed to them as the most flagrant violation of the Germanic constitution, that they had driven the emperor's troops out of the empire; the public spirit and generosity of his Prussian majesty were again heartily declared; and it was said, that this quarrel having no connection with the English interests, the English ought not to interpose.

Austria and all her allies were put into amazement by this declaration, which at once dismounted them from the summit of success, and obliged them to fight through the war a second time. What succours, or what promises,
Prussia

Prussia received from France was never publicly known ; but it is not to be doubted that a prince so watchful of opportunity sold assistance, when it was so much wanted, at the highest rate ; nor can it be supposed that he exposed himself to so much hazard only for the freedom of Germany, and a few petty districts in Bohemia.

The French, who, from ravaging the empire at discretion, and wasting whatever they found either among enemies or friends, were now driven into their own dominions, and in their own dominions were insulted and pursued, were on a sudden by this new auxiliary restored to their former superiority, at least were disburthened of their invaders, and delivered from their terrors. And all the enemies of the house of Bourbon saw with indignation and amazement the recovery of that power which they had with so much cost and bloodshed brought low, and which their animosity and elation had disposed them to imagine yet lower than it was.

The queen of Hungary still retained her firmness. The Prussian declaration was not long without an answer, which was transmitted to the European princes with some observations on the Prussian minister's remonstrance to the court of Vienna, which he was ordered by his master to read to the Austrian council, but not to deliver. The same caution was practised before when the Prussians, after the emperor's death, invaded Silesia. This artifice of political debate may, perhaps, be numbered by the admirers of greatness among the refinements of conduct ; but, as it is a method of proceeding not very difficult to be contrived or practised, as it can be of very rare use to honesty or wisdom, and as it has been long known to that class of men whose safety depends upon secrecy, though hitherto applied chiefly in petty cheats and slight transactions ; I do not see that it can much advance the reputation of regal understanding, or indeed that it can add more to the safety, than it takes away from the honour, of him that shall adopt it.

The queen in her answer, after charging the king of Prussia with breach of the treaty of Breslaw, and observing how much her enemies will exult to see the peace now the third time broken by him, declares,

That she had no intention to injure the rights of the electors, and that she calls in question not the event but the manner of the election.

That

That she had spared the emperor's troops with great tenderness, and that they were driven out of the empire only because they were in the service of France.

That she is so far from disturbing the peace of the empire, that the only commotions now raised in it are the effect of the armaments of the king of Prussia.

Nothing is more tedious than public records, when they relate to affairs which by distance of time or place lose their power to interest the reader. Every thing grows little as it grows remote ; and of things thus diminished, it is sufficient to survey the aggregate without a minute examination of the parts.

It is easy to perceive, that, if the king of Prussia's reasons be sufficient, ambition or animosity can never want a plea for violence and invasion. What he charges upon the queen of Hungary, the waste of countries, the expulsion of the Bavarians, and the employment of foreign troops, is the unavoidable consequence of a war inflamed on either side to the utmost violence. All these grievances subsisted when he made the peace, and therefore they could very little justify its breach.

It is true, that every prince of the empire is obliged to support the imperial dignity, and assist the emperor when his rights are violated. And every subsequent contract must be understood in a sense consistent with former obligations. Nor had the king power to make a peace on terms contrary to that constitution by which he held a place among the Germanic electors. But he could have easily discovered that not the emperor but the duke of Bavaria was the queen's enemy, not the administrator of the imperial power, but the claimant of the Austrian dominions. Nor did his allegiance to the emperor, supposing the emperor injured, oblige him to more than a succour of ten thousand men. But ten thousand men could not conquer Bohemia, and without the conquest of Bohemia he could receive no reward for the zeal and fidelity which he so loudly professed.

The success of this enterprize he had taken all possible precaution to secure. He was to invade a country guarded only by the faith of treaties, and therefore left unarmed, and unprovided of all defence. He had engaged the French to attack prince Charles, before he should repass the Rhine, by which the Austrians would at least have been hindered
from

from a speedy march into Bohemia : they were likewise to yield him such other assistance as he might want.

Relying therefore upon the promises of the French, he resolved to attempt the ruin of the house of Austria, and in August 1744 broke into Bohemia at the head of an hundred and four thousand men. When he entered the country, he published a proclamation, promising, that his army should observe the strictest discipline, and that those who made no resistance should be suffered to remain at quiet in their habitations. He required that all arms, in the custody of whomsoever they might be placed, should be given up, and put into the hands of public officers. He still declared himself to act only as an auxiliary to the emperor, and with no other design than to establish peace and tranquillity throughout Germany, his dear country.

In this proclamation there is one paragraph of which I do not remember any precedent. He threatens, that, if any peasant should be found with arms, he shall be hanged without further enquiry; and that, if any lord shall connive at his vassals keeping arms in their custody, his village shall be reduced to ashes.

It is hard to find upon what pretence the king of Prussia could treat the Bohemians as criminals, for preparing to defend their native country, or maintain their allegiance to their lawful sovereign against an invader, whether he appears principal or auxiliary, whether he professes to intend tranquillity or confusion.

His progress was such as gave great hopes to the enemies of Austria: like Cæsar, he conquered as he advanced, and met with no opposition till he reached the walls of Prague. The indignation and resentment of the queen of Hungary may be easily conceived, the alliance of Frankfort was now laid open to all Europe; and the partition of the Austrian dominions was again publicly projected. They were to be shared among the emperor, the king of Prussia, the elector palatine, and the landgrave of Hesse. All the powers of Europe who had dreamed of controlling France, were awakened to their former terrors; all that had been done was now to be done again; and every court, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Frozen Sea, was filled with exultation or terror, with schemes of conquest or precautions for defence.

The king, delighted with his progress, and expecting like other mortals, elated with success, that his prosperity could

could not be interrupted, continued his march, and began in the latter end of September the siege of Prague. He had gained several of the outer posts, when he was informed that the convoy which attended his artillery was attacked by an unexpected party of the Austrians. The king went immediately to their assistance with the third part of his army, and found his troops put to flight, and the Austrians hastening away with his cannons : such a loss would have disabled him at once. He fell upon the Austrians, whose number would not enable them to withstand him, recovered his artillery, and having also defeated Bathiani, raised his batteries ; and there being no artillery to be placed against him, he destroyed a great part of the city. He then ordered four attacks to be made at once, and reduced the besieged to such extremities, that in fourteen days the governor was obliged to yield the place.

At the attack commanded by Schwerin, a grenadier is reported to have mounted the bastion alone, and to have defended himself for some time with his sword, till his followers mounted after him ; for this act of bravery, the king made him a lieutenant, and gave him a patent of nobility.

Nothing now remained but that the Austrians should lay aside all thought of invading France, and apply their whole power to their own defence. Prince Charles, at the first news of the Prussian invasion, prepared to repass the Rhine. This the French, according to their contract with the king of Prussia, should have attempted to hinder ; but they knew by experience the Austrians would not be beaten without resistance, and that resistance always incommodes an assailant. As the king of Prussia rejoiced in the distance of the Austrians, whom he considered as entangled in the French territories ; the French rejoiced in the necessity of their return, and pleased themselves with the prospect of easy conquests, while powers whom they considered with equal malevolence should be employed in massacring each other.

Prince Charles took the opportunity of bright moonshine to repass the Rhine ; and Noailles, who had early intelligence of his motions, gave him very little disturbance, but contented himself with attacking the rear-guard, and when they retired to the main body ceased his pursuit.

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The king, upon the reduction of Prague, struck a medal, which had on one side a plan of the town, with this inscription :

“ Prague taken by the King of Prussia,
— September 16, 1744 ;
For the third time in three years.”

On the other side were two verses, in which he prayed, “ That his Conquests might produce Peace.” He then marched forward with the rapidity which constitutes his military character, took possession of almost all Bohemia, and began to talk of entering Austria and besieging Vienna.

The queen was not yet wholly without resource. The elector of Saxony, whether invited or not, was not comprised in the union of Frankfort ; and as every sovereign is growing less as his next neighbour is growing greater, he could not heartily wish success to a confederacy which was to aggrandize the other powers of Germany. The Prussians gave him likewise a particular and immediate provocation to oppose them ; for, when they departed to the conquest of Bohemia, with all the elation of imaginary success, they passed through his dominions with unlicensed and contemptuous disdain of his authority. As the approach of Prince Charles gave a new prospect of events, he was easily persuaded to enter into an alliance with the queen, whom he furnished with a very large body of troops.

The king of Prussia having left a garrison in Prague, which he commanded to put the burghers to death if they left their houses in the night, went forward to take the other towns and fortresses, expecting, perhaps, that prince Charles would be interrupted in his march, but the French, though they appeared to follow him, either could not or would not overtake him.

In a short time, by marches pressed on with the utmost eagerness, Charles reached Bohemia, leaving the Bavarians to regain the possession of the wasted plains of their country, which their enemies, who still kept the strong places, might again seize at will. At the approach of the Austrian army the courage of the king of Prussia seemed to have failed him. He retired from post to post, and evacuated town after town, and fortrefs after fortrefs, without resistance,

ance, or appearance of resistance, as if he was resigning them to the rightful owners.

It might have been expected that he should have made some effort to rescue Prague ; but, after a faint attempt to dispute the passage of the Elbe, he ordered his garrison of eleven thousand men to quit the place. They left behind them their magazines, and heavy artillery, among which were seven pieces of remarkable excellence, called "The Seven Electors." But they took with them their field cannon and a great number of carriages laden with stores and plunder, which they were forced to leave in their way to the Saxons and Austrians that harassed their march. They at last entered Silesia with the loss of about a third part.

The king of Prussia suffered much in his retreat, for besides the military stores, which he left every where behind him, even to the cloaths of his troops, there was a want of provisions in his army, and consequently frequent desertions and many diseases ; and a soldier sick or killed was equally lost to a flying army.

At last he re-entered his own territories, and having stationed his troops in places of security, returned for a time to Berlin, where he forbade all to speak either ill or well of the campaign.

To what end such a prohibition could conduce, it is difficult to discover : there is no country in which men can be forbidden to know what they know, and what is universally known may as well be spoken. It is true, that in popular governments seditious discourses may inflame the vulgar, but in such governments they cannot be restrained, and in absolute monarchies they are of little effect.

When the Prussians invaded Bohemia, and this whole nation was fired with resentment, the king of England gave orders in his palace that none should mention his nephew with disrespect ; by this command he maintained the decency necessary between princes, without enforcing, and probably without expecting, obedience but in his own presence.

The king of Prussia's edict regarded only himself, and therefore it is difficult to tell what was his motive, unless he intended to spare himself this mortification of absurd and illiberal flattery, which, to a mind stung with disgrace,

grace, must have been in the highest degree painful and disgusting.

Moderation in prosperity is a virtue very difficult to all mortals ; forbearance of revenge ; when revenge is within reach, is scarcely ever to be found among princes. Now was the time when the queen of Hungary might perhaps have made peace on her own terms ; but keenness of resentment, and arrogance of success, withheld her from the due use of the present opportunity. It is said, that the king of Prussia in his retreat sent letters to prince Charles, which were supposed to contain ample concessions, but were sent back unopened. The king of England offered likewise to mediate between them ; but his propositions were rejected at Vienna, where a resolution was taken not only to revenge the interruption of their success on the Rhine by the recovery of Silesia, but to reward the Saxons for their seasonable help, by giving them part of the Prussian dominions.

In the beginning of the year 1745 died the emperor Charles of Bavaria ; the treaty of Frankfort was consequently at an end ; and the king of Prussia, being no longer able to maintain the character of auxiliary to the emperor, and having avowed no other reason for the war, might have honourably withdrawn his forces, and on his own principles have complied with terms of peace ; but no terms were offered him ; the queen pursued him with the utmost ardour of hostility, and the French left him to his own conduct, and his own destiny.

His Bohemian conquests were already lost ; and he was now chased back into Silesia, where, at the beginning of the year, the war continued in an equilibration by alternate losses and advantages. In April, the elector of Bavaria seeing his dominions over-run by the Austrians, and receiving very little succour from the French, made a peace with the queen of Hungary upon easy conditions, and the Austrians had more troops to employ against Prussia.

But the revolutions of war will not suffer human presumption to remain long unchecked. The peace with Bavaria was scarcely concluded when the battle of Fontenoy was lost, and all the allies of Austria called upon her to exert her utmost power for the preservation of the Low Countries ; and, a few days after the loss at Fontenoy, the first battle between the Prussians and the combined

army of Austrians and Saxons was fought at Niedburg in Silesia.

The particulars of this battle were variously reported by the different parties, and published in the journals of that time; to transcribe them would be tedious and useless, because accounts of battles are not easily understood, and because there are no means of determining to which of the relations credit should be given. It is sufficient that they all end in claiming or allowing a complete victory to the king of Prussia, who gained all the Austrian artillery, killed four thousand, took seven thousand prisoners, with the loss, according to the Prussian narrative, of only sixteen hundred men.

He now advanced again into Bohemia, where, however, he made no great progress. The queen of Hungary, though defeated, was not subdued. She poured in her troops from all parts to the reinforcement of prince Charles, and determined to continue the struggle with all her power. The king saw that Bohemia was an unpleasant and inconvenient theatre of war, in which he should be ruined by a miscarriage, and should get little by a victory. Saxony was left defenceless, and if it was conquered might be plundered.

He therefore published a declaration against the elector of Saxony, and, without waiting for reply, invaded his dominions. This invasion produced another battle at Standentz, which ended, as the former, to the advantage of the Prussians. The Austrians had some advantage in the beginning; and their irregular troops, who are always daring, and are always ravenous, broke into the Prussian camp, and carried away the military chest. But this was easily repaired by the spoils of Saxony.

The queen of Hungary was still inflexible, and hoped that fortune would at last change. She recruited once more her army, and prepared to invade the territories of Brandenburg; but the king of Prussia's activity prevented all her designs. One part of his forces seized Leipzig, and the other once more defeated the Saxons; the king of Poland fled from his dominions, prince Charles retired into Bohemia. The king of Prussia entered Dresden as a conqueror, exacted very severe contributions from the whole country, and the Austrians and Saxons were at last compelled to receive from him such a peace as he would grant. He imposed no severe conditions except the payment of the contributions,

contributions, made no new claim of dominions, and with the elector Palatine, acknowledged the duke of Tuscany for emperor.

The lives of princes, like the histories of nations, have their periods. We shall here suspend our narrative of the king of Prussia, who was now at the height of human greatness, giving laws to his enemies, and courted by all the powers of Europe.

B R O W N E *.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born at London, in the parish of St. Michael in Cheapside, on the 19th of October, 1605 †. His father was a merchant, of an ancient family at Upton in Cheshire. Of the name or family of his mother, I find no account.

Of his childhood or youth, there is little known, except that he lost his father very early ; that he was, according to the common ‡ fate of orphans, defrauded by one of his guardians ; and that he was placed for his education at the school of Winchester.

His mother, having taken § three thousand pounds, as the third part of her husband's property, left her son, by consequence, six thousand, a large fortune for a man destined to learning at that time, when commerce had not yet filled the nation with nominal riches. But it happened to him as to many others, to be made poorer by opulence ; for his mother soon married Sir Thomas Dutton, probably by the inducement of her fortune ; and he was left to the rapacity of his guardian, deprived now of both his parents, and therefore helpless and unprotected.

He was removed in the beginning of the year 1623 from Winchester to Oxford ||, and entered a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate-Hall, which was soon afterwards endowed, and took the name of Pembroke-college, from the earl of Pembroke, then chancellor of the University. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, January 31, 1626-7 ; being, as Wood remarks, the first man of eminence graduated from the new college, to which the

* First printed in 1752.

† Life of Sir Thomas Browne, prefixed to the *Antiquities of Norwich*.

‡ Whitefoot's character of Sir Thomas Browne, in a marginal note.

§ Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

|| Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

zeal or gratitude of those that love it most can wish little better than that it may long proceed as it began.

Having afterwards taken his degree of master of arts, he turned his studies to physick *, and practised it for some time in Oxfordshire ; but soon afterwards, either induced by curiosity, or invited by promises, he quitted his settlement, and accompanied his † father-in-law, who had some employment in Ireland, in a visitation of the forts and castles, which the state of Ireland then made necessary.

He that has once prevailed on himself to break his connections of acquaintance, and begin a wandering life, very easily continues it. Ireland had, at that time, very little to offer to the observation of a man of letters : he, therefore, passed ‡ into France and Italy ; made some stay at Montpellier and Padua, which were then the celebrated schools of physick ; and, returning home through Holland, procured himself to be created doctor of physick at Leyden.

When he began his travels, or when he concluded them, there is no certain account ; nor do there remain any observations made by him in his passage through those countries which he visited. To consider, therefore, what pleasure or instruction might have been received from the remarks of a man so curious and diligent, would be voluntarily to indulge a painful reflection, and load the imagination with a wish, which, while it is formed, is known to be vain. It is, however, to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge ; either because it is more pleasing to gather ideas than to impart them, or because, to minds naturally great, few things appear of so much importance as to deserve the notice of the public.

About the year 1634 §, he is supposed to have returned to London ; and the next year to have written his celebrated treatise called *Religio Medici*, “The religion of a physician ||,” which he declares himself never to have intended for the press, having composed it only for his own exercise and entertainment. It, indeed, contains many

* Wood.

† Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

‡ Ibid.

§ Biographia Britannica.

|| Letter to Sir Kenelm Digby, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, folio edition.

passages, which, relating merely to his own person, can be of no great importance to the public : but when it was written, it happened to him as to others, he was too much pleased with his performance, not to think that it might please others as much ; he, therefore, communicated it to his friends, and receiving, I suppose, that exuberant applause with which every man repays the grant of perusing a manuscript, he was not very diligent to obstruct his own praise by recalling his papers, but suffered them to wander from hand to hand, till at last, without his own consent, they were in 1642 given to a printer.

This has, perhaps, sometimes befallen others ; and this I am willing to believe, did really happen to Dr. Browne : but there is surely some reason to doubt the truth of the complaint so frequently made of surreptitious editions. A song, or an epigram, may be easily printed without the author's knowledge ; because it may be learned when it is repeated, or may be written out with very little trouble : but a long treatise, however elegant, is not often copied by mere zeal or curiosity, but may be worn out in passing from hand to hand, before it is multiplied by a transcript. It is easy to convey an imperfect book, by a distant hand, to the press, and plead the circulation of a false copy as an excuse for publishing the true, or to correct what is found faulty or offensive, and charge the errors on the transcriber's depravations.

This is a stratagem, by which an author panting for fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may at once gratify his vanity, and preserve the appearance of modesty ; may enter the lists, and secure a retreat ; and this candour might suffer to pass undetected as an innocent fraud, but that indeed no fraud is innocent ; for the confidence which makes the happiness of society is in some degree diminished by every man, whose practice is at variance with his words.

The *Religio Medici* was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the public, by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language.

What is much read will be much criticised. The earl of Dorset recommended this book to the perusal of Sir Kenelm Digby, who returned his judgment upon it, not in a letter, but a book ; in which, though mingled with
some

some positions fabulous and uncertain, there are acute remarks, just censures, and profound speculations; yet its principal claim to admiration is, that * it was written in twenty-four hours, of which part was spent in procuring Browne's book, and part in reading it.

Of these animadversions, when they were yet not all printed, either officiousness or malice informed Dr. Browne; who wrote to Sir Kenelm with much softness and ceremony, declaring the unworthiness of his work to engage such notice, the intended privacy of the composition, and the corruptions of the impression; and received an answer equally genteel and respectful, containing high commendations of the piece, pompous professions of reverence, meek acknowledgments of inability, and anxious apologies for the hastiness of his remarks.

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life. Who would not have thought, that these two luminaries of their age had ceased to endeavour to grow bright by the obscuration of each other? yet the animadversions thus weak, thus precipitate, upon a book thus injured in the transcription, quickly passed the press; and *Religio Medici* was more accurately published, with an admonition prefixed "to those who have or shall" "peruse the observations upon a former corrupt copy;" in which there is a severe censure, not upon Digby, who was to be used with ceremony, but upon the observator who had usurped his name: nor was this invective written by Dr. Browne, who was supposed to be satisfied with his opponent's apology; but by some officious friend, zealous for his honour, without his consent.

Browne has, indeed, in his own preface, endeavoured to secure himself from rigorous examination, by alledging, that "many things are delivered rhetorically, many expressions merely tropical, and therefore many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason." The first glance upon his book will indeed discover examples of this liberty of thought and expression: "I could be content (says he) to be nothing almost to eternity, if I might enjoy my Saviour at the last." He has little acquaintance with the acuteness of Browne, who suspects him of a serious opinion, that any thing can

* Digby's letter to Browne, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, fol edit.

be "almost eternal," or that any time beginning and ending, is not infinitely less than infinite duration.

In this book he speaks much, and, in the opinion of Digby, too much of himself; but with such generality and conciseness as affords very little light to his biographer: he declares, that, besides the dialects of different provinces, he understood six languages; that he was no stranger to Astronomy; and that he had seen several countries: but what most awakens curiosity is, his solemn assertion, that "his life has been a miracle of thirty years; which to relate were not history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound like a fable."

There is, undoubtedly, a sense in which all life is miraculous; as it is an union of powers of which we can image no connexion, a succession of motions of which the first cause must be supernatural: but life, thus explained, whatever it may have of miracle, will have nothing of fable; and, therefore, the author undoubtedly had regard to something, by which he imagined himself distinguished from the rest of mankind.

Of these wonders, however, the view that can be now taken of his life offers no appearance. The course of his education was like that of others, such as put him little in the way of extraordinary casualties. A scholastic and academical life is very uniform; and has, indeed, more safety than pleasure. A traveller has greater opportunities of adventure; but Browne traversed no unknown seas, or Arabian deserts: and, surely, a man may visit France and Italy, reside at Montpellier and Padua, and at last take his degree at Leyden, without any thing miraculous. What it was that would, if it was related, sound so poetical and fabulous, we are left to guess; I believe without hope of guessing rightly. The wonders probably were transacted in his own mind: self-love, co-operating with an imagination vigorous and fertile as that of Browne, will find or make objects of astonishment in every man's life: and, perhaps, there is no human being, however hid in the crowd from the observation of his fellow-mortals, who, if he has leisure and disposition to recollect his own thoughts and actions, will not conclude his life in some sort a miracle, and imagine himself distinguished from all the rest of his species by many discriminations of nature or of fortune.

The

The success of this performance was such, as might naturally encourage the author to new undertakings. A gentleman of Cambridge *, whose name was Merryweather, turned it not inelegantly into Latin; and from his version it was again translated into Italian, German, Dutch, and French; and at Strasburg the Latin translation was published with large notes, by Lenuus Nicolaus Molifarius. Of the English annotations, which in all the editions from 1644 accompanied the book, the author is unknown.

Of Merryweather, to whose zeal Browne was so much indebted for the sudden extension of his renown, I know nothing, but that he published a small treatise for the instruction of young persons in the attainment of a Latin style. He printed his translation in Holland with some difficulty †. The first printer to whom he offered it carried it to Salmasius, “who laid it by (says he) in state for three “months,” and then discouraged its publication: it was afterwards rejected by two other printers, and at last was received by Hackius.

The peculiarities of this book raised the author, as is usual, many admirers and many enemies; but we know not of more than one professed answer, written under ‡ the title of *Medicus Medicatus*, by Alexander Ross, which was universally neglected by the world.

At the time when this book was published, Dr. Browne resided at Norwich, where he had settled in 1636, by § the persuasion of Dr. Lushington his tutor, who was then rector of Barnham Westgate in the neighbourhood. It is recorded by Wood, that his practice was very extensive, and that many patients resorted to him. In 1637 || he was incorporated doctor of physic in Oxford.

He married in 1641 ¶ Mrs. Mileham, of a good family in Norfolk; “a lady (says Whitefoot, of such symmetrical “proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces “of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.”

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

† Merryweather's letter, inserted in the Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

‡ Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

§ Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

|| Wood.

¶ Whitefoot.

This marriage could not but draw the raillery of contemporary wits * upon a man, who had just been wishing in his new book, "that we might procreate, like trees, without conjunction;" and had † lately declared, that "the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman;" and, that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man."

Whether the lady had been yet informed of these contemptuous positions, or whether she was pleased with the conquest of so formidable a rebel, and considered it as a double triumph, to attract so much merit, and overcome so powerful prejudices; or whether, like most others, she married upon mingled motives, between convenience and inclination; she had, however, no reason to repent, for she lived happily with him one-and-forty years, and bore him ten children, of whom one son and three daughters outlived their parents: she survived him two years, and passed her widowhood in plenty, if not in opulence.

Browne having now entered the world as an author, and experienced the delights of praise and molestations of censure, probably found his dread of the public eye diminished; and, therefore, was not long before he trusted his name to the critics a second time: for in 1646 ‡ he printed *Enquiries into vulgar and common Errours*; a work, which as it arose not from fancy and invention, but from observation and books, and contained not a single discourse of one continued tenor, of which the latter part arose from the former, but an enumeration of many unconnected particulars, must have been the collection of years, and the effect of a design early formed and long pursued, to which his remarks had been continually referred, and which arose gradually to its present bulk by the daily aggregation of new particles of knowledge. It is indeed to be wished, that he had longer delayed the publication, and added what the remaining part of his life might have furnished: the thirty-six years which he spent afterwards in study and experience, would doubtless have made large additions to an *Enquiry into vulgar Errours*. He published in 1673 the sixth edition, with some improvements; but I think rather with explication of what he had already writ-

* Howel's Letters. † Religio Medici.

‡ Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

ten, than any new heads of disquisition. But with the work, such as the author, whether hindered from continuing it by eagerness of praise, or weariness of labour, thought fit to give, we must be content ; and remember, that in all sublunary things there is something to be wished which we must wish in vain.

This book, like his former, was received with great applause, was answered by Alexander Ross, and translated into Dutch and German, and not many years ago into French. It might now be proper, had not the favour with which it was at first received filled the kingdom with copies, to reprint it with notes, partly supplemental, and partly emendatory, to subjoin those discoveries which the industry of the last age has made, and correct those mistakes which the author has committed not by idleness or negligence, but for want of Boyle's and Newton's philosophy.

He appears indeed to have been willing to pay labour for truth. Having heard a flying rumour of sympathetic needles, by which, suspended over a circular alphabet, distant friends or lovers might correspond, he procured two such alphabets to be made, touched his needles with the same magnet, and placed them upon proper spindles : the result was, that when he moved one of his needles, the other, instead of taking by sympathy the same direction, " stood like the pillars of Hercules." That it continued motionless, will be easily believed ; and most men would have been content to believe it, without the labour of so hopeless an experiment. Browne might himself have obtained the same conviction by a method less operose, if he had thrust his needles through corks, and set them afloat in two basons of water.

Notwithstanding his zeal to detect old errors, he seems not very easy to admit new positions ; for he never mentions the motion of the earth but with contempt and ridicule, though the opinion, which admits it, was then growing popular, and was surely plausible, even before it was confirmed by later observations.

The reputation of Browne encouraged some low writer to publish, under his name, a book called, * *Nature's Cabinet unlocked*, translated, according to Wood, from the physics of Magirus ; of which Browne took care to clear

* Wood, and Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

himself,

himself, by modestly advertizing, that “if any man * had
 “been benefited by it, he was not so ambitious as to
 “challenge the honour thereof, as having no hand in that
 “work.”

In 1638 the discovery of some ancient urns in Norfolk gave him occasion to write *Hydriotaphia, Urn-burial, or a discourse of Sepulchral Urns*, in which he treats with his usual learning on the funeral rites of the ancient nations ; exhibits their various treatment of the dead ; and examines the substances found in his Norfolkian urns. There is, perhaps, none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory. It is scarcely to be imagined, how many particulars he has amassed together, in a treatise which seems to have been occasionally written ; and for which, therefore, no materials could have been previously collected. It is indeed, like other treatises of antiquity, rather for curiosity than use ; for it is of small importance to know which nation buried their dead in the ground, which threw them into the sea, or which gave them to birds and beasts ; when the practice of cremation began, or when it was disused ; whether the bones of different persons were mingled in the same urn ; what oblations were thrown into the pyre ; or how the ashes of the body were distinguished from those of other substances. Of the usefulness of these enquiries, Browne seems not to have been ignorant ; and, therefore, concludes them with an observation which can never be too frequently recollected :

“All or most apprehensions rested in opinions of some
 “future being, which, ignorantly or coldly believed, begat
 “those perverted conceptions, ceremonies, sayings, which
 “Christians pity or laugh at. Happy are they, which live
 “not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say
 “little for futurity, but from reason ; whereby the noblest
 “mind fell often upon doubtful deaths, and melancholy
 “dissolutions : with these hopes Socrates warmed his
 “doubtful spirits against the cold potion ; and Cato, before
 “he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in
 “reading the immortality of Plato, thereby confirming his
 “wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

“It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a
 “man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature ; or that
 “there is no further state to come, unto which this seems

* At the end of *Hydriotaphia*.

“progressional,

“progreſſional, and otherwiſe made in vain: without
 “this accompliſhment, the natural expectation and deſire
 “of ſuch a ſtate were but a fallacy in nature: unſatisfied
 “conſiderators would quarrel at the juſtneſs of the con-
 “ſtitution, and reſt content that Adam had fallen lower,
 “whereby, by knowing no other original, and deeper igno-
 “rance of themſelves, they might have enjoyed the hap-
 “pineſs of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity poſſeſs
 “their conſtitutions, as having not the apprehenſion to
 “deplore their own natures; and being framed below the
 “circumference of theſe hopes of cognition of better things,
 “the wiſdom of God hath neceſſitated their contentment.
 “But the ſuperior ingredient and obſcured part of our-
 “ſelves, whereto all preſent felicities afford no reſting
 “contentment, will be able at laſt to tell us we are more
 “than our preſent ſelves; and evacuate ſuch hopes in the
 “fruition of their own accompliſhments.”

To his treatiſe on *Urn-burial* was added *The garden of Cyrus, or the quincunxial lozenge, or network plantation of the ancients, artiſicially, naturally, myſtically conſidered*. This diſcourſe he begins with the *Sacred Garden*, in which the firſt man was placed; and deduces the practice of horticulture from the earlieſt accounts of antiquity to the time of the *Perſian Cyrus*, the firſt man whom we actually know to have planted a quincunx; which, however, our author is inclined to believe of longer date, and not only diſcovers it in the deſcription of the hanging gardens of Babylon, but ſeems willing to believe, and to perſuade his reader, that it was practiſed by the feeders on vegetables before the flood.

Some of the moſt pleaſing performances have been produced by learning and genius exerciſed upon ſubjects of little importance. It ſeems to have been in all ages the pride of wit, to ſhew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To ſpeak not inadequately of things really and naturally great, is a taſk not only difficult but diſagreeable; becauſe the writer is degraded in his own eyes by ſtanding in compariſon with his ſubject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his imagination; but it is a perpetual triumph of fancy to expand a ſcanty theme, to raiſe glittering ideas from obſcure properties, and to produce to the world an object of wonder to which nature had contributed little. To this ambition, perhaps, we owe the frogs of Homer, the gnat and the bees of Virgil, the butterfly

butterfly of Spenser, the shadow of Wowerus, and the quincunx of Browne.

In the prosecution of this sport of fancy, he considers every production of art and nature in which he could find any decussation or approaches to the form of a quincunx ; and as a man once resolved upon ideal discoveries seldom searches long in vain, he finds his favourite figure in almost every thing, whether natural or invented, ancient or modern, rude or artificial, sacred and civil, so that a reader, not watchful against the power of his infusions, would imagine that decussation was the great business of the world, and that nature and art had no other purpose than to exemplify and imitate a quincunx.

To shew the excellence of this figure he enumerates all its properties ; and finds in it almost every thing of use or pleasure : and to shew how readily he supplies what he cannot find, one instance may be sufficient : “ though “ therein (says he) we meet not with right angles, yet every “ rhombus containing four angles equal unto two right, it “ virtually contains two right in every one.”

The fanciful sports of great minds are never without some advantage to knowledge. Browne has interspersed many curious observations on the form of plants, and the laws of vegetation ; and appears to have been a very accurate observer of the modes of germination, and to have watched with great nicety the evolution of the parts of plants from their seminal principles.

He is then naturally led to treat of the number Five ; and finds, that by this number many things are circumscribed ; that there are five kinds of vegetable productions, five sections of a cone, five orders of architecture, and five acts of a play. And observing that five was the ancient conjugal, or wedding number, he proceeds to a speculation which I shall give in his own words ; “ the ancient “ numerists made out the conjugal number by two and “ three, the first parity and imparity, the active and “ passive digits, the material and formal principles in “ generative societies.”

These are all the tracts which he published. But many papers were found in his closet : “ some of them, (says “ Whitefoot,) designed for the press, were often transcribed “ and corrected by his own hand, after the fashion of great “ and curious writers.”

Of these, two collections have been published ; one by Dr. Tenison, the other in 1722 by a nameless editor.

Whether

Whether the one or the other selected those pieces which the author would have preferred, cannot be known : but they have both the merit of giving to mankind what was too valuable to be suppressed ; and what might, without their interposition, have perhaps perished among other innumerable labours of learned men, or have been burnt in a scarcity of fuel like the papers of Peirecius.

The first of these posthumous treatises contains *Observations upon several plants mentioned in Scripture* : these remarks, though they do not immediately either rectify the faith, or refine the morals of the reader, yet are by no means to be censured as superfluous niceties, or useless speculations ; for they often shew some propriety of description, or elegance of allusion, utterly undiscoverable to readers not skilled in Oriental botany ; and are often of more important use, as they remove some difficulty from narratives, or some obscurity from precepts.

The next is, *Of garlands, or coronary and garland plants* ; a subject merely of learned curiosity, without any other end than the pleasure of reflecting on ancient customs, or on the industry with which studious men have endeavoured to recover them.

The next is a letter, *On the fishes eaten by our Saviour with his Disciples, after his resurrection from the dead* ; which contains no determinate resolution of the question, what they were, for indeed it cannot be determined. All the information that diligence or learning could supply consists in an enumeration of the fishes produced in the waters of Judea.

Then follow, *Answers to certain queries about fishes, birds, and insects* ; and *A letter of hawks and falconry ancient and modern* : in the first of which he gives the proper interpretation of some ancient names of animals, commonly mistaken ; and in the other has some curious observations on the art of hawking, which he considers as a practice unknown to the ancients. I believe all our sports of the field are of Gothic original ; the ancients neither hunted by the scent, nor seemed much to have practised horsemanship as an exercise ; and though, in their works, there is mention of *aucupium* and *piscatio*, they seem no more to have been considered as diversions, than agriculture or any other manual labour.

In two more letters he speaks of *the cymbals of the Hebrews*, but without any satisfactory determination ; and of *ropalic*

or *gradual verses*, that is, of verses beginning with a word of one syllable, and proceeding by words of which each has a syllable more than the former; as,

“O deus, æternæ stationis conciliator.” AUSONIUS.

and after this manner pursuing the hint, he mentions many other restrained methods of versifying, to which industrious ignorance has sometimes voluntarily subjected itself.

His next attempt is, *On languages, and particularly the Saxon tongue*. He discourses with great learning, and generally with great justness, of the derivation and changes of languages; but, like other men of multifarious learning, he receives some notions without examination. Thus he observes, according to the popular opinion, that the Spaniards have retained so much Latin, as to be able to compose sentences that shall be at once grammatically Latin and Castilian: this will appear very unlikely to a man that considers the Spanish terminations; and Howel, who was eminently skilful in the three provincial languages, declares, that after many essays he never could effect it.

The principal design of this letter is to shew the affinity between the modern English and the ancient Saxon; and he observes, very rightly, that “though we have borrowed
“ many substantives, adjectives, and some verbs from the
“ French; yet the great body of numerals, auxiliary
“ verbs, articles, pronouns, adverbs, conjunctions, and
“ prepositions, which are the distinguishing and lasting
“ parts of a language, remain with us from the Saxon.”

To prove this position more evidently, he has drawn up a short discourse of six paragraphs, in Saxon and English; of which every word is the same in both languages, excepting the terminations and orthography. The words are, indeed, Saxon, but the phraseology is English; and, I think, would not have been understood by Bede or Elfric, notwithstanding the confidence of our author. He has, however, sufficiently proved his position, that the English resembles its parental language more than any modern European dialect.

There remain five tracts of this collection yet unmentioned; one, *Of artificial hills, mounts, or barrows, in England*; in reply to an interrogatory letter of E. D. whom the writers of the *Biographia Britannica* suppose to be, if rightly printed, W. D. or Sir William Dugdale, one of
Browne's

Browne's correspondents. These are declared by Browne, in concurrence, I think, with all other antiquaries, to be for the most part funeral monuments. He proves that both the Danes and Saxons buried their men of eminence under piles of earth, "which admitting (says he) neither ornament, epitaph, nor inscription, may, if earthquakes spare them, outlast other monuments: obelisks have their term, and pyramids will tumble; but these mountainous monuments may stand, and are like to have the same period with the earth."

In the next, he answers two geographical questions; one concerning Troas, mentioned in the Acts and Epistles of St. Paul, which he determines to be the city built near the ancient Ilium; and the other concerning the dead sea, of which he gives the same account with other writers.

Another letter treats *Of the answers of the oracle of Apollo, at Delphos*, to Cræsus king of Lydia. In this tract nothing deserves notice, more than that Browne considers the oracles as evidently and indubitably supernatural, and founds all his disquisition upon that postulate. He wonders why the physiologists of old, having such means of instruction, did not enquire into the secrets of nature: But judiciously concludes, that such questions would probably have been vain; "for in matters cognoscible, and formed for our disquisition, our industry must be our oracle, and reason our Apollo."

The pieces that remain are, *A prophecy concerning the future state of several nations*; in which Browne plainly discovers his expectation to be the same with that entertained lately with more confidence by Dr. Berkeley, "that America will be the seat of the fifth empire:" and *Museum clausum, sive Bibliotheca abscondita*; in which the author amuses himself with imagining the existence of books and curiosities, either never in being, or irrecoverably lost.

These pieces I have recounted as they are ranged in Tenison's collection, because the editor has given no account of the time at which any of them were written. Some of them are of little value, more than as they gratify the mind with the picture of a great scholar, turning his learning into amusement; or shew upon how great a variety of enquiries the same mind has been successfully employed.

The other collection of his posthumous pieces, published in octavo, London 1722, contains *Repertorium; or some*

account of the tombs and monuments in the cathedral of Norwich; where, as Tenison observes, there is not matter proportionate to the skill of the antiquary.

The other pieces are, "Answers to Sir William Dugdale's enquiries about the fens; a letter concerning Ireland; another relating to urns newly discovered; some short strictures on different subjects; and a letter to a friend on the death of his intimate friend," published singly by the author's son in 1690.

There is inserted, in the "*Biographia Britannica*," a letter containing instructions for the study of physic; which, with the essays here offered to the public, completes the works of Dr. Browne.

To the life of this learned man, there remains little to be added, but that in 1665 he was chosen honorary fellow of the college of physicians, as a man, "*Virtute et literis ornatissimus*;"—eminently embellished with literature and virtue;" and, in 1671, received, at Norwich, the honour of knighthood from Charles II. a prince, who, with many frailties and vices, had yet skill to discover excellence, and virtue to reward it with such honorary distinctions at least as cost him nothing, yet, conferred by a king so judicious and so much beloved, had the power of giving merit new lustre and greater popularity.

Thus he lived in high reputation, till in his seventy-sixth year he was seized with a cholic, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life at Norwich, on his birth-day, October 19, 1682 *. Some of his last words were expressions of submission to the will of God, and fearlessness of death.

He lies buried in the church of St. Peter, Mancroft, in Norwich, with this inscription on a mural monument, placed on the south pillar of the altar :

M. S.

Hic situs est THOMAS BROWNE, M. D.

Et miles.

Anno 1605, Londini natus ;

Generosa familia apud Upton

In agro Cestriensi oriundus.

Scholâ primum Wintoniensi, postea

In Coll. Pembr.

* Browne's remains. Whitefoot.

Apud

Apud Oxonienſes bonis literis
 Haud leviter imbutus;
 In urbe hâc Nordovicenſi medicinam
 Arte egregia, & fâlici ſucceſſu profeſſus;
 Scriptis quibus tituli, RELIGIO MEDICI
 ET PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA aliſque
 Per orbem notiſſimus.
 Vir prudentiſſimus, integerrimus, doctiſſimus;
 Obiit Octob. 19, 1682.
 Pie poſuit mœſtiſſima conjux
 Da. Doroth. Br.

Near the foot of this pillar
 Lies Sir Thomas Browne, kt. and doctor in phyſic,
 Author of Religio Medici, and other learned books,
 Who practiſed phyſic in this city 46 years,
 And died Oct. 1682, in the 77th year of his age.
 In memory of whom,
 Dame Dorothy Browne, who had bin his affectionate
 Wife 47 years, cauſed this monument to be
 Erected.

Befides his lady, who died in 1685, he left a ſon and three daughters. Of the daughters nothing very remarkable is known; but his ſon, Edward Browne, requires a particular mention.

He was born about the year 1642; and, after having paſſed through the claſſes of the ſchool at Norwich, became bachelor of phyſic at Cambridge; and afterwards removing to Merton-College in Oxford, was admitted there to the ſame degree, and afterwards made a doctor. In 1668 he viſited part of Germany; and in the year following made a wider excuſion into Auſtria, Hungary, and Theſſaly; where the Turkiſh ſultan then kept his court at Lariffa. He afterwards paſſed through Italy. His ſkill in natural hiſtory made him particularly attentive to mines and metallurgy. Upon his return he publiſhed an account of the countries through which he had paſſed; which I have heard commended by a learned traveller, who has viſited many places after him, as written with ſcrupulous and exact veracity, ſuch as is ſcarcely to be found in any other book of the ſame kind. But whatever it may contribute to the inſtruction of a naturaliſt, I cannot recommend it as likely to give much pleaſure to common readers; for

whether it be that the world is very uniform, and therefore he who is resolved to adhere to truth will have few novelties to relate ; or that Dr. Browne was, by the train of his studies, led to enquire most after those things by which the greatest part of mankind is little affected ; a great part of his book seems to contain very unimportant accounts of his passage from one place where he saw little, to another where he saw no more.

Upon his return, he practised physic in London ; was made physician first to Charles II. and afterwards, in 1682, to St. Bartholomew's hospital. About the same time he joined his name to those of many other eminent men, in " a translation of Plutarch's lives." He was first censor, then elect, and treasurer of the college of physicians ; of which in 1705 he was chosen president, and held his office till in 1708 he died in a degree of estimation suitable to a man so variously accomplished, that King Charles had honoured him with this panegyric, that " he was as learned as any of the college, and as well-bred as any of the court."

Of every great and eminent character part breaks forth into public view, and part lies hid in domestic privacy. These qualities, which have been exerted in any known and lasting performances, may, at any distance of time, be traced and estimated ; but silent excellencies are soon forgotten ; and those minute peculiarities which discriminate every man from all others, if they are not recorded by those whom personal knowledge enables to observe them, are irrecoverably lost. This mutilation of character must have happened, among many others, to Sir Thomas Browne, had it not been delineated by his friend Mr. Whitefoot, " who esteemed it an especial favour of Providence, to have had a particular acquaintance with him for two-thirds of his life." Part of his observations I shall therefore copy.

" For a character of his person, his complexion and hair was answerable to his name ; his stature was moderate, and habit of body neither fat nor lean, but εὐσπαρκῶς.

" In his habit of cloathing, he had an aversion to all finery, and affected plainness, both in the fashion and ornaments. He ever wore a cloke, or boots, when few others did. He kept himself always very warm, and thought it most safe so to do, though he never loaded himself with such a multitude of garments, as Suetonius reports of Augustus, enough to cloath a good family.

" The

“ The horizon of his understanding was much larger
 “ than the hemisphere of the world : all that was visible
 “ in the heavens he comprehended so well, that few that
 “ are under them knew so much : he could tell the num-
 “ ber of the visible stars in his horizon, and call them all
 “ by their names that had any ; and of the earth he had
 “ such a minute and exact geographical knowledge as if
 “ he had been by Divine Providence ordained surveyor-
 “ general of the whole terrestrial orb, and its products,
 “ minerals, plants, and animals. He was so curious a
 “ botanist, that, besides the specific distinctions, he made
 “ nice and elaborate observations, equally useful as enter-
 “ taining.

“ His memory, though not so eminent as that of Seneca
 “ or Scaliger, was capacious and tenacious, insomuch as
 “ he remembered all that was remarkable in any book that
 “ he had read ; and not only knew all persons again that
 “ he had ever seen at any distance of time, but remem-
 “ bered the circumstances of their bodies, and their parti-
 “ cular discourses and speeches.

“ In the Latin poets he remembered every thing that
 “ was acute and pungent : he had read most of the histo-
 “ rians, ancient and modern, wherein his observations
 “ were singular, not taken notice of by common readers ;
 “ he was excellent company when he was at leisure, and
 “ expressed more light than heat in the temper of his
 “ brain.

“ He had no despotical power over his affections and
 “ passions (that was a privilege of original perfection, for-
 “ feited by the neglect of the use of it), but as large a poli-
 “ tical power over them, as any stoic, or man of his time,
 “ whereof he gave so great experiment, that he hath very
 “ rarely been known to have been overcome with any of
 “ them. The strongest that were found in him, both of
 “ the irascible and concupiscible, were under the controul
 “ of his reason. Of admiration, which is one of them,
 “ being the only product, either of ignorance, or uncom-
 “ mon knowledge, he had more and less than other men,
 “ upon the same account of his knowing more than others ;
 “ so that though he met with many rarities, he admired
 “ them not so much as others do.

“ He was never seen to be transported with mirth, or
 “ dejected with sadness ; always cheerful, but rarely merry,
 “ at any sensible rate ; seldom heard to break a jest ; and,
 “ when

“ when he did, he would be apt to blush at the levity of
 “ it: his gravity was natural, without affectation.

“ His modesty was visible in a natural habitual blush,
 “ which was increased upon the least occasion, and oft discovered without any observable cause.

“ They that knew no more of him than by the briskness
 “ of his writings, found themselves deceived in their expectation, when they came in his company, noting the
 “ gravity and sobriety of his aspect and conversation; so
 “ free from loquacity, or much talkativeness, that he was
 “ something difficult to be engaged in any discourse;
 “ though, when he was so, it was always singular, and
 “ never trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his
 “ time, whereof he made as much improvement, with as
 “ little loss as any man in it: when he had any to spare
 “ from his drudging practice, he was scarce patient of any
 “ diversion from his study; so impatient of sloth and idleness, that he would say, he could not do nothing.

“ Sir Thomas understood most of the European languages; viz. all that are in Hutter’s Bible, which he made
 “ use of. The Latin and Greek he understood critically;
 “ the Oriental languages, which never were vernacular in
 “ this part of the world, he thought the use of them would
 “ not answer the time and pains of learning them; yet
 “ had so great a veneration for the matrix of them, viz.
 “ the Hebrew, consecrated to the oracles of God, that he
 “ was not content to be totally ignorant of it; though
 “ very little of his science is to be found in any books of
 “ that primitive language. And though much is said to
 “ be written in the derivative idioms of that tongue, especially the Arabic, yet he was satisfied with the translations, wherein he found nothing admirable.

“ In his religion he continued in the same mind which
 “ he had declared in his first book, written when he was
 “ but thirty years old, his *Religio Medici*, wherein he fully
 “ assented to that of the church of England, preferring it
 “ before any in the world, as did the learned Grotius. He
 “ attended the public service very constantly, when he was
 “ not withheld by his practice; never missed the sacrament in his parish, if he were in town; read the best
 “ English sermons he could hear of, with liberal applause;
 “ and delighted not in controversies. In his last sickness,
 “ wherein he continued about a week’s time, enduring
 “ great pain of the cholic, besides a continual fever, with as
 “ much

“ much patience as hath been seen in any man, without
 “ any pretence of Stoical apathy, animosity, or vanity of
 “ not being concerned thereat, or suffering no impeachment of happiness—*Nilil agis, dolor.*

“ His patience was founded upon the Christian philosophy, and a sound faith of God’s providence, and a meek and holy submission thereunto, which he expressed in few words. I visited him near his end, when he had not strength to hear or speak much; the last words which I heard from him were, besides some expressions of dearnefs, that he did freely submit to the will of God, being without fear: he had often triumphed over the king of terrors in others, and given many repulses in the defence of patients; but, when his own turn came, he submitted with a meek, rational, and religious courage.

“ He might have made good the old saying of *Dat Galenus opes*, had he lived in a place that could have afforded it. But his indulgence and liberality to his children, especially in their travels, two of his sons in divers countries, and two of his daughters in France, spent him more than a little. He was liberal in his house-entertainments and in his charity; he left a comfortable, but no great estate, both to his lady and children, gained by his own industry.

“ Such was his sagacity and knowledge of all history, ancient and modern, and his observations thereupon so singular, that it hath been said, by them that knew him best, that if his profession, and place of abode, would have suited his ability, he would have made an extraordinary man for the privy-council, not much inferior to the famous Padre Paulo, the late oracle of the Venitian state.

“ Though he were no prophet, nor son of a prophet, yet in that faculty which comes nearest it he excelled, i. e. the stochastic, wherein he was seldom mistaken, as to future events, as well public as private; but not apt to discover any presages or superstition.”

It is observable, that he who in his earlier years had read all the books against religion, was in the latter part of his life averse from controversies. To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents.

repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth without the labour or hazard of contest. There is, perhaps, no better method of encountering these troublesome irruptions of scepticism, with which inquisitive minds are frequently harassed, than that which Browne declares himself to have taken: "If there arise
 " any doubts in my way, I do forget them; or at least de-
 " fer them, till my better settled judgment, and more
 " manly reason, be able to resolve them: for I perceive,
 " every man's reason is his best *Oedipus*, and, will, upon a
 " reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds, where-
 " with the subtilties of error have enchained our more
 " flexible and tender judgments."

The foregoing character may be confirmed and enlarged by many passages in the *Religio Medici*; in which it appears, from Whitefoot's testimony, that the author, though no very sparing panegyrist of himself, has not exceeded the truth, with respect to his attainments or visible qualities.

There are, indeed, some interior and secret virtues, which a man may sometimes have without the knowledge of others; and may sometimes assume to himself, without sufficient reasons for his opinion. It is charged upon Browne, by Dr. Watts, as an instance of arrogant temerity, that, after a long detail of his attainments, he declares himself to have escaped "the first and father-sin of
 " pride." A perusal of the *Religio Medici* will not much contribute to produce a belief of the author's exemption from this father-sin: pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

As easily may we be mistaken in estimating our own courage, as our own humility; and therefore, when Browne shews himself persuaded, that "he could lose an arm
 " without a tear, or with a few groans be quartered to
 " pieces," I am not sure that he felt in himself any uncommon powers of endurance; or, indeed, any thing more than a sudden effervescence of imagination, which, uncertain and involuntary as it is, he mistook for settled resolution.

"That there were not many extant, that in a noble way
 " feared the face of death less than himself;" he might likewise believe at a very easy expence, while death was yet at a distance; but the time will come to every human being,
 when

when it must be known how well he can bear to die ; and it has appeared that our author's fortitude did not desert him in the great hour of trial.

It was observed by some of the remarkers on the *Religio Medici*, that "the author was yet alive, and might " grow worse as well as better ;" it is therefore happy, that this suspicion can be obviated by a testimony given to the continuance of his virtue, at a time when death had set him free from danger of change, and his panegyrist from temptation to flattery.

But it is not on the praises of others, but on his own writings, that he is to depend for the esteem of posterity ; of which he will not easily be deprived while learning shall have any reverence among men : for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill ; and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with success.

His exuberance of knowledge, and plenitude of ideas, sometimes obstruct the tendency of his reasoning, and the clearness of his decisions : on whatever subject he employed his mind, there started up immediately so many images before him, that he lost one by grasping another. His memory supplied him with so many illustrations, parallel or dependent notions, that he was always starting into collateral considerations : but the spirit and vigour of his pursuit always gives delight ; and the reader follows him, without reluctance, through his mazes, in themselves flowery and pleasing, and ending at the point originally in view.

"To have great excellences and great faults, *magne virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the poetry," says our author, "of the best natures." This poetry may be properly applied to the style of Browne ; it is vigorous, but rugged ; it is learned, but pedantic ; it is deep, but obscure ; it strikes, but does not please ; it commands, but does not allure : his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth. He fell into an age in which our language began to lose the stability which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth ; and was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastic skill, by moulding it according to his own fancy. Milton, in consequence of this encroaching licence, began to introduce the Latin idiom : and Browne, though he gave less disturbance to our structures in phraseology, yet poured in a multitude of exotic words ; many, indeed, useful and significant, which, if rejected, must be supplied

supplied by circumlocution, such as *commensality* for the state of many living at the same table; but many superfluous, as a *paralogical* for an unreasonable doubt; and some so obscure, that they conceal his meaning rather than explain it, as *arthritical analogies* for parts that serve some animals in the place of joints.

His style is, indeed, a tiffue of many languages; a mixture of heterogeneous words, brought together from distant regions, with terms originally appropriated to one art, and drawn by violence into the service of another. He must however be confessed to have augmented our philosophical diction; and in defence of his uncommon words and expressions, we must consider, that he had uncommon sentiments, and was not content to express in many words that idea for which any language could supply a single term.

But his innovations are sometimes pleasing, and his temerities happy: he has many *verba ardentia*, forcible expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety: and flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little fear of the shame of falling.

There remains yet an objection against the writings of Browne, more formidable than the animadversions of criticism. There are passages from which some have taken occasion to rank him among deists, and others among atheists. It would be difficult to guess how any such conclusion should be formed, had not experience shewn that there are two sorts of men willing to enlarge the catalogue of infidels.

It has been long observed, that an atheist has no just reason for endeavouring conversions; and yet none harass those minds which they can influence, with more importunity of sollicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are desirous to gain the attestation of another understanding; and industriously labour to win a proselyte, and eagerly catch at the slightest pretence to dignify their sect with a celebrated name*.

* Therefore no Heretics desire to spread
Their wild opinions like these Epicures.
For so their staggering thoughts are computed,
And other men's assent their doubt assures. DAVIES.

The others become friends to infidelity only by unskilful hostility; men of rigid orthodoxy, cautious conversation, and religious asperity. Among these, it is too frequently the practice, to make in their heat concessions to atheism, or deism, which their most confident advocates had never dared to claim, or to hope. A fallacy of levity, an idle paradox, an indecent jest, an unseasonable objection, are sufficient in the opinion of these men, to efface a name from the lists of Christianity, to exclude a soul from everlasting life. Such men are so watchful to censure, that they have seldom much care to look for favourable interpretations of ambiguities, to set the general tenor of life against single failures, or to know how soon any slip of inadvertency has been expiated by sorrow and retraction; but let fly their fulminations, without mercy or prudence, against slight offences or casual temerities, against crimes never committed, or immediately repented.

The infidel knows well what he is doing. He is endeavouring to supply, by authority, the deficiency of his arguments; and to make his cause less invidious, by shewing numbers on his side: he will, therefore, not change his conduct, till he reforms his principles. But the zealot should recollect, that he is labouring, by this frequency of excommunication, against his own cause; and voluntarily adding strength to the enemies of truth. It must always be the condition of a great part of mankind to reject and embrace tenets upon the authority of those whom they think wiser than themselves; and, therefore, the addition of every name to infidelity in some degree invalidates that argument upon which the religion of multitudes is necessarily founded.

Men may differ from each other in many religious opinions, and yet all may retain the essentials of Christianity; men may sometimes eagerly dispute, and yet not differ much from one another: the rigorous persecutors of error should, therefore, enlighten their zeal with knowledge, and temper their orthodoxy with charity; that charity, without which orthodoxy is vain; charity that "thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things," and "endureth all things."

Whether Browne has been numbered among the contemners of religion, by the fury of its friends, or the artifice of its enemies, it is no difficult task to replace him among the most zealous professors of Christianity. He may,

may, perhaps, in the ardour of his imagination, have hazarded an expression, which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his discourse; but a phrase is not to be opposed to volumes: there is scarcely a writer to be found, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such invaried reverence.

It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful, that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares, that "he assumes the honourable style of a Christian," not because it is "the religion of his country," but because "having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace, and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this:" who, to specify his persuasion yet more, tells us, that "he is of the Reformed Religion; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed:" who, though "paradoxical in philosophy, loves in divinity to keep the beaten road; and pleases himself that he has no taint of heresy, schism, or error:" to whom, "where the Scripture is silent, the Church is a text; where that speaks, 'tis but a comment;" and who uses not "the dictates of his own reason, but where there is a joint silence of both: who blesses himself, that he lived not in the days of miracles, when faith had been thrust upon him; but enjoys that greater blessing, pronounced to all that believe and saw not." He cannot surely be charged with a defect of faith, who "believes that our Saviour was dead, and buried, and rose again, and desires to see him in his glory:" and who affirms, that "this is not much to believe;" that "we have reason to owe this faith unto history;" and that "they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming; and upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief." Nor can contempt of the positive and ritual parts of religion be imputed to him, who doubts, whether a good man would refuse a poisoned eucharist; and "who would violate his own arm, rather than a church."

The opinions of every man must be learned from himself; concerning his practice, it is safest to trust the evidence

dence of others. Where these testimonies concur, no higher degree of historical certainty can be obtained; and they apparently concur to prove, that Browne was a zealous adherent to the faith of Christ, that he lived in obedience to his laws, and died in confidence of his mercy.

ASCHAM.

A S C H A M.

ROGER ASCHAM was born in the year 1515, at Kirby Wiske (or Kirby Wicke), a village near Northallerton in Yorkshire, of a family above the vulgar. His father, John Ascham, was house-steward in the family of Scroop; and in that age, when the different orders of men were at a greater distance from each other, and the manners of gentlemen were regularly formed by menial services in great houses, lived with a very conspicuous reputation. Margaret Ascham, his wife, is said to have been allied to many considerable families, but her maiden name is not recorded. She had three sons, of whom Roger was the youngest, and some daughters; but who can hope, that of any progeny more than one shall deserve to be mentioned? They lived married sixty-seven years, and at last died together almost on the same hour of the same day.

Roger having passed his first years under the care of his parents, was adopted into the family of Antony Wingfield, who maintained him, and committed his education, with that of his own sons, to the care of one Bond, a domestic tutor. He very early discovered an unusual fondness for literature by an eager perusal of English books; and having passed happily through the scholastic rudiments, was put, in 1530, by his patron Wingfield, to St. John's college in Cambridge.

Ascham entered Cambridge at a time when the last great revolution of the intellectual world was filling every academical mind with ardour or anxiety. The destruction of the Constantinopolitan empire had driven the Greeks with their language into the interior parts of Europe, the art of printing had made the books easily attainable, and Greek now began to be taught in England. The doctrines of Luther had already filled all the nations of the Romish communion with controversy and dissention. New studies of literature, and new tenets of religion, found employ-

* First printed before his Works in 4to.

ment for all who were desirous of truth, or ambitious of fame. Learning was at that time prosecuted with that eagerness and perseverance which in this age of indifference and dissipation it is not easy to conceive. To teach or to learn, was at once the business and the pleasure of the academical life; and an emulation of study was raised by Cheke and Smith, to which even the present age perhaps owes many advantages, without remembering or knowing its benefactors.

Ascham soon resolved to unite himself to those who were enlarging the bounds of knowledge, and, immediately upon his admission into the college, applied himself to the study of Greek. Those who were zealous for the new learning, were often no great friends to the old religion; and Ascham, as he became a Grecian, became a Protestant. The Reformation was not yet begun, disaffection to Popery was considered as a crime justly punished by exclusion from favour and preferment, and was not yet openly professed, though superstition was gradually losing its hold upon the public. The study of Greek was reputable enough, and Ascham pursued it with diligence and success equally conspicuous. He thought a language might be most easily learned by teaching it; and when he had obtained some proficiency in Greek, read lectures, while he was yet a boy, to other boys who were desirous of instruction. His industry was much encouraged by Pember, a man of great eminence at that time, though I know not that he has left any monuments behind him, but what the gratitude of his friends and scholars has bestowed. He was one of the great encouragers of Greek learning, and particularly applauded Ascham's lectures; assuring him in a letter, of which Graunt has preserved an extract, that he would gain more knowledge by explaining one of *Æsop's* fables to a boy, than by hearing one of *Homer's* poems explained by another.

Ascham took his bachelor's degree in 1534, February 18, in the eighteenth year of his age; a time of life at which it is more common now to enter the universities than to take degrees, but which, according to the modes of education then in use, had nothing of remarkable prematurity. On the 23d of March following, he was chosen fellow of the college; which election he considered as a second birth. Dr. Metcalf, the master of the college, a man, as Ascham tells us, "meanly learned himself, but
" no

“no mean encourager of learning in others,” clandestinely promoted his election, though he openly seemed first to oppose it, and afterwards to censure it, because Ascham was known to favour the new opinions ; and the master himself was accused of giving an unjust preference to the Northern men, one of the factions into which this nation was divided, before we could find any more important reason of dissention, than that some were born on the Northern and some on the Southern side of Trent. Any cause is sufficient for a quarrel ; and the zealots of the North and South lived long in such animosity, that it was thought necessary at Oxford to keep them quiet by chusing one proctor every year from each.

He seems to have been hitherto supported by the bounty of Wingfield, which his attainment of a fellowship now freed him from the necessity of receiving. Dependence, though in those days it was more common, and less irksome, than in the present state of things, can never have been free from discontent ; and therefore he that was released from it must always have rejoiced. The danger is, lest the joy of escaping from the patron may not leave sufficient memory of the benefactor. Of this forgetfulness Ascham cannot be accused ; for he is recorded to have preserved the most grateful and affectionate reverence for Wingfield, and to have never grown weary of recounting his benefits.

His reputation still increased, and many resorted to his chamber to hear the Greek writers explained. He was likewise eminent for other accomplishments. By the advice of Pember, he had learned to play on musical instruments, and he was one of the few who excelled in the mechanical art of writing, which then began to be cultivated among us, and in which we now surpass all other nations. He not only wrote his pages with neatness, but embellished them with elegant draughts and illuminations ; an art at that time so highly valued, that it contributed much both to his fame and his fortune.

He became master of arts in March 1537, in his twenty-first year ; and then, if not before, commenced tutor, and publicly undertook the education of young men. A tutor of one-and-twenty, however accomplished with learning, however exalted by genius, would now gain little reverence or obedience ; but in those days of discipline and regularity, the authority of the statutes easily supplied that of the teacher ;

teacher ; all power that was lawful was revered. Besides, young tutors had still younger pupils.

Afcham is said to have courted his scholars to study by every incitement, to have treated them with great kindness, and to have taken care at once to instill learning and piety, to enlighten their minds, and to form their manners. Many of his scholars rose to great eminence ; and among them William Grindal was so much distinguished, that, by Cheke's recommendation, he was called to court as a proper master of languages for the lady Elizabeth.

There was yet no established lecturer of Greek ; the university therefore appointed Afcham to read in the open schools, and paid him out of the public purse an honorary stipend, such as was then reckoned sufficiently liberal. A lecture was afterwards founded by king Henry, and he then quitted the schools, but continued to explain Greek authors in his own college.

He was at first an opponent of the new pronunciation introduced, or rather of the ancient restored, about this time by Cheke and Smith, and made some cautious struggles for the common practice, which the credit and dignity of his antagonists did not permit him to defend very publicly, or with much vehemence : nor were they long his antagonists ; for either his affection for their merit, or his conviction of the cogency of their arguments, soon changed his opinion and his practice, and he adhered ever after to their method of utterance.

Of this controversy it is not necessary to give a circumstantial account ; something of it may be found in Strype's Life of Smith, and something in Baker's Reflections upon Learning ; it is sufficient to remark here, that Cheke's pronunciation was that which now prevails in the schools of England. Disquisitions not only verbal, but merely literal, are too minute for popular narration.

He was not less eminent as a writer of Latin, than as a teacher of Greek. All the public letters of the university were of his composition ; and as little qualifications must often bring great abilities into notice, he was recommended to this honourable employment not less by the neatness of his hand, than the elegance of his style.

However great was his learning, he was not always immured in his chamber ; but, being valetudinary, and weak of body, thought it necessary to spend many hours in such exercises as might best relieve him after the fatigue

of study. His favourite amusement was archery, in which he spent, or, in the opinion of others, lost so much time, that those whom either his faults or virtues made his enemies, and perhaps some whose kindness wished him always worthily employed, did not scruple to censure his practice, as unsuitable to a man professing learning, and perhaps of bad example in a place of education.

To free himself from this censure was one of the reasons for which he published, in 1544, his "Toxophilus, or the Schole or partitions of shooting," in which he joins the praise with the precepts of archery. He designed not only to teach the art of shooting, but to give an example of diction more natural and more truly English than was used by the common writers of that age, whom he censures for mingling exotic terms with their native language, and of whom he complains, that they were made authors, not by skill or education, but by arrogance and temerity.

He has not failed in either of his purposes. He has sufficiently vindicated archery as an innocent, salutary, useful, and liberal diversion; and if his precepts are of no great use, he has only shown, by one example among many, how little the hand can derive from the mind, how little intelligence can conduce to dexterity. In every art, practice is much; in arts manual, practice is almost the whole. Precept can at most but warn against error, it can never bestow excellence.

The bow has been so long disused, that most English readers have forgotten its importance, though it was the weapon by which we gained the battle of Agincourt, a weapon which, when handled by English yeomen, no foreign troops were able to resist. We were not only abler of body than the French, and therefore superior in the use of arms, which are forcible only in proportion to the strength with which they are handled, but the national practice of shooting for pleasure or for prizes, by which every man was inured to archery from his infancy, gave us insuperable advantage, the bow requiring more practice to skilful use than any other instrument of offence.

Fire-arms were then in their infancy; and though battering-pieces had been some time in use, I know not whether any soldiers were armed with hand-guns when the "Toxophilus" was first published. They were soon after used by the Spanish troops, whom other nations made haste to imitate: but how little they could yet effect, will

be understood from the account given by the ingenious author of the "Exercise for the Norfolk Militia."

"The first muskets were very heavy, and could not be fired without a rest; they had match-locks, and barrels of a wide bore, that carried a large ball and charge of powder, and did execution at a greater distance.

"The musketeers on a march carried only their rests and ammunition, and had boys to bear their muskets after them, for which they were allowed great additional pay.

"They were very slow in loading, not only by reason of the unwieldiness of the pieces, and because they carried the powder and balls separate, but from the time it took to prepare and adjust the match; so that their fire was not near so brisk as ours is now. Afterwards a lighter kind of match-lock musket came into use, and they carried their ammunition in bandeliers, which were broad belts that came over the shoulder, to which were hung several little cases of wood covered with leather, each containing a charge of powder; the balls they carried loose in a pouch; and they had also a priming-horn hanging by their side.

"The old English writers call those large muskets calivers: the harquebuze was a lighter piece, that could be fired without a rest. The match-lock was fired by a match fixed by a kind of tongs in the serpentine or cock, which, by pulling the trigger, was brought down with great quickness upon the priming in the pan; over which there was a sliding cover, which was drawn back by the hand just at the time of firing. There was a great deal of nicety and care required to fit the match properly to the cock, so as to come down exactly true on the priming, to blow the ashes from the coal, and to guard the pan from the sparks that fell from it. A great deal of time was also lost in taking it out of the cock, and returning it between the fingers of the left hand every time that the piece was fired; and wet weather often rendered the matches useless."

While this was the state of fire-arms, and this state continued among us to the civil war, with very little improvement, it is no wonder that the long-bow was preferred by Sir Thomas Smith, who wrote of the choice of weapons in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the use of the bow still continued, though the musket was gradually prevailing.

Sir John Hayward, a writer yet later, has, in his *History of the Norman kings*, endeavoured to evince the superiority of the archer to the musketeer : however, in the long peace of king James, the bow was wholly forgotten. Guns have from that time been the weapons of the English, as of other nations, and, as they are now improved, are certainly more efficacious.

Ascham had yet another reason, if not for writing his book, at least for presenting it to king Henry. England was not then what it may be now justly termed, the capital of literature ; and therefore those who aspired to superior degrees of excellence, thought it necessary to travel into other countries. The purse of Ascham was not equal to the expence of peregrination ; and therefore he hoped to have it augmented by a pension. Nor was he wholly disappointed ; for the king rewarded him with an yearly payment of ten pounds.

A pension of ten pounds granted by a king of England to a man of letters, appears to modern readers so contemptible a benefaction, that it is not unworthy of enquiry what might be its value at that time, and how much Ascham might be enriched by it. Nothing is more uncertain than the estimation of wealth by denominated money ; the precious metals never retain long the same proportion to real commodities, and the same names in different ages do not imply the same quantity of metal ; so that it is equally difficult to know how much money was contained in any nominal sum, and to find what any supposed quantity of gold or silver would purchase ; both which are necessary to the commensuration of money, or the adjustment of proportion between the same sums at different periods of time.

A numeral pound in king Henry's time contained, as now, twenty shillings ; and therefore it must be inquired what twenty shillings could perform. Bread-corn is the most certain standard of the necessaries of life. Wheat was generally sold at that time for one shilling the bushel : if therefore we take five shillings the bushel for the current price, ten pounds were equivalent to fifty. But here is danger of a fallacy. It may be doubted whether wheat was the general bread-corn of that age ; and if rye, barley, or oats, were the common food, and wheat, as I suspect, only a delicacy, the value of wheat will not regulate the price of other things. This doubt is however in favour of
Ascham ;

Ascham ; for if we raise the worth of wheat, we raise that of his pension.

But the value of money has another variation, which we are still less able to ascertain : the rules of custom, or the different needs of artificial life, make that revenue little at one time which is great at another. Men are rich and poor, not only in proportion to what they have, but to what they want. In some ages, not only necessaries are cheaper, but fewer things are necessary. In the age of Ascham, most of the elegancies and expences of our present fashions were unknown : commerce had not yet distributed superfluity through the lower classes of the people, and the character of a student implied frugality, and required no splendour to support it. His pension, therefore, reckoning together the wants which he could supply, and the wants from which he was exempt, may be estimated, in my opinion, at more than one hundred pounds a year ; which, added to the income of his fellowship, put him far enough above distress.

This was an year of good fortune to Ascham. He was chosen orator to the university on the removal of Sir John Cheke to court, where he was made tutor to prince Edward. A man once distinguished soon gains admirers. Ascham was now received to notice by many of the nobility, and by great ladies, among whom it was then the fashion to study the ancient languages. Lee, archbishop of York, allowed him an yearly pension ; how much we are not told. He was probably about this time employed in teaching many illustrious persons to write a fine hand ; and, among others, Henry and Charles, dukes of Suffolk, the princess Elizabeth, and prince Edward.

Henry VIII. died two years after, and a reformation of religion being now openly prosecuted by king Edward and his council, Ascham, who was known to favour it, had a new grant of his pension, and continued at Cambridge, where he lived in great familiarity with Bucer, who had been called from Germany to the professorship of divinity. But his retirement was soon at an end ; for in 1548 his pupil Grindal, the master of the princess Elizabeth, died, and the princess, who had already some acquaintance with Ascham, called him from his college to direct her studies. He obeyed the summons, as we may easily believe, with readiness, and for two years instructed her with great diligence ; but then, being disgusted either at her or her domestics,

domestics, perhaps eager for another change of life, he left her without her consent, and returned to the university. Of this precipitation he long repented ; and, as those who are not accustomed to disrespect cannot easily forgive it, he probably felt the effects of his imprudence to his death.

After having visited Cambridge, he took a journey into Yorkshire, to see his native place, and his old acquaintance, and there received a letter from the court, informing him, that he was appointed secretary to Sir Richard Morifine, who was to be dispatched as ambassador into Germany. In his return to London he paid that memorable visit to lady Jane Gray, in which he found her reading the *Phædo* in Greek, as he has related in his *Schoolmaster*.

In the year 1550, he attended Morifine to Germany, and wandered over great part of the country, making observations upon all that appeared worthy of his curiosity, and contracting acquaintance with men of learning. To his correspondent Sturmius he paid a visit, but Sturmius was not at home, and those two illustrious friends never saw each other. During the course of this embassy, Ascham undertook to improve Morifine in Greek, and for four days in the week explained some passages of *Herodotus* every morning, and more than two hundred verses of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* every afternoon. He read with him likewise some of the orations of *Demosthenes*. On the other days he compiled the letters of business, and in the night filled up his diary, digested his remarks, and wrote private letters to his friends in England, and particularly to those of his college, whom he continually exhorted to perseverance in study. Amidst all the pleasures of novelty which his travels supplied, and in the dignity of his public station, he preferred the tranquillity of private study, and the quiet of academical retirement. The reasonableness of this choice has been always disputed ; and in the contrariety of human interests and dispositions, the controversy will not easily be decided.

He made a short excursion into Italy, and mentions in his *Schoolmaster* with great severity the vices of Venice. He was desirous of visiting Trent while the council were sitting ; but the scantiness of his purse defeated his curiosity.

In this journey he wrote his *Report and Discourse of the Affairs in Germany*, in which he describes the dispositions and interests of the German princes like a man inquisitive
and

and judicious, and recounts many particularities which are lost in the mass of general history, in a style which, to the ears of that age, was undoubtedly mellifluous, and which is now a very valuable specimen of genuine English.

By the death of king Edward in 1553, the Reformation was stopped, Morisine was recalled, and Ascham's pension and hopes were at an end. He therefore retired to his fellowship in a state of disappointment and despair, which his biographer has endeavoured to express in the deepest strain of plaintive declamation. "He was deprived of all "his support," says Graunt, "stripped of his pension, "and cut off from the assistance of his friends, who had "now lost their influence; so that he had *NEC PRÆMIA* " *NEC PRÆDIA*, neither pension nor estate to support him "at Cambridge." There is no credit due to a rhetorician's account either of good or evil. The truth is, that Ascham still had in his fellowship all that in the early part of his life had given him plenty, and might have lived like the other inhabitants of the college, with the advantage of more knowledge and higher reputation. But notwithstanding his love of academical retirement, he had now too long enjoyed the pleasures and festivities of public life, to return with a good will to academical poverty.

He had however better fortune than he expected; and, if he lamented his condition like his historian, better than he deserved. He had during his absence in Germany been appointed Latin secretary to king Edward; and by the interest of Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, he was instated in the same office under Philip and Mary, with a salary of twenty pounds a year.

Soon after his admission to his new employment, he gave an extraordinary specimen of his abilities and diligence, by composing and transcribing with his usual elegance, in three days, forty-seven letters to princes and personages, of whom cardinals were the lowest.

How Ascham, who was known to be a Protestant, could preserve the favour of Gardiner, and hold a place of honour and profit in queen Mary's court, it must be very natural to inquire. Cheke, as is well known, was compelled to a recantation; and why Ascham was spared, cannot now be discovered. Graunt, at a time when the transactions of queen Mary's reign must have been well enough remembered, declares that Ascham always made open profession of the reformed religion, and that Englesfield and others

others often endeavoured to incite Gardiner against him, but found their accusations rejected with contempt: yet he allows, that suspicions and charges of temporization and compliance had somewhat sullied his reputation. The author of the *Biographia Britannica* conjectures, that he owed his safety to his innocence and usefulness; that it would have been unpopular to attack a man so little liable to censure, and that the loss of his pen could not have been easily supplied. But the truth is, that morality was never suffered in the days of persecution to protect heresy; nor are we sure that Ascham was more clear from common failings, than those who suffered more; and whatever might be his abilities, they were not so necessary, but Gardiner could have easily filled his place with another secretary. Nothing is more vain, than at a distant time to examine the motives of discrimination and partiality; for the inquirer, having considered interest and policy, is obliged at last to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct, caprice, accident, and private affections.

At that time, some were punished, many were forborn; and of many why should not Ascham happen to be one? He seems to have been calm and prudent, and content with that peace which he was suffered to enjoy: a mode of behaviour that seldom fails to produce security. He had been abroad in the last years of king Edward, and had at least given no recent offence. He was certainly, according to his own opinion, not much in danger; for in the next year he resigned his fellowship, which by Gardiner's favour he had continued to hold, though not resident; and married Margaret Howe, a young gentlewoman of a good family.

He was distinguished in this reign by the notice of cardinal Pole, a man of great candour, learning, and gentleness of manners, and particularly eminent for his skill in Latin, who thought highly of Ascham's style; of which it is no inconsiderable proof, that when Pole was desirous of communicating a speech made by himself as legate, in parliament, to the pope, he employed Ascham to translate it.

He is said to have been not only protected by the officers of state, but favoured and countenanced by the queen herself, so that he had no reason of complaint in that reign of turbulence and persecution: nor was his fortune much mended, when, in 1558, his pupil Elizabeth mounted the throne.

throne. He was continued in his former employment, with the same stipend: but though he was daily admitted to the presence of the queen, assisted her private studies, and partook of her diversions; sometimes read to her in the learned languages, and sometimes played with her at draughts and chess; he added nothing to his twenty pounds a year but the prebend of Westwang in the church of York, which was given him the year following. His fortune was therefore not proportionate to the rank which his offices and reputation gave him, or to the favour in which he seemed to stand with his mistress. Of this parsimonious allotment it is again a hopeless search to inquire the reason. The queen was not naturally bountiful, and perhaps did not think it necessary to distinguish by any prodigality of kindness a man who had formerly deserted her, and whom she might still suspect of serving rather for interest than affection. Graunt exerts his rhetorical powers in praise of Ascham's disinterestedness and contempt of money; and declares, that though he was often reproached by his friends with neglect of his own interest, he never would ask any thing, and inflexibly refused all presents which his office or imagined interest induced any to offer him. Camden, however, imputes the narrowness of his condition to his love of dice and cock-fights: and Graunt, forgetting himself, allows that Ascham was sometimes thrown into agonies by disappointed expectations. It may be easily discovered from his *Schoolmaster*, that he felt his wants, though he might neglect to supply them; and we are left to suspect that he shewed his contempt of money only by losing at play. If this was his practice, we may excuse Elizabeth, who knew the domestic character of her servants, if she did not give much to him who was lavish of a little.

However he might fail in his oeconomy, it were indecent to treat with wanton levity the memory of a man who shared his frailties with all, but whose learning or virtues few can attain, and by whose excellencies many may be improved, while himself only suffered by his faults.

In the reign of Elizabeth nothing remarkable is known to have befallen him, except that, in 1563, he was invited by Sir Edward Sackville to write the *Schoolmaster*, a treatise on education, upon an occasion which he relates in the beginning of the book. This work, though begun with alacrity, in hopes of a considerable reward, was interrupted

terraptured by the death of the patron, and afterwards sorrowfully and slowly finished, in the gloom of disappointment, under the pressure of distress. But of the author's disinclination or dejection there can be found no tokens in the work, which is conceived with great vigour, and finished with great accuracy; and perhaps contains the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages.

This treatise he completed, but did not publish; for that poverty which in our days drives authors so hastily in such numbers to the press, in the time of Ascham, I believe, debarred them from it. The printers gave little for a copy, and, if we may believe the tale of Raleigh's history, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. Ascham's book therefore lay unseen in his study, and was at last dedicated to lord Cecil by his widow.

Ascham never had a robust or vigorous body, and his excuse for so many hours of diversion was his inability to endure a long continuance of sedentary thought. In the latter part of his life he found it necessary to forbear any intense application of the mind from dinner to bed-time, and rose to read and write early in the morning. He was for some years hectically feverish; and though he found some alleviation of his distemper, never obtained a perfect recovery of his health. The immediate cause of his last sickness was too close application to the composition of a poem, which he purposed to present to the queen on the day of her accession. To finish this, he forbore to sleep at his accustomed hours, till in December 1568 he fell sick of a kind of lingering disease, which Graunt has not named, nor accurately described. The most afflictive symptom was want of sleep, which he endeavoured to obtain by the motion of a cradle. Growing every day weaker, he found it vain to contend with his distemper, and prepared to die with the resignation and piety of a true Christian. He was attended on his death-bed by Gravet, vicar of St. Sepulchre, and Dr. Nowel, the learned dean of St. Paul's, who gave ample testimony to the decency and devotion of his concluding life. He frequently testified his desire of that dissolution which he soon obtained. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Nowel.

Roger Ascham died in the fifty-third year of his age, at a time when, according to the general course of life, much might yet have been expected from him, and when he might have hoped for much from others: but his abilities and his
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wants were at an end together; and who can determine, whether he was cut off from advantages, or rescued from calamities? He appears to have been not much qualified for the improvement of his fortune. His disposition was kind and social; he delighted in the pleasures of conversation, and was probably not much inclined to business. This may be suspected from the paucity of his writings. He has left little behind him; and of that little nothing was published by himself but the *Toxophilus*, and the account of Germany. The *Schoolmaster* was printed by his widow; and the epistles were collected by Graunt, who dedicated them to queen Elizabeth, that he might have an opportunity of recommending his son Giles Ascham to her patronage. The dedication was not lost: the young man was made, by the queen's mandate, fellow of a college in Cambridge, where he obtained considerable reputation. What was the effect of his widow's dedication to Cecil, is not known: it may be hoped that Ascham's works obtained for his family, after his decease, that support which he did not in his life very plentifully procure them.

Whether he was poor by his own fault, or the fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been rich with less merit. His philological learning would have gained him honour in any country; and among us it may justly call for that reverence which all nations owe to those who first rouse them from ignorance, and kindle among them the light of literature. Of his manners nothing can be said but from his own testimony, and that of his contemporaries. Those who mention him allow him many virtues. His courtesy, benevolence, and liberality are celebrated; and of his piety we have not only the testimony of his friends, but the evidence of his writings.

That his English works have been so long neglected, is a proof of the uncertainty of literary fame. He was scarcely known as an author in his own language till Mr. Upton published his *Schoolmaster* with learned notes. His other pieces were read only by those few who delight in obsolete books; but as they are now collected into one volume, with the addition of some letters never printed before, the public has an opportunity of recompensing the injury, and allotting Ascham the reputation due to his knowledge and his eloquence.

L E T T E R S

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

SELECTED FROM

THE COLLECTION OF MRS. PIOZZI,

AND OTHERS.

LETTER I. *To Mr. JAMES ELPHINSTON.*

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 25th, 1750.

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother ; and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother, now eighty-two years of age, whom, therefore, I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan, and think I do myself honour, when I tell you, that I read them with tears ; but tears are neither to *you*, nor to *me*, of any further use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation.

The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and excite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death : a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent ; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention,

mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is, indeed, of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: yet, surely, there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those, whom we love, is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship if it can be made probable, that that union, which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by,

DEAR SIR,

Your most obliged, most obedient,

And most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER II. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

MADAM,

London, Aug. 13, 1765.

IF you have really so good an opinion of me as you express, it will not be necessary to inform you, how unwillingly I miss the opportunity of coming to Brighthelmstone in Mr. Thrale's company; or, since I cannot do what I wish first, how eagerly I shall catch the second degree of pleasure, by coming to you and him, as soon as I can dismiss my work from my hands.

I am afraid to make promises even to myself; but I hope that the week after the next will be the end of my present business. When business is done, what remains but pleasure?

sure? and where should pleasure be sought, but under Mrs. Thrale's influence?

Do not blame me for a delay by which I must suffer so much, and by which I suffer alone. If you cannot think I am good, pray think I am mending, and that in time I may deserve to be, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER III. *To the Same.*

MADAM,

Lichfield, July 20, 1767.

THOUGH I have been away so much longer than I purposed or expected, I have found nothing that withdraws my affections from the friends whom I left behind, or which makes me less desirous of reposing at that place which your kindness and Mr. Thrale's allows me to call my *home*.

Miss Lucy * is more kind and civil than I expected, and has raised my esteem by many excellencies very noble and resplendent, though a little discoloured by hoary virginity. Every thing else recalls to my remembrance years, in which I proposed what, I am afraid, I have not done, and promised myself pleasure which I have not found. But complaint can be of no use; and why then should I depress your hopes by my lamentations? I suppose it is the condition of humanity to design what never will be done, and to hope what never will be obtained. But among the vain hopes, let me not number the hope which I have, of being long, dear Madam, your, &c.

LETTER IV. *To the Same.*

MADAM,

Lichfield, August 14, 1769.

I SET out on Thursday morning, and found my companion, to whom I was very much a stranger, more agreeable than I expected. We went cheerfully forward, and passed the night at Coventry. We came in late, and went out early; and therefore I did not send for my cousin

* Miss Lucy Porter, daughter to Dr. Johnson's wife by a former husband.

Tom; but I design to make him some amends for the omission.

Next day we came early to Lucy, who was, I believe, glad to see us. She had saved her best gooseberries upon the tree for me; and, as Steele says, *I was neither too proud nor too wise to gather them*. I have rambled a very little *inter fontes et flumina nota*, but I am not yet well. They have cut down the trees in George Lane. Evelyn, in his book of Forest Trees, tells us of wicked men that cut down trees, and never prospered afterwards; yet nothing has deterred these audacious aldermen from violating the Hamadryads of George Lane. As an impartial traveller I must however tell, that in Stow-street, where I left a draw well, I have found a pump; but the lading-well in this ill-fated George Lane lies shamefully neglected.

I am going to-day or to-morrow to Ashbourne; but I am at a loss how I shall get back in time to London. Here are only chance coaches, so that there is no certainty of a place. If I do not come, let it not hinder your journey. I can be but a few days behind you; and I will follow in the Brighthelmstone coach. But I hope to come.

I took care to tell Miss Porter, that I have got another Lucy. I hope she is well. Tell Mrs. Salusbury, that I beg her stay at Streatham, for little Lucy's sake. I am, &c.

LETTER V. To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM,

Lichfield, July 11, 1770.

SINCE my last letter nothing extraordinary has happened. Rheumatism, which has been very troublesome, is grown better. I have not yet seen Dr. Taylor, and July runs fast away. I shall not have much time for him, if he delays much longer to come or send. Mr. Grene, the apothecary, has found a book, which tells who paid levies in our parish, and how much they paid, above an hundred years ago. Do you not think we study this book hard? Nothing is like going to the bottom of things. Many families that paid the parish-rates are now extinct, like the race of Hercules. *Pulvis et umbra sumus*. What is nearest us touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies. I am not wholly unaffected by the revolutions of Sadler-street; nor can for-
bear

bear to mourn a little when old names vanish away, and new come into their place.

Do not imagine, Madam, that I wrote this letter for the sake of these philosophical meditations ; for when I began it, I had neither Mr. Grene, nor his book, in my thoughts ; but was resolved to write, and did not know what I had to send, but my respects to Mrs. Salusbury, and Mr. Thrale, and Harry, and the Misses.—I am, dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER VI. *To the Same.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Ashbourne, July 23, 1770.

THERE had not been so long an interval between my two last letters, but that when I came hither I did not at first understand the hours of the post.

I have seen the great bull ; and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered a hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf. Matlock, I am afraid, I shall not see, but I purpose to see Dovedale ; and after all this seeing, I hope to see you. I am, &c.

LETTER VII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Ashbourne, July 3, 1771.

LAST Saturday I came to Ashbourne ; the dangers or the pleasures of the journey I have at present no disposition to recount ; else might I paint the beauties of my native plains ; might I tell of “ the smiles of nature, and the charms “ of art :” else might I relate how I crossed the Staffordshire canal, one of the great efforts of human labour, and human contrivance ; which, from the bridge on which I viewed it, passed away on either side, and loses itself in distant regions, uniting waters that nature had divided, and dividing lands which nature had united. I might tell how these reflections fermented in my mind till the chaise stopped at Ashbourne, at Ashbourne in the Peak. Let not the barren name of the Peak terrify you ; I have never wanted straw-

berries and cream. The great bull has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull ; and hope you will be like him too a hundred years hence. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Ashbourne, July 10, 1771.

I AM obliged to my friend Harry, for his remembrance ; but think it a little hard that I hear nothing from Miss.

There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm ?

Toujours strawberries and cream.

Dr. Taylor is much better, and my rheumatism is less painful. Let me hear in return as much good of you and of Mrs. Salusbury. You despise the Dog and Duck ; things that are at hand are always slighted. I remember that Dr. Grevil, of Gloucester, sent for that water when his wife was in the same danger ; but he lived near Malvern, and you live near the Dog and Duck. Thus, in difficult cases, we naturally trust most what we least know.

Why Bromfield, supposing that a lotion can do good, should despise laurel-water in comparison with his own receipt, I do not see ; and see still less why he should laugh at that which Wall thinks efficacious. I am afraid philosophy will not warrant much hope in a lotion.

Be pleased to make my compliments from Mrs. Salusbury to Sufy. I am, &c.

LETTER IX. *To the Same.*

MADAM,

October 31, 1772.

THOUGH I am just informed, that by some accidental negligence, the letter which I wrote on Thursday was not given to the post, yet I cannot refuse myself the gratification of writing again to my mistress ; not that I have any thing to tell, but that by showing how much I am employed upon you, I hope to keep you from forgetting me.

Doctor

Doctor Taylor asked me this morning on what I was thinking ? and I was thinking on Lucy. I hope Lucy is a good girl. But she cannot yet be so good as Queeney. I have got nothing yet for Queeney's cabinet.

I hope dear Mrs. Salusbury grows no worse. I wish any thing could be found that would make her better. You must remember her admonition, and bustle in the brew-house. When I come you may expect to have your hands full with all of us.

Our bulls and cows are all well ; but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull. Our deer have died ; but many are left. Our waterfall at the garden makes a great roaring this wet weather.

And so no more at present from, Madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R X. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 23, 1772.

I AM sorry that none of your letters bring better news of the poor dear lady. I hope her pain is not great. To have a disease confessedly incurable and apparently mortal is a very heavy affliction ; and it is still more grievous when pain is added to despair.

Every thing else in your letter pleased me very well, except that when I come I entreat I may not be flattered, as your letters flatter me. You have read of heroes and princes ruined by flattery, and I question if any of them had a flatterer so dangerous as you. Pray keep strictly to your character of governesses.

I cannot yet get well ; my nights are flatulent and unquiet, but my days are tolerably easy, and Taylor says that I look much better than when I came hither. You will see when I come, and I can take your word.

Our house affords no revolutions. The great bull is well. But I write not merely to think on you, for I do that without writing, but to keep you a little thinking on me. I perceive that I have taken a broken piece of paper, but that is not the greatest fault that you must forgive in, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 27, 1772.

IF you are so kind as to write to me on Saturday, the day on which you will receive this, I shall have it before I leave Ashbourne. I am to go to Lichfield on Wednesday, and purpose to find my way to London through Birmingham and Oxford.

I was yesterday at Chatsworth. It is a very fine house, I wish you had been with me to see it ; for then, as we are apt to want matter of talk, we should have gained something new to talk on. They complimented me with playing the fountain, and opening the cascade. But I am of my friend's opinion, that when one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things.

I am in hope of a letter to-day from you or Queeney, but the post has made some blunder, and the packet is not yet distributed. I wish it may bring me a little good of you all. I am, &c.

LETTER XII. *To the Same.*

MADAM,

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1773.

THE inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between your condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle, and stewed rumps of beef ; I dined yesterday upon crumpets. You sit with parish officers, caressing and caressed, the idol of the table, and the wonder of the day. I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured: You sleep away the night, and laugh or scold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Last night was very tedious, and this day makes no promises of much ease. However, I have this day put on my shoe, and hope that gout is gone. I shall have only the cough to contend with, and I doubt whether I shall get rid of that without change of place. I caught cold in the coach as I went away, and am disordered by very little things. Is it accident or age ? I am, dearest Madam, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

March 17, 1773.

TO tell you that I am sorry both for the poor lady and for you is uselefs. I cannot help either of you. The weaknefs of mind is perhaps only a calm interruption or intermiffion of the attention, fuch as we all fuffer when fome weighty care or urgent calamity has poffeffion of the mind. She will compofe herfelf. She is unwilling to die, and the firft conviction of approaching death raifed great perturbation. I think fhe has but very lately thought death clofe at hand. She will compofe herfelf to do that as well as fhe can, which muft at laft be done. May fhe not want the Divine affiftance.

You, Madam, will have a great lofs; a greater than is common in the lofs of a parent. Fill your mind with hope of her happinefs, and turn your thoughts firft to Him who gives and takes away, in whofe prefence the living and the dead are ftanding together. Then remember, that when this mournful duty is paid, others yet remain of equal obligation, and we may hope, of lefs painful performance. Grief is a fpecies of idlenefs, and the neceffity of attention to the prefent preferves us, by the merciful difpofition of Providence, from being lacerated and devoured by forrow for the paft. You muft think on your husband and your children, and do what this dear lady has done for you.

Not to come to town while the great ftuggle continues is undoubtedly well refolved. But do not harafs yourfelf into danger; you owe the care of your health to all that love you, at leaft to all whom it is your duty to love. You cannot give fuch a mother too much, if you do not give her what belongs to another. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIV. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

April 27, 1773.

HOPE is more pleafing than fear, but not lefs fallacious; you know, when you do not try to deceive yourfelf, that the difeafe which at laft is to deftroy, muft be gradually growing worfe, and that it is vain to wifh for more than that
the

the descent to death may be slow and easy. In this wish I join with you, and hope it will be granted. Dear, dear lady, whenever she is lost she will be missed, and whenever she is remembered she will be lamented. Is it a good or an evil to me that she now loves me? It is surely a good; for you will love me better, and we shall have a new principle of concord; and I shall be happier with honest sorrow, than with sullen indifference; and far happier still than with counterfeited sympathy.

I am reasoning upon a principle very far from certain, a confidence of surivance. You or I, or both, may be called into the presence of the Supreme Judge before her. I have lived a life of which I do not like the review. Surely I shall in time live better.

I sat down with an intention to write high compliments, but my thoughts have taken another course, and some other time must now serve to tell you with what other emotions, benevolence, and fidelity, I am, &c.

LETTER XV. To Mrs. THRALE.

MADAM,

May 17, 1773.

NEVER imagine that your letters are long; they are always too short for my curiosity. I do not know that I was ever content with a single perusal.

Of dear Mrs. Salisbury I never expect much better news than you send me; *de pis en pis* is the natural and certain course of her dreadful malady. I am content when it leaves her ease enough for the exercise of her mind.

Why should Mr. * * * * * suppose, that what I took the liberty of suggesting was concerted with you? He does not know how much I revolve his affairs, and how honestly I desire his prosperity. I hope he has let the hint take some hold of his mind.

Your declaration to Miss * * * * * is more general than my opinions allow. I think an unlimited promise of acting by the opinion of another so wrong, that nothing, or hardly any thing, can make it right. All unnecessary vows are folly, because they suppose a prescience of the future which has not been given us. They are, I think, a crime, because they resign that life to chance which God has given us to be regulated by reason; and superinduce a kind of fatality,
from

from which it is the great privilege of our nature to be free. Unlimited obedience is due only to the Universal Father of Heaven and Earth. My parents may be mad or foolish; may be wicked and malicious; may be erroneously religious, or absurdly scrupulous. I am not bound to compliance with mandates either positive or negative, which either religion condemns, or reason rejects. There wanders about the world a wild notion, which extends over marriage more than over any other transaction. If Miss * * * * followed a trade, would it be said that she was bound in conscience to give or refuse credit at her father's choice? And is not marriage a thing in which she is more interested, and has therefore more right of choice? When I may suffer for my own crimes, when I may be sued for my own debts, I may judge by parity of reason for my own happiness. The parent's moral right can arise only from his kindness, and his civil right only from his money.

Conscience cannot dictate obedience to the wicked, or compliance with the foolish; and of interest mere prudence is the judge.

If the daughter is bound without a promise, she promises nothing; and if she is not bound, she promises too much.

What is meant by tying up money in trade I do not understand. No money is so little tied as that which is employed in trade. Mr. * * * * perhaps only means, that in consideration of money to be advanced, he will oblige his son to be a trader. This is reasonable enough. Upon ten thousand pounds diligently occupied, they may live in great plenty and splendour, without the mischiefs of idleness.

I can write a long letter as well as my mistress; and shall be glad that my long letters may be as welcome as her's.

My nights are growing again very uneasy and troublesome. I know not that the country will mend them; but I hope your company will mend my days. Though I cannot now expect much attention, and would not wish for more than can be spared from the poor dear lady, yet I shall see you, and hear you every now and then; and to see and hear you, is always to hear wit, and to see virtue.

I shall, I hope, see you to-morrow, and a little on the two next days; and with that little I must for the present try to be contented. I am, &c.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

August 12, 1773.

WE left London on Friday the sixth, not very early, and travelled without any memorable accident through a country which I had seen before. In the evening I was not well, and was forced to stop at Stilton, one stage short of Stamford, where we intended to have lodged.

On the 7th we passed through Stamford and Grantham, and dined at Newark, where I had only time to observe that the market-place was uncommonly spacious and neat. In London we should call it a square, though the sides were neither straight nor parallel. We came, at night, to Doncaster, and went to church in the morning, where Chambers found the monument of Robert of Doncaster, who says on his stone something like this :—What I gave, that I have ; what I spent, that I had ; what I left, that I lost.—So saith Robert of Doncaster, who reigned in the world sixty-seven years, and all that time lived not one. Here we were invited to dinner, and therefore made no great haste away.

We reached York however that night ; I was much disordered with old complaints. Next morning we saw the Minster, an edifice of loftiness and elegance equal to the highest hopes of architecture. I remember nothing but the dome of St. Paul's that can be compared with the middle walk. The Chapter-house is a circular building, very stately, but I think excelled by the Chapter-house of Lincoln.

I then went to see the ruins of the Abbey, which are almost vanished, and I remember nothing of them distinct.

The next visit was to the jail, which they call the castle ; a fabric built lately, such is terrestrial mutability, out of the materials of the ruined Abbey. The under jailor was very officious to shew his fetters, in which there was no contrivance. The head jailor came in, and seeing me look I suppose fatigued, offered me wine, and when I went away would not suffer his servant to take money. The jail is accounted the best in the kingdom, and you find the jailor deserving of his dignity.

We dined at York, and went on to Northallerton, a place of which I know nothing, but that it afforded us a lodging

lodging on Monday night, and about two hundred and seventy years ago gave birth to Roger Ascham.

Next morning we changed our horses at Darlington, where Mr. Cornelius Harrison, a cousin-german of mine, was perpetual curate. He was the only one of my relations who ever rose in fortune above penury, or in character above neglect.

The church is built crosswise, with a fine spire, and might invite a traveller to survey it, but I perhaps wanted vigour, and thought I wanted time.

The next stage brought us to Durham, a place of which Mr. Thrale had me take particular notice. The Bishop's palace has the appearance of an old feudal castle, built upon an eminence, and looking down upon the river, upon which was formerly thrown a draw-bridge, as I suppose to be raised at night, lest the Scots should pass it.

The cathedral has a massy and solidity such as I have seen in no other place; it rather awes than pleases, as it strikes with a kind of gigantic dignity, and aspires to no other praise than that of rocky solidity and indeterminate duration. I had none of my friends resident, and therefore saw but little. The library is mean and scanty.

At Durham, beside all expectation, I met an old friend: Miss Fordyce is married there to a physician. We met, I think, with honest kindness on both sides. I thought her much decayed, and having since heard that the banker had involved her husband in his extensive ruin, I cannot forbear to think that I saw in her withered features more impression of sorrow than of time.

Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinnyes.

He that wanders about the world sees new forms of human misery, and if he chances to meet an old friend, meets a face darkened with troubles.

On Tuesday night we came hither; yesterday I took some care of myself, and to-day I am *quite polite*. I have been taking a view of all that could be shewn me, and find that all very near to nothing. You have often heard me complain of finding myself disappointed by books of travels; I am afraid travel itself will end likewise in disappointment. One town, one country, is very like another: civilized nations have the same customs, and barbarous nations have the same nature: there are indeed minute discriminations both of places and of manners, which perhaps are not wanting of

of curiosity, but which a traveller seldom stays long enough to investigate and compare. The dull utterly neglect them, the acute see a little, and supply the rest with fancy and conjecture.

I shall set out again to-morrow, but I shall not, I am afraid, see Alnwick, for Dr. Percy is not there. I hope to lodge to-morrow night at Berwick, and the next at Edinburgh, where I shall direct Mr. Drummond, bookseller at Ossian's head, to take care of my letters.

I hope the little dears are all well, and that my dear master and mistress may go somewhither, but wherever you go do not forget, Madam, your most humble servant.

I am pretty well.

August 15.

Thus far I had written at Newcastle. I forgot to send it. I am now at Edinburgh; and have been this day running about. I run pretty well.

LETTER XVII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Edinburgh, August 17, 1773.

ON the 13th, I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon came to Alnwick, where we were treated with great civility by the Duke: I went through the apartments, walked on the wall, and climbed the towers. That night we lay at Bedford, and on the next night came to Edinburgh. On Sunday (15th) I went to the English chapel. After dinner Dr. Robertson came in, and promised to shew me the place. On Monday I saw their public buildings: the cathedral, which I told Robertson I wished to see because it had once been a church, the courts of justice, the parliament-house, the advocates' library, the repository of records, the college and its library, and the palace, particularly the old tower, where the king of Scotland seized David Rizzio in the queen's presence. Most of their buildings are very mean; and the whole town bears some resemblance to the old part of Birmingham.

Boswell has very handsome and spacious rooms; level with the ground on one side of the house, and on the other four stories high.

At dinner on Monday were the Duchess of Douglas, an old lady, who talks broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, and
is

is scarce understood by her own countrymen ; the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Adolphus Oughton, and many more. At supper there was such a conflux of company that I could scarcely support the tumult. I have never been well in the whole journey, and am very easily disordered.

This morning I saw at breakfast Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, who does not remember to have seen light, and is read to, by a poor scholar, in Latin, Greek, and French. He was originally a poor scholar himself. I looked on him with reverence. To-morrow our journey begins ; I know not when I shall write again. I am but poorly. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVIII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Bamff, August 25, 1773.

IT has so happened that though I am perpetually thinking on you, I could seldom find opportunity to write ; I have in fourteen days sent only one letter ; you must consider the fatigues of travel, and the difficulties encountered in a strange country.

August 18th, I passed, with Boswell, the Frith of Forth, and began our journey ; in the passage we observed an island, which I persuaded my companions to survey. We found it a rock somewhat troublesome to climb, about a mile long, and half a mile broad ; in the middle were the ruins of an old fort, which had on one of the stones—*Maria Re. 1564.* It had been only a blockhouse one story high. I measured two apartments, of which the walls were entire, and found them twenty-seven feet long and twenty-three broad. The rock had some grass and many thistles ; both cows and sheep were grazing. There was a spring of water. The name is *Inchkeith*. Look on your maps. This visit took about an hour. We pleased ourselves with being in a country all our own, and then went back to the boat, and landed at Kinghorn, a mean town, and travelling through Kirkaldie, a very long town meanly built, and Cowpar, which I could not see because it was night, we came late to St. Andrew's, the most ancient of the Scotch universities, and once the see of the Primate of Scotland. The inn was full, but lodgings were provided for us at the house of the professor of rhetoric, a man of elegant manners, who showed us in the morning, the poor remains of a stately

a stately cathedral, demolished in Knox's reformation, and now only to be imagined by tracing its foundation, and contemplating the little ruins that are left. Here was once a religious house. Two of the vaults or cellars of the suberior are even yet entire. In one of them lives an old woman, who claims an hereditary residence in it, boasting that her husband was the sixth tenant of this gloomy mansion, in a lineal descent, and claims by her marriage with this lord of the cavern an alliance with the Bruces. Mr. Boswell staid a while to interrogate her, because he understood her language; she told him, that she and her cat lived together; that she had two sons somewhere, who might perhaps be dead; that when there were quality in the town notice was taken of her, and that now she was neglected, but did not trouble them. Her habitation contained all that she had; her turf for fire was laid in one place, and her balls of coal dust in another, but her bed seemed to be clean. Boswell asked her, if she never heard any noises; but she could tell him of nothing supernatural, though she often wandered in the night among the graves and ruins, only she had sometimes notice by dreams of the death of her relations. We then viewed the remains of a castle on the margin of the sea, in which the archbishops resided, and in which Cardinal Beatoun was killed.

The professors who happened to be resident in the vacation made a public dinner, and treated us very kindly and respectfully. They shewed us their colleges, in one of which there is a library that for luminousness and elegance may vie at least with the new edifice at Streatham. But learning seems not to prosper among them; one of their colleges has been lately alienated, and one of their churches lately deserted. An experiment was made of planting a shrubbery in the church, but it did not thrive.

Why the place should thus fall to decay, I know not; for education, such as is here to be had, is sufficiently cheap. Their term, or, as they call it, their session, lasts seven months in the year, which the students of the highest rank and greatest expence may pass here for twenty pounds, in which are included board, lodging, books, and the continual instruction of three professors.

20th. We left St. Andrew's, well satisfied with our reception, and, crossing the Frith of Tay, came to Dundee, a dirty, despicable town. We passed afterwards through
Aber-

Aberbrothick, famous once for an abbey, of which there are only a few fragments left, but those fragments testify that the fabric was once of great extent, and of stupendous magnificence. Two of the towers are yet standing, though shattered; into one of them Boswell climbed, but found the stairs broken: the way into the other we did not see, and had not time to search; I believe it might be ascended, but the top, I think, is open.

We lay at Montrose, a neat place, with a spacious area for the market, and an elegant town-house.

21st. We travelled towards Aberdeen, another university, and in the way dined at Lord Monboddo's, the Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says, that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He enquired for these long-tailed men of Banks, and was not well pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrination. He talked nothing of this to me, and I hope we parted friends; for we agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claims of merit between a shopkeeper of London, and a savage of the American wildernesses. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction; Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, perhaps for that reason, sided with the citizen.

We came late to Aberdeen, where I found my dear mistress's letter, and learned that all our little people were happily recovered of the measles. Every part of your letter was pleasing.

There are two cities of the name of Aberdeen: the old town, built about a mile inland, once the see of a bishop, which contains the King's College, and the remains of the cathedral, and the new town, which stands, for the sake of trade, upon a frith or arm of the sea, so that ships rest against the key.

The two cities have their separate magistrates, and the two colleges are in effect two universities, which confer degrees independently of each other.

New Aberdeen is a large town, built almost wholly of that granite which is used for the new pavement in London, which, hard as it is, they square with very little difficulty. Here I first saw the women in plaids. The plaid makes at once a hood and cloak, without cutting or sewing, merely by the manner of drawing the opposite sides
over

over the shoulders. The maids at the inns run over the house barefoot, and children, not dressed in rags, go without shoes or stockings. Shoes are indeed not yet in universal use, they came late into this country. One of the professors told us, as we were mentioning a fort built by Cromwell, that the country owed much of its present industry to Cromwell's soldiers. They taught us, said he, to raise cabbage and make shoes. How they lived without shoes may yet be seen; but in the passage through villages, it seems to him that surveys their gardens, that when they had not cabbage they had nothing.

Education is here of the same price as at St. Andrew's, only the session is but from the 1st of November to the 1st of April. The academical buildings seem rather to advance than decline. They shewed their libraries, which were not very splendid, but some manuscripts were so exquisitely penned that I wished my dear mistress to have seen them. I had an unexpected pleasure, by finding an old acquaintance now professor of physic in the King's College: we were on both sides glad of the interview, having not seen nor perhaps thought on one another for many years; but we had no emulation, nor had either of us risen to the other's envy, and our old kindness was easily renewed. I hope we shall never try the effect of so long an absence, and that I shall always be, Madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R XIX. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Inverness, Aug. 28, 1773.

AUGUST 23d, I had the honour of attending the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and was presented with the freedom of the city, not in a gold box, but in good Latin. Let me pay Scotland one just praise! there was no officer gaping for a fee; this could have been said of no city on the English side of the Tweed. I wore my patent of freedom *pro more* in my hat, from the new town to the old, about a mile. I then dined with my friend the professor of physic at his house, and saw the King's College. Boswell was very angry that the Aberdeen professors would not talk. When I was at the English church in Aberdeen, I happened to be espied by Lady Di. Middleton, whom I had sometime seen in London; she told what she had seen

to

to Mr. Boyd, Lord Errol's brother, who wrote us an invitation to Lord Errol's house, called Slanes Castle. We went thither on the next day (24th of August), and found a house, not old, except but one tower, built upon the margin of the sea upon a rock, scarce accessible from the sea; at one corner a tower makes a perpendicular continuation of the lateral surface of the rock, so that it is impracticable to walk round; the house inclosed a square court, and on all sides within the court is a piazza or gallery two stories high. We came in as we were invited to dinner, and after dinner offered to go; but Lady Errol sent us word by Mr. Boyd, that if we went before Lord Errol came home we must never be forgiven, and ordered out the coach to shew us two curiosities. We were first conducted by Mr. Boyd to Dunbuys, or the yellow rock. Dunbuys is a rock consisting of two protuberances, each perhaps one hundred yards round, joined together by a narrow neck, and separated from the land by a very narrow channel or gully. These rocks are the haunts of sea-fowl, whose clang, though this is not their season, we heard at a distance. The eggs and the young are gathered here in great numbers at the time of breeding. There is a bird here called a coote, which though not much bigger than a duck, lays a larger egg than a goose. We went then to see the Buller or Boulloir of Buchan: Buchan is the name of the district, and the Buller is a small creek or gulf into which the sea flows through an arch of the rock. We walked round it, and saw it black at a great depth. It has its name from the violent ebullition of the water, when high winds or high tides drive it up the arch into the basin. Walking a little further I spied some boats, and told my companions that we would go into the Buller and examine it. There was no danger; all was calm; we went through the arch, and found ourselves in a narrow gulf surrounded by craggy rocks, of height not stupendous, but to a Mediterranean visitor uncommon. On each side was a cave, of which the fisherman knew not the extent, in which smugglers hide their goods, and sometimes parties of pleasure take a dinner. I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Skie, Sept. 6, 1773.

I AM now looking on the sea from a house of Sir Alexander Macdonald in the isle of Skie. Little did I once think of seeing this region of obscurity, and little did you once expect a salutation from this verge of European life. I have now the pleasure of going where nobody goes, and seeing what nobody sees. Our design is to visit several of the smaller islands, and then pass over to the south-west of Scotland.

I returned from the fight of Buller's Buchan to Lord Errol's, and, having seen his library, had for a time only to look upon the sea, which rolled between us and Norway. Next morning, August 25th, we continued our journey through a country not uncultivated, but so denuded of its woods, that in all this journey I had not travelled an hundred yards between hedges, or seen five trees fit for the carpenter. A few small plantations may be found, but I believe scarcely any thirty years old; at least, they are all posterior to the Union. This day we dined with a country gentleman, who has in his grounds the remains of a Druid's temple, which, when it is complete, is nothing more than a circle or double circle of stones, placed at equal distances, with a flat stone, perhaps an altar, at a certain point, and a stone taller than the rest at the opposite point. The tall stone is erected, I think, at the south. Of these circles there are many in all the unfrequented parts of the island. The inhabitants of these parts respect them as memorials of the sculpture of some illustrious person. Here I saw a few trees. We lay at Bamff.

August 26th. We dined at Elgin, where we saw the ruins of a noble cathedral; the chapter-house is yet standing. A great part of Elgin is built with small piazzas to the lower story. We went on to Foris, over the heath, where Macbeth met the witches, but had no adventure; only in the way we saw for the first time some houses with fruit trees about them. The improvements of the Scotch are for immediate profit, they do not yet think it quite worth their while to plant what will not produce something to be eaten or sold in a very little time. We rested at Foris.

A very great proportion of the people are barefoot, and if one may judge by the rest of the dress, to send out boys without shoes into the streets or ways; there are however more beggars than I have ever seen in England, they beg if not silently yet very modestly.

Next day we came to Nairn, a miserable town, but a royal burgh, of which the chief annual magistrate is styled Lord Provost. In the neighbourhood we saw the castle of the old Thane of Cawdor. There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding stairs yet remaining; the rest of the house is, though not modern, of later erection.

On the 28th we went to Fort George, which is accounted the most regular fortification in the island. The major of artillery walked with us round the walls, and shewed us the principles upon which every part was constructed, and the way in which it could be defended. We dined with the governor Sir Eyre Coote and his officers. It was a very pleasant and instructive day, but nothing puts my honoured mistress out of my mind.

At night we came to Inverness, the last considerable town in the north, where we staid all the next day, for it was Sunday, and saw the ruins of what is called Macbeth's Castle. It never was a large house, but was strongly situated. From Inverness we were to travel on horseback.

August 30th, we set out with four horses. We had two Highlanders to run by us, who were active, officious, civil, and hardy. Our journey was for many miles along a military way made upon the banks of Lough Ness, a water about eighteen miles long, but not, I think, half a mile broad. Our horses were not bad, and the way was very pleasant; the rock out of which the road was cut was covered with birch trees, fern, and heath. The lake below was beating its bank by a gentle wind, and the rocks beyond the water on the right stood sometimes horrid and wild, and sometimes opened into a kind of bay, in which there was a spot of cultivated ground yellow with corn. In one part of the way we had trees on both sides for perhaps half a mile.—Such a length of shade perhaps Scotland cannot shew in any other place.

You are not to suppose that here are to be any more towns or inns. We came to a cottage which they call the General's Hut, where we alighted to dine, and had eggs and

bacon, and mutton, with wine, rum, and whiskey. I had water.

At a bridge over the river, which runs into the Ness, the rocks rise on three sides, with a direction almost perpendicular, to a great height; they are in part covered with trees, and exhibit a kind of dreadful magnificence; standing like the barriers of nature placed to keep different orders of being in perpetual separation. Near this bridge is the Fall of Fiers, a famous cataract, of which, by clambering over the rocks, we obtained a view. The water was low, and therefore we had only the pleasure of knowing that rain would make it at once pleasing and formidable; there will then be a mighty flood, foaming along a rocky channel, frequently obstructed by protuberances and exasperated by reverberation, at last precipitated with a sudden descent, and lost in the depth of a gloomy chasm.

We came somewhat late to Fort Augustus, where the lieutenant governor met us beyond the gates, and apologised that at that hour he could not, by the rules of a garrison, admit us otherwise than at a narrow door which only one can enter at a time. We were well entertained and well lodged, and next morning, after having viewed the fort, we pursued our journey.

Our way now lay over the mountains, which are not to be passed by climbing them directly, but by traversing, so that as we went forward we saw our baggage following us below in a direction exactly contrary. There is in these ways much labour but little danger, and perhaps other places of which very terrific representations are made are not in themselves more formidable. These roads have all been made by hewing the rock away with pickaxes, or bursting it with gunpowder. The stones so separated are often piled loose as a wall by the way-side. We saw an inscription importing the year in which one of the regiments made two thousand yards of the road eastward.

After tedious travel of some hours we came to what I believe we must call a village, a place where there were three huts built of turf, at one of which we were to have our dinner and our bed, for we could not reach any better place that night. This place is called Enock in Glenmorrisson. The house in which we lodged was distinguished by a chimney; the rest had only a hole for the smoke. Here we had eggs, and mutton, and a chicken, and a sausage,
and

and rum. In the afternoon tea was made by a very decent girl in a printed linen; she engaged me so much, that I made her a present of Cocker's Arithmetic. I am, &c.

LETTER XXI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Skie, Sept. 14, 1773.

THE post, which comes but once a week into these parts, is so soon to go that I have not time to go on where I left off in my last letter. I have been several days in the island of Raarfa, and am now again in the isle of Skie, but at the other end of it.

Skie is almost equally divided between the two great families of Macdonald and Macleod, other proprietors having only small districts. The two great lords do not know within twenty square miles the contents of their own territories.

—— kept up but ill the reputation of Highland hospitality; we are now with Macleod, quite at the other end of the island, where there is a fine young gentleman and fine ladies. The ladies are studying Earse. I have a cold, and am miserably deaf, and am troublesome to Lady Macleod; I force her to speak loud, but she will seldom speak loud enough.

Raarfa is an island about fifteen miles long and two broad, under the dominion of one gentleman, who has three sons and ten daughters; the eldest is the beauty of this part of the world, and has been polished at Edinburgh: they sing and dance, and without expence have upon their table most of what sea, air, or earth can afford. I intended to have written about Raarfa, but the post will not wait longer than while I send my compliments to my dear master and little mistresses. I am, &c.

LETTER XXII. *To the same.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Skie, Sept. 21, 1773.

I AM so vexed at the necessity of sending yesterday so short a letter, that I purpose to get a long letter beforehand by writing something every day, which I may the more

easily do, as a cold makes me now too deaf to take the usual pleasure in conversation. Lady Macleod is very good to me, and the place at which we now are, is equal in strength of situation, in the wildness of the adjacent country, and in the plenty and elegance of the domestic entertainment, to a castle in Gothic romances. The sea with a little island is before us; cascades play within view. Close to the house is the formidable skeleton of an old castle probably Danish, and the whole mass of building stands upon a protuberance of rock, inaccessible till of late but by a pair of stairs on the sea side, and secure in ancient times against any enemy that was likely to invade the kingdom of Skie.

Macleod has offered me an island; if it were not too far off I should hardly refuse it: my island would be pleasanter than Brighthelmstone, if you and my master could come to it; but I cannot think it pleasant to live quite alone.

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

That I should be elated by the dominion of an island to forgetfulness of my friends at Streatham I cannot believe, and I hope never to deserve that they should be willing to forget me.

It has happened that I have been often recognised in my journey where I did not expect it. At Aberdeen I found one of my acquaintance professor of physic; turning aside to dine with a country gentleman, I was owned at table by one who had seen me at a philosophical lecture; at Macdonald's I was claimed by a naturalist, who wanders about the islands to pick up curiosities, and I had once in London attracted the notice of Lady Macleod. I will now go on with my account.

The Highland girl made tea, and looked and talked not inelegantly; her father was by no means an ignorant or a weak man; there were books in the cottage, among which were some volumes of Prideaux's Connection: this man's conversation we were glad of while we staid. He had been *out*, as they call it, in forty-five, and still retained his old opinions. He was going to America, because his rent was raised beyond what he thought himself able to pay.

At night our beds were made, but we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves to lie down in them, though we had put on our own sheets; at last we ventured, and I slept very

very soundly in the vale of Glenmorrisson, amidst the rocks and mountains. Next morning our landlord liked us so well, that he walked some miles with us for our company, through a country so wild and barren that the proprietor does not, with all his pressure upon his tenants, raise more than four hundred pounds a-year for near one hundred square miles, or sixty thousand acres. He let us know that he had forty head of black cattle, an hundred goats, and an hundred sheep, upon a farm that he remembered let at five pounds a-year, but for which he now paid twenty. He told us some stories of their march into England. At last he left us, and we went forward, winding among mountains, sometimes green and sometimes naked, commonly so steep as not easily to be climbed by the greatest vigour and activity : our way was often crossed by little rivulets, and we were entertained with small streams trickling from the rocks, which after heavy rains must be tremendous torrents.

About noon we came to a small glen, so they call a valley, which compared with other places appeared rich and fertile ; here our guides desired us to stop, that the horses might graze, for the journey was very laborious, and no more grafs would be found. We made no difficulty of compliance, and I sat down to take notes on a green bank, with a small stream running at my feet, in the midst of savage solitude, with mountains before me, and on either hand covered with heath. I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected, but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be put in motion ; if my mistress and master and Queeney had been there, we should have produced some reflections among us, either poetical or philosophical, for though *solitude be the nurse of woe*, conversation is often the parent of remarks and discoveries.

In about an hour we remounted, and pursued our journey. The lake by which we had travelled for some time ended in a river, which we passed by a bridge, and came to another glen, with a collection of huts, called Auknashealds ; the huts were generally built of clods of earth, held together by the intertexture of vegetable fibres, of which earth there are great levels in Scotland, which they call mosses. Moss in Scotland is bog in Ireland, and moss-trooper is bog-trotter ; there was, however, one hut built of loose stones, piled up with great thickness into a strong though not solid wall. From this house we obtained some
great

great pails of milk, and having brought bread with us, we were liberally-regaled. The inhabitants, a very coarse tribe, ignorant of any language but Earle, gathered so fast about us, that if we had not had Highlanders with us, they might have caused more alarm than pleasure; they are called the Clan of Macrae.

We had been told that nothing gratified the Highlanders so much as snuff and tobacco, and had accordingly stored ourselves with both at Fort Augustus. Boswell opened his treasure, and gave them each a piece of tobacco roll. We had more bread than we could eat for the present, and were more liberal than provident. Boswell cut in slices, and gave them an opportunity of tasting wheaten bread for the first time. I then got some halfpence for a shilling, and made up the deficiencies of Boswell's distribution, who had given some money among the children. We then directed that the mistress of the stone house should be asked what we must pay her: she, who perhaps had never before sold any thing but cattle, knew not, I believe, well what to ask, and referred herself to us: we obliged her to make some demand, and one of the Highlanders settled the account with her at a shilling. One of the men advised her, with the cunning that clowns never can be without, to ask more; but she said that a shilling was enough. We gave her half a crown, and she offered part of it again. The Macraes were so well pleased with our behaviour, that they declared it the best day they had seen since the time of the old Laird of Macleod, who, I suppose, like us, stopped in their valley, as he was travelling to Skie.

We were mentioning this view of the Highlander's life at Macdonald's, and mentioning the Macraes with some degree of pity, when a Highland lady informed us that we might spare our tenderness, for she doubted not but the woman who supplied us with milk was mistress of thirteen or fourteen milch cows.

I cannot forbear to interrupt my narrative. Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me that the 18th of September is my birth-day. The return of my birth-day, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon threescore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed; a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain,

in gloomy discontent or importunate distress. But perhaps I am better than I should have been if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

In proportion as there is less pleasure in retrospective considerations, the mind is more disposed to wander forward into futurity ; but at sixty-four what promises, however liberal, of imaginary good can futurity venture to make ? yet something will be always promised, and some promises will be always credited. I am hoping and I am praying that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or short, than I have yet lived, and in the solace of that hope endeavour to repose. Dear Queeney's day is next, I hope she at sixty-four will have less to regret.

I will now complain no more, but tell my mistress of my travels.

After we left the Macraes we travelled on through a country like that which we passed in the morning. The Highlands are very uniform, for there is little variety in universal barrenness ; the rocks, however, are not all naked, for some have grass on their sides, and birches and alders on their tops, and in the vallies are often broad and clear streams, which have little depth, and commonly run very quick ; the channels are made by the violence of the wintry floods ; the quickness of the stream is in proportion to the declivity of the descent, and the breadth of the channel makes the water shallow in a dry season.

There are red deer and robucks in the mountains, but we found only goats in the road, and had very little entertainment as we travelled either for the eye or ear. There are, I fancy, no singing birds in the Highlands.

Towards night we came to a very formidable hill called Rattiken, which we climbed with more difficulty than we had yet experienced, and at last came to Glanelg, a place on the sea-side opposite to Skie. We were by this time weary and disgusted, nor was our humour much mended by our inn, which, though it was built of lime and slate, the Highlander's description of a house which he thinks magnificent, had neither wine, bread, eggs, nor any thing that we could eat or drink. When we were taken up stairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of bed where one of us was to lie. Boswell blustered, but nothing could be got. At last a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who heard of our arrival, sent us rum and white sugar. Boswell was now provided for in part, and the landlord prepared some mutton

ton chops, which we could not eat, and killed two hens, of which Boswell made his servant broil a limb, with what effect I know not. We had a lemon and a piece of bread, which supplied me with my supper. When the repast was ended, we began to deliberate upon bed; Mrs. Boswell had warned us that we should *catch something*, and had given us *sheets* for our *security*, for ——— and ———, she said, came back from Skie, so scratching themselves. I thought sheets a slender defence against the confederacy with which we were threatened, and, by this time our Highlanders had found a place where they could get some hay: I ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and slept upon it in my great coat: Boswell laid sheets upon his bed, and reposed in linen like a gentleman. The horses were turned out to graze, with a man to watch them. The hill Rattiken and the inn at Glanelg were the only things of which we, or travellers yet more delicate, could find any pretensions to complain.

Sept. 2d. I rose rustling from the hay, and went to tea, which I forgot whether we found or brought. We saw the isle of Skie before us, darkening the horizon with its rocky coast. A boat was procured, and we launched into one of the straits of the Atlantic ocean. We had a passage of about twelve miles to the point where ——— resided, having come from his seat in the middle of the island to a small house on the shore, as we believe, that he might with less reproach entertain us meanly. If he aspired to meanness, his retrograde ambition was completely gratified, but he did not succeed equally in escaping reproach. He had no cook, nor I suppose much provision, nor had the Lady the common decencies of her tea-table: we picked up our sugar with our fingers. Boswell was very angry, and reproached him with his improper parsimony; I did not much reflect upon the conduct of a man with whom I was not likely to converse as long at any other time.

You will now expect that I should give you some account of the isle of Skie, of which, though I have been twelve days upon it, I have little to say. It is an island perhaps fifty miles long, so much indented by inlets of the sea that there is no part of it removed from the water more than six miles. No part that I have seen is plain; you are always climbing or descending, and every step is upon rock or mire. A walk upon ploughed ground in England is a dance upon carpets compared to the toilsome drudgery of wandering

wandering in Skie. There is neither town nor village in the island, nor have I seen any house but Macleod's, that is not much below your habitation at Brighthelmstone. In the mountains there are stags and roebucks, but no hares, and few rabbits; nor have I seen any thing that interested me as a zoologist, except an otter, bigger than I thought an otter could have been.

You are perhaps imagining that I am withdrawing from the gay and the busy world into regions of peace and pastoral felicity, and am enjoying the reliques of the golden age; that I am surveying nature's magnificence from a mountain, or remarking her minuter beauties on the flowery bank of a winding rivulet; that I am invigorating myself in the sunshine, or delighting my imagination with being hidden from the invasion of human evils and human passions in the darkness of a thicket; that I am busy in gathering shells and pebbles on the shore, or contemplative on a rock, from which I look upon the water, and consider how many waves are rolling between me and Streatham.

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. Here are mountains which I should once have climbed, but to climb steepes is now very laborious, and to descend them dangerous; and I am now content with knowing, that by scrambling up a rock, I shall only see other rocks, and a wider circuit of barren desolation. Of streams, we have here a sufficient number, but they murmur not upon pebbles, but upon rocks. Of flowers, if Chloris herself were here, I could present her only with the bloom of heath. Of lawns and thickets, he must read that would know them, for here is little sun and no shade. On the sea I look from my window, but am not much tempted to the shore; for since I came to this island, almost every breath of air has been a storm, and what is worse, a storm with all its severity, but without its magnificence, for the sea is here so broken into channels that there is not a sufficient volume of water either for lofty surges or a loud roar.

On Sept. 6th, we left ——— to visit Raarfa, the island which I have already mentioned. We were to cross part of Skie on horseback; a mode of travelling very uncomfortable, for the road is so narrow where any road can be found, that only one can go, and so craggy that the attention can never be remitted; it allows, therefore, neither the gaiety
of

of conversation, nor the laxity of solitude ; nor has it in itself the amusement of much variety, as it affords only all the possible transpositions of bog, rock, and rivulet. Twelve miles, by computation, make a reasonable journey for a day.

At night we came to a tenant's house, of the first rank of tenants, where we were entertained better than at the landlord's. There were books both English and Latin. Company gathered about us, and we heard some talk of the second fight, and some talk of the events of forty-five ; a year which will not soon be forgotten among the islanders. The next day we were confined by a storm. The company, I think, increased, and our entertainment was not only hospitable but elegant. At night, a minister's sister, in very fine brocade, sung Earse songs ; I wished to know the meaning, but the Highlanders are not much used to scholastic questions, and no translations could be obtained.

Next day, Sept. 8th, the weather allowed us to depart ; a good boat was provided us, and we went to Raarfa under the conduct of Mr. Malcolm Macleod, a gentleman who conducted Prince Charles through the mountains in his distresses. The Prince, he says, was more active than himself ; they were, at least, one night without any shelter.

The wind blew enough to give the boat a kind of dancing agitation, and in about three or four hours we arrived at Raarfa, where we were met by the Laird and his friends upon the shore. Raarfa, for such is his title, is master of two islands ; upon the smaller of which, called Rona, he has only flocks and herds. Rona gives title to his eldest son. The money which he raises annually by rent from all his dominions, which contain at least fifty thousand acres, is not believed to exceed two hundred and fifty pounds ; but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he sells every year great numbers of cattle, which add to his revenue, and his table is furnished from the farm and from the sea with very little expence, except for those things this country does not produce, and of those he is very liberal. The wine circulates vigorously, and the tea, chocolate, and coffee, however they are got, are always at hand. I am, &c.

We are this morning trying to get out of Skie.

LETTER XXIII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Skie, Sept. 24, 1773.

I AM still in Skie. Do you remember the song?

Ev'ry island is a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea.

We have at one time no boat, and at another may have too much wind; but of our reception here we have no reason to complain. We are now with Colonel Macleod, in a more pleasant place than I thought Skie could afford. Now to the narrative.

We were received at Raarfa on the sea-side, and after clambering with some difficulty over the rocks, a labour which the traveller, wherever he reposes himself on land, must in these islands be contented to endure; we were introduced into the house, which one of the company called the Court of Raarfa, with politeness which not the Court of Versailles could have thought defective. The house is not large, though we were told in our passage that it had eleven fine rooms not magnificently furnished, but our utensils were most commonly silver. We went up into a dining room, about as large as your blue room, where we had something given us to eat, and tea and coffee.

Raarfa himself is a man of no inelegant appearance, and of manners uncommonly refined. Lady Raarfa makes no very sublime appearance for a sovereign, but is a good housewife, and a very prudent and diligent conductress of her family. Miss Flora Macleod is a celebrated beauty; has been admired at Edinburgh; dresses her head very high; and has manners so lady like, that I wish her head-dress was lower. The rest of the nine girls are all pretty; the youngest is between Queeney and Lucy. The youngest boy, of four years old, runs barefoot, and wandered with us over the rocks to see a mill. I believe he would walk on that rough ground without shoes ten miles in a day.

The Laird of Raarfa has sometimes disputed the chieftainry of the clan with Macleod of Skie, but being much inferior in extent of possessions, has, I suppose, been forced to desist. Raarfa and its provinces have descended to its present possessor through a succession of four hundred years,
without

without any increase or diminution. It was indeed lately in danger of forfeiture, but the old Laird joined some prudence with his zeal, and when Prince Charles landed in Scotland, made over his estate to his son, the present Laird, and led one hundred men of Raarfa into the field, with officers of his own family. Eighty-six only came back after the last battle. The Prince was hidden in his distress, two nights at Raarfa, and the king's troops burnt the whole country, and killed some of the cattle.

You may guess at the opinions that prevail in this country; they are, however, content with fighting for their king; they do not drink for him. We had no foolish healths. At night, unexpectedly to us who were strangers, the carpet was taken up; the fiddler of the family came up, and a very vigorous and general dance was begun. As I told you, we were two-and-thirty at supper; there were full as many dancers; for though all who supped did not dance, some danced of the young people who did not sup. Raarfa himself danced with his children, and old Malcolm, in his filibeg, was as nimble as when he led the Prince over the mountains. When they had danced themselves weary, two tables were spread, and I suppose at least twenty dishes were upon them. In this country some preparations of milk are always served up at supper, and sometimes in the place of tarts at dinner. The table was not coarsely heaped, but at once plentiful and elegant. They do not pretend to make a loaf; there are only cakes commonly of oats or barley, but they made me very nice cakes of wheat flour. I always sat at the left hand of Lady Raarfa, and young Macleod of Skie, the chieftain of the clan, sat on the right.

After supper a young lady, who was visiting, sung Earse songs, in which Lady Raarfa joined prettily enough, but not gracefully; the young ladies sustained the chorus better. They are very little used to be asked questions, and not well prepared with answers. When one of the songs was over, I asked the princess that sat next me, *What is that about?* I question if she conceived that I did not understand it. For the entertainment of the company, said she. But, Madam, what is the meaning of it? It is a love song. This was all the intelligence that I could obtain; nor have I been able to procure the translation of a single line of Earse.

At

At twelve it was bed time. I had a chamber to myself, which, in eleven rooms to forty people, was more than my share. How the company and the family were distributed is not easy to tell. Macleod the chieftain, and Boswell, and I, had all single chambers on the first floor. There remained eight rooms only for at least seven-and-thirty lodgers. I suppose they put up temporary beds in the dining room, where they stowed all the young ladies. There was a room above stairs with six beds, in which they put ten men. The rest in my next.

L E T T E R XXIV. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM, Oſtich in Skie, Sept. 30, 1773.

I AM still confined in Skie. We were unskilful travellers, and imagined that the sea was an open road which we could pass at pleasure; but we have now learned with some pain, that we may still wait for a long time the caprices of the equinoctial winds, and sit reading or writing as I now do, while the tempest is rolling the sea, or roaring in the mountains. I am now no longer pleased with the delay; you can hear from me but seldom, and I cannot at all hear from you. It comes into my mind that some evil may happen, or that I might be of use while I am away. But these thoughts are vain; the wind is violent and adverse, and our boat cannot yet come. I must content myself with writing to you, and hoping that you will sometime receive my letter. Now to my narrative.

Sept. 9th. Having passed the night as is usual, I rose, and found the dining room full of company; we feasted and talked, and when the evening came it brought music and dancing. Young Macleod, the great proprietor of Skie, and head of his clan, was very distinguishable; a young man of nineteen; bred a while at St. Andrew's, and afterwards at Oxford; a pupil of G. Strahan. He is a young man of a mind as much advanced as I have ever known; very elegant of manners, and very graceful in his person. He has the full spirit of a feudal chief; and I was very ready to accept his invitation to Dunvegan. All Raarfá's children are beautiful. The ladies all, except the eldest, are in the morning dressed in their hair. The
true

true Highlander never wears more than a riband on her head till she is married.

On the third day Boswell went out with old Malcolm to see a ruined castle, which he found less entire than was promised, but he saw the country. I did not go, for the castle was perhaps ten miles off, and there is no riding at Raarfa, the whole island being rock or mountain, from which the cattle often fall and are destroyed. It is very barren, and maintains, as near as I could collect, about seven hundred inhabitants, perhaps ten to a square mile. In these countries you are not to suppose that you shall find villages or inclosures. The traveller wanders through a naked desert, gratified sometimes, but rarely, with the sight of cows, and now and then finds a heap of loose stones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being born with all those powers which education expands, and all those sensations which culture refines, is condemned to shelter itself from the wind and rain. Philosophers there are who try to make themselves believe that this life is happy, but they believe it only while they are saying it, and never yet produced conviction in a single mind; he, whom want of words or images sunk into silence, still thought, as he thought before, that privation of pleasure can never please, and that content is not to be much envied, when it has no other principle than ignorance of good.

This gloomy tranquillity, which some may call fortitude, and others wisdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in these dens of poverty: every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home, saw no mode of life preferable to his own, except at the house of the laird, or the laird's nearest relations, whom he considered as a superior order of beings, to whose luxuries or honours he had no pretensions. But the end of this reverence and submission seems now approaching; the Highlanders have learned that there are countries less bleak and barren than their own, where, instead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour. Great numbers have been induced by this discovery to go every year for some time past to America. Macdonald and Macleod of Skie have lost many tenants and many labourers, but Raarfa has not yet been forsaken by a single inhabitant.

Rona is yet more rocky and barren than Raarfa, and though it contains perhaps four thousand acres, is possessed only by a herd of cattle and the keepers.

I find myself not very able to walk upon the mountains, but one day I went out to see the walls yet standing of an ancient chapel. In almost every island the superstitious votaries of the Romish church erected places of worship, in which the drones of convents or cathedrals performed the holy offices, but by the active zeal of Protestant devotion, almost all of them have sunk into ruin. The chapel at Raarfa is now only considered as the burying-place of the family, and I suppose of the whole island.

We would now have gone away and left room for others to enjoy the pleasures of this little court, but the wind detained us till the 12th, when, though it was Sunday, we thought it proper to snatch the opportunity of a calm day. Raarfa accompanied us in his six-oared boat, which he said was his coach-and-six. It is indeed the vehicle in which the ladies take the air and pay their visits, but they have taken very little care for accommodations. There is no way in or out of the boat for a woman, but by being carried; and in the boat thus dignified with a pompous name, there is no seat but an occasional bundle of straw. Thus we left Raarfa; the seat of plenty, civility, and cheerfulness.

We dined at a public house at Port Re, so called because one of the Scottish kings landed there, in a progress through the western isles. Raarfa paid the reckoning privately. We then got on horseback, and by a short but very tedious journey came to Kingsburgh, at which the same king lodged after he landed. Here I had the honour of saluting the far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald, who conducted the Prince, dressed as her maid, through the English forces from the island of Lewes; and, when she came to Skie, dined with the English officers, and left her maid below. She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old, of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. "If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue." She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could

could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America.

Sic rerum volvitur orbis.

At Kingburgh we were very liberally feasted, and I slept in the bed in which the Prince reposed in his distress; the sheets which he used were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the house, and at last, according to her desire, were laid round her in her grave. These are not Whigs.

On the 13th, travelling partly on horseback where we could not row, and partly on foot where we could not ride, we came to Dunvegan, which I have described already. Here, though poor Macleod had been left by his grandfather overwhelmed with debts, we had another exhibition of feudal hospitality. There were two stags in the house, and venison came to the table every day in its various forms. Macleod, besides his estate in Skie, larger I suppose than some English counties, is proprietor of nine inhabited isles; and of his islands uninhabited I doubt if he very exactly knows the number. I told him that he was a mighty monarch. Such dominions fill an Englishman with envious wonder; but when he surveys the naked mountain, and treads the quaking moor; and wanders over the wild regions of gloomy barrenness, his wonder may continue, but his envy ceases. The unprofitableness of these vast domains can be conceived only by the means of positive instances. The heir of *Col*, an island not far distant, has lately told me how wealthy he should be if he could let *Rum*, another of his islands, for twopence halfpenny an acre; and Macleod has an estate, which the surveyor reports to contain eighty thousand acres, rented at six hundred pounds a-year.

While we were at Dunvegan, the wind was high, and the rain violent, so that we were not able to put forth a boat to fish in the sea, or to visit the adjacent islands, which may be seen from the house; but we filled up the time as we could, sometimes by talk, sometimes by reading. I have never wanted books in the isle of Skie.

We were visited one day by the Laird and Lady of Muck, one of the western islands, two miles long, and three quarters of a mile high. He has half his island in his own culture, and upon the other half live one hundred and fifty

fifty dependents, who not only live upon the product, but export corn sufficient for the payment of their rent.

Lady Macleod has a son and four daughters; they have lived long in England, and have the language and manners of English ladies. We lived with them very easily. The hospitality of this remote region is like that of the golden age. We have found ourselves treated at every house as if we came to confer a benefit.

We were eight days at Dunvegan, but we took the first opportunity which the weather afforded, after the first days, of going away, and, on the 21st, went to Ulinish, where we were well entertained, and wandered a little after curiosities. In the afternoon an interval of calm sunshine courted us out to see a cave on the shore famous for its echo. When we went into the boat, one of our companions was asked in Earse, by the boatmen, who they were that came with him? He gave us characters, I suppose, to our advantage, and was asked, in the spirit of the Highlands, whether I could recite a long series of ancestors? The boatmen said, as I perceived afterwards, that they heard the cry of an English ghost. This, Boswell says, disturbed him. We came to the cave, and clambering up the rocks, came to an arch, open at one end, one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty broad in the broadest part, and about thirty high. There was no echo; such is the fidelity of report; but I saw what I had never seen before, muscles and whilks in their natural state. There was another arch in the rock, open at both ends.

Sept. 23d. We removed to Talisker, a house occupied by Mr. Macleod, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Dutch service. Talisker has been long in the possession of gentlemen, and therefore has a garden well cultivated; and, what is here very rare, is shaded by trees: a place where the imagination is more amused cannot easily be found. The mountains about it are of great height, with waterfalls succeeding one another so fast, that as one ceases to be heard another begins. Between the mountains there is a small valley extending to the sea, which is not far off, beating upon a coast very difficult of access.

Two nights before our arrival two boats were driven upon this coast by the tempest, one of them had a pilot that knew the passage, the second followed, but a third missed the true course, and was driven forward with great

danger of being forced into the vast ocean, but however gained at last some other island. The crews crept to Talisker, almost lifeless with wet, cold, fatigue, and terror, but the lady took care of them. She is a woman of more than common qualifications; having travelled with her husband, she speaks four languages.

You find that all the islanders, even in these recesses of life, are not barbarous. One of the ministers who has adhered to us almost all the time is an excellent scholar. We have now with us the young Laird of Col, who is heir, perhaps, to two hundred square miles of land. He has first studied at Aberdeen, and afterwards gone to Hertfordshire to learn agriculture, being much impressed with desire of improvement: he likewise has the notions of a chief, and keeps a piper. At Macleod's the bagpipe always played while we were dining.

Col has undertaken, by the permission of the waves and wind, to carry us about several of the islands, with which he is acquainted enough to shew us whatever curious is given by nature or left by antiquity; but we grew afraid of deviating from our way home, lest we should be shut up for months upon some little protuberance of rock, that just appears above the sea, and perhaps is scarcely marked upon a map.

You remember the Doge of Genoa, who being asked what struck him most at the French court? answered, "Myself." I cannot think many things here more likely to affect the fancy than to see Johnson ending his sixty-fourth year in the wilderness of the Hebrides. But now I am here, it will gratify me very little to return without seeing, or doing my best to see what those places afford. I have a desire to instruct myself in the whole system of pastoral life; but I know not whether I shall be able to perfect the idea. However I have many pictures in my mind, which I could not have had without this journey, and should have passed it with great pleasure had you, and Master, and Queeney been in the party. We should have excited the attention and enlarged the observation of each other, and obtained many pleasing topics of future conversation. As it is, I travel with my mind too much at home, and perhaps miss many things worthy of observation, or pass them with transient notice; so that the images, for want of that reimpression which discussion and comparison produce, easily fade away; but I keep a book of remarks,

marks, and Boswell writes a regular journal of our travels, which, I think, contains as much of what I say and do as of all other occurrences together; "for such a faithful chronicle as Griffith."

I hope, dearest Madam, you are equally careful to repository proper memorials of all that happens to you and your family, and then when we meet we shall tell our stories. I wish you had gone this summer in your usual splendour to Brighthelmston.

Mr. Thrale probably wonders how I live all this time without sending to him for money. Travelling in Scotland is dear enough, dearer in proportion to what the country affords than in England, but residence in the isles is unexpensive. Company is, I think, considered as a supply of pleasure, and a relief of that tediousness of life which is felt in every place, elegant or rude. Of wine and punch they are very liberal, for they get them cheap; but as there is no custom-house on the island, they can hardly be considered as smugglers. Their punch is made without lemons, or any substitute.

Their tables are very plentiful; but a very nice man would not be pampered. As they have no meat but as they kill it, they are obliged to live while it lasts upon the same flesh. They kill a sheep, and set mutton boiled and roast on the table together. They have fish both of the sea and of the brooks; but they can hardly conceive that it requires any sauce. To sauce in general they are strangers; now and then butter is melted, but I dare not always take, lest I should offend by disliking it. Barley-broth is a constant dish, and is made well in every house. A stranger, if he is prudent, will secure his share, for it is not certain that he will be able to eat any thing else.

Their meat being often newly killed is very tough, and as nothing is sufficiently subdued by the fire, is not easy to be eaten. Carving is here a very laborious employment, for the knives are never whetted. Table-knives are not of long subsistence in the Highlands; every man, while arms were a regular part of dress, had his knife and fork appendant to his dirk. Knives they now lay upon the table, but the handles are apt to shew that they have been in other hands, and the blades have neither brightness nor edge.

Of silver there is no want; and it will last long, for it is never cleaned. They are a nation just rising from barbarity; long contented with necessities, now somewhat studi-

ous of convenience, but not yet arrived at delicate discriminations. Their linen is however both clean and fine. Bread, such as we mean by that name, I have never seen in the isle of Skie. They have ovens, for they bake their pies, but they never ferment their meal, nor mould a loaf. Cakes of oats and barley are brought to the table, but I believe wheat is reserved for strangers. They are commonly too hard for me, and therefore I take potatoes to my meat, and am sure to find them on almost every table.

They retain so much of the pastoral life, that some preparation of milk is commonly one of the dishes both at dinner and supper. Tea is always drank at the usual times; but in the morning the table is polluted with a plate of slices of strong cheese. This is peculiar to the Highlands; at Edinburgh there are always honey and sweet-meats on the morning tea-table.

Strong liquors they seem to love. Every man, perhaps woman, begins the day with a dram; and the punch is made both at dinner and supper.

They have neither wood nor coal for fuel, but burn peat or turf in their chimnies. It is dug out of the moors or mosses, and makes a strong and lasting fire, not always very sweet, and somewhat apt to smoke the pot.

The houses of inferior gentlemen are very small, and every room serves many purposes. In the bed-rooms, perhaps, are laid up stores of different kinds; and the parlour of the day is a bed-room at night. In the room which I inhabited last, about fourteen feet square, there were three chests of drawers, a long chest for larger clothes, two closet cupboards, and the bed. Their rooms are commonly dirty, of which they seem to have little sensibility, and if they had more, clean floors would be difficultly kept, where the first step from the door is into the dirt. They are very much inclined to carpets, and seldom fail to lay down something under their feet, better or worse as they happen to be furnished.

The Highland dress, being forbidden by law, is very little used; sometimes it may be seen, but the English traveller is struck with nothing so much as the *nudité des pies* of the common people.

Skie is the greatest island, or the greatest but one, among the Hebrides. Of the soil I have already given some account, it is generally barren, but some spots are not wholly unfruitful. The gardens have apples and pears, cherries, straw-

strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries, but all the fruit that I have seen is small. They attempt to sow nothing but oats and barley. Oats constitute the bread corn of the place. Their harvest is about the beginning of October; and being so late, is very much subject to disappointments from the rains that follow the equinox. This year has been particularly disastrous. Their rainy season lasts from Autumn to Spring. They have seldom very hard frosts; nor was it ever known that a lake was covered with ice strong enough to bear a skater. The sea round them is always open. The snow falls, but soon melts; only in 1771, they had a cold spring, in which the island was so long covered with it, that many beasts, both wild and domestic, perished, and the whole country was reduced to distress, from which I know not if it is even yet recovered.

The animals here are not remarkably small; perhaps they recruit their breed from the main land. The cows are sometimes without horns. The horned and unhorned cattle are not accidental variations, but different species, they will however breed together.

October 3d. The wind is now changed, and if we snatch the moment of opportunity, an escape from this island is become practicable; I have no reason to complain of my reception, yet I long to be again at home.

You and my master may perhaps expect, after this description of Skie, some account of myself. My eye is, I am afraid, not fully recovered; my ears are not mended; my nerves seem to grow weaker, and I have been otherwise not as well as I sometimes am, but think myself lately better. This climate perhaps is not within my degree of healthy latitude.

Thus I have given my most honoured mistress the story of me and my little ramble. We are now going to some other isle, to what we know not; the wind will tell us. I am, &c.

LETTER XXV. To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM,

Mull, Oct. 15, 1773.

THOUGH I have written to Mr. Thrale, yet having a little more time than was promised me, I would not suffer

suffer the messenger to go without some token of my duty to my mistress, who, I suppose, expects the usual tribute of intelligence, a tribute which I am not now very able to pay.

October 3d. After having been detained by storms many days in Skie, we left it, as we thought with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Bos. had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into *Coll*, an obscure island; on which

—nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ.

There is literally no tree upon the island, part of it is a sandy waste, over which it would be really dangerous to travel in dry weather and with a high wind. It seems to be little more than one continued rock, covered from space to space with a thin layer of earth. It is, however, according to the Highland notion, very populous, and life is improved beyond the manners of Skie; for the huts are collected into little villages, and every one has a small garden of roots and cabbage. The laird has a new house built by his uncle, and an old castle inhabited by his ancestors. The young laird entertained us very liberally; he is heir, perhaps, to three hundred square miles of land, which, at ten shillings an acre, would bring him ninety-six thousand pounds a-year. He is desirous of improving the agriculture of his country; and, in imitation of the Czar, travelled for improvement, and worked with his own hands upon a farm in Hertfordshire, in the neighbourhood of your uncle Sir Thomas Salusbury. He talks of doing useful things, and has introduced turnips for winter fodder. He has made a small essay towards a road.

Coll is but a barren place. Description has here few opportunities of spreading her colours. The difference of day and night is the only vicissitude. The succession of sunshine to rain, or of calms to tempests, we have not known; wind and rain have been our only weather.

At last, after about nine days, we hired a sloop; and having lain in it all night, with such accommodations as these miserable vessels can afford, were landed yesterday on the isle of Mull; from which we expect an easy passage into Scotland. I am sick in a ship, but recover by lying down.

I have

I have not good health; I do not find that travelling much helps me. My nights are flatulent, though not in the utmost degree, and I have a weakness in my knees, which makes me very unable to walk.

Pray, dear Madam, let me have a long letter. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI. To Mrs. THRALE.

HONOURED MISTRESS,

Inverary, Oct. 23, 1773.

MY last letters to you and my dear master were written from Mull, the third island of the Hebrides in extent. There is no post, and I took the opportunity of a gentleman's passage to the main land.

In Mull we were confined two days by the weather; on the third we got on horseback, and after a journey difficult and tedious, over rocks naked and valleys untracked, through a country of barrenness and solitude, we came, almost in the dark, to the sea-side, weary and dejected, having met with nothing but water falling from the mountains that could raise any image of delight. Our company was the young Laird of Col and his servant. Col made every Maclean open his house where we came, and supply us with horses when we departed; but the horses of this country are small, and I was not mounted to my wish.

At the sea-side we found the ferry-boat departed; if it had been where it was expected, the wind was against us, and the hour was late, nor was it very desirable to cross the sea in darkness with a small boat. The captain of a sloop that had been driven thither by the storms saw our distress, and as we were hesitating and deliberating, lent his boat, which, by Col's order, transported us to the isle of *Ulva*. We were introduced to Mr. Macquarry, the head of a small clan, whose ancestors have reigned in *Ulva* beyond memory, but who has reduced himself, by his negligence and folly, to the necessity of selling this venerable patrimony.

On the next morning we passed the strait to *Inch Kenneth*, an island about a mile in length, and less than half a mile broad; in which Kenneth, a Scottish saint, established a small clerical college, of which the chapel walls are still standing. At this place I beheld a scene which I wish you and my master and Queeney had partaken.

The

The only family on the island is that of Sir Allan, the chief of the ancient and numerous clan of Maclean; the clan which claims the second place, yielding only to Macdonald in the line of battle. Sir Allan, a chieftain, a baronet, and a foldier, inhabits in this insulated defart a thatched hut with no chambers. Young Col, who owns him as his chief, and whose cousin was his lady, had, I believe, given him some notice of our visit; he received us with the foldier's frankness and the gentleman's elegance, and introduced us to his daughters, two young ladies who have not wanted education suitable to their birth, and who, in their cottage, neither forgot their dignity, nor affected to remember it. Do not you wish to have been with us?

Sir Allan's affairs are in disorder by the fault of his ancestors, and while he forms some scheme for retrieving them, he has retreated hither.

When our salutations were over, he showed us the island. We walked uncovered into the chapel, and saw in the reverend ruin the effects of precipitate reformation. The floor is covered with ancient grave-stones, of which the inscriptions are not now legible; and without, some of the chief families still continue the right of sepulture. The altar is not yet quite demolished; beside it, on the right side, is a bas relief of the Virgin with her child, and an angel hovering over her. On the other side still stands a hand-bell, which, though it has no clapper, neither Presbyterian bigotry nor barbarian wantonness has yet taken away. The chapel is thirty-eight feet long, and eighteen broad. Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, for fear of spectres. Near the chapel is a fountain, to which the water, remarkably pure, is conveyed from a distant hill, through pipes laid by the Romish clergy, which still perform the office of conveyance, though they have never been repaired since Popery was suppressed.

We soon after went in to dinner, and wanted neither the comforts nor the elegancies of life. There were several dishes, and variety of liquors. The servants live in another cottage; in which, I suppose, the meat is dressed.

Towards evening, Sir Allan told us, that Sunday never passed over him like another day. One of the ladies read, and read very well, the evening service;—and Paradise was opened in the wild.

Next

Next day, 18th, we went and wandered among the rocks on the shore, while the boat was busy in catching oysters, of which there is a great bed. Oysters lie upon the sand, one I think sticking to another, and cockles are found a few inches under the sand.

We then went in the boat to *Sondiland*, a little island very near. We found it a wild rock, of about ten acres; part naked, part covered with sand, out of which we picked shells; and part clothed with a thin layer of mould, on the grass of which a few sheep are sometimes fed. We then came back and dined. I passed part of the afternoon in reading, and in the evening one of the ladies played on her harpsichord, and Boswell and Col danced a reel with the other.

On the 19th, we persuaded Sir Allan to launch his boat again, and go with us to Icolmkill, where the first great preacher of Christianity to the Scots built a church, and settled a monastery. In our way we stopped to examine a very uncommon cave on the coast of *Mull*. We had some difficulty to make our way over the vast masses of broken rocks that lie before the entrance, and at the mouth were embarrassed with stones, which the sea had accumulated, as at Brighthelmstone; but as we advanced, we reached a floor of soft sand, and as we left the light behind us, walked along a very spacious cavity, vaulted over head with an arch almost regular, by which a mountain was sustained, at least a very lofty rock. From this magnificent cavern went a narrow passage to the right hand, which we entered with a candle, and though it was obstructed with great stones, clambered over them to a second expansion of the cave, in which there lies a great square stone, which might serve as a table. The air here was very warm, but not oppressive, and the flame of the candle continued pyramidal. The cave goes onward to an unknown extent, but we were now one hundred and sixty yards under ground; we had but one candle, and had never heard of any that went further and came back; we therefore thought it prudent to return.

Going forward in our boat, we came to a cluster of rocks, black and horrid, which Sir Allan chose for the place where he would eat his dinner. We climbed till we got seats. The stores were opened, and the repast taken.

We then entered the boat again; the night came upon us; the wind rose; the sea swelled; and Boswell desired

to be fet on dry ground : we however purfued our navigation, and paffed by feveral little iflands, in the filent folemnity of faint moon-fhine, feeing little, and hearing only the wind and the water. At laft we reached the ifland, the venerable feat of ancient fanctity ; where fecret piety repofed, and where fallen greatnefs was repofited. The ifland has no houfe of entertainment, and we manfully made our bed in a farmer's barn. The description I hope to give you another time. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXVII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM,

Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1773,

AMONG the poffibilities of evil which my imagination fuggested at this diftance, I miffed that which has really happened. I never had much hope of a will in your favour, but was willing to believe that no will would have been made. The event is now irrevocable, it remains only to bear it. Not to wifh it had been different is impoffible ; but as the wifh is painful without ufe, it is not prudent, perhaps not lawful, to indulge it. As life, and vigour of mind, and fprightlinefs of imagination, and flexibility of attention, are given us for valuable and ufeul purpofes, we muft not think ourfelves at liberty to fquander life, to enervate intellectual ftrength, to cloud our thoughts, or fix our attention, when by all this expence we know that no good can be produced. Be alone as little as you can ; when you are alone, do not fuffer your thoughts to dwell on what you might have done, to prevent this difappointment. You perhaps could not have done what you imagine, or might have done it without effect. But even to think in the moft reasonable manner, is for the prefent not fo ufeul as not to think. Remit yourfelf folemnly into the hands of God, and then turn your mind upon the bufinefs and amufements which lie before you. " All is beft," fays Chene, " as it has been, " excepting the errours of our own free will." Burton concludes his long book upon melancholy with this important precept, " Be not folitary ; be not idle." Remember Chene's pofition and obferve Burton's precept.

We came hither on the ninth of this month. I long to come under your care, but for fome days cannot decently get

get away. They congratulate our return as if we had been with Phipps or Banks; I am ashamed of their salutations.

I have been able to collect very little for Queeney's cabinet; but she will not want toys now, she is so well employed. I wish her success; and am not without some thought of becoming her school-fellow. I have got an Italian Rasselas.

Surely my dear Lucy will recover; I wish I could do her good. I love her very much; and should love another godchild, if I might have the honour of standing to the next baby. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII. *To the Same.*

MY DEAREST MISTRESS,

Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1773.

THIS is the last letter that I shall write; while you are reading it, I shall be coming home.

I congratulate you upon your boy; but you must not think that I will love him all at once as well as I love Harry, for Harry you know is so rational. I shall love him by degrees.

Poor, pretty, dear Lucy! Can nothing do her good? I am sorry to lose her. But if she must be taken from us, let us resign her with confidence into the hands of Him who knows, and who only knows, what is best both for us and her.

Do not suffer yourself to be dejected. Resolution and diligence will supply all that is wanting, and all that is lost. But if your health should be impaired, I know not where to find a substitute. I shall have no mistress; Mr. Thrall will have no wife; and the little flock will have no mother.

I long to be home, and have taken a place in the coach for Monday; I hope therefore to be in London on Friday the 26th, in the evening. Please to let Mrs. Williams know. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, June 23, 1775.

NOW I hope you are thinking, shall I have a letter to-day from Lichfield? Something of a letter you will have; how

how else can I expect that you should write? and the morning on which I should miss a letter would be a morning of uneasiness, notwithstanding all that would be said or done by the sisters of Stowhill, who do and say whatever good they can. They give me good words, and cherries, and strawberries. Lady * * * * and her mother and sister were visiting there yesterday, and Lady * * * * took her tea before her mother.

Mrs. Cobb is to come to Miss Porter's this afternoon. Miss A—— comes little near me. Mr. Langley of Ashbourne was here to-day, in his way to Birmingham, and every body talks of you.

The ladies of the Amicable Society are to walk, in a few days, from the town-hall to the cathedral in procession to hear a sermon. They walk in linen gowns, and each has a stick with an acorn, but for the acorn they could give no reason, till I told them of the civic crown.

I have just had your sweet letter, and am glad that you are to be at the regatta. You know how little I love to have you left out of any shining part of life. You have every right to distinction, and should therefore be distinguished. You will see a show with philosophic superiority, and therefore may see it safely. It is easy to talk of sitting at home contented, when others are seeing or making shows. But not to have been where it is supposed, and seldom supposed falsely, that all would go if they could; to be able to say nothing when every one is talking; to have no opinion when every one is judging; to hear exclamations of rapture, without power to depress; to listen to falsehoods without right to contradict, is, after all, a state of temporary inferiority, in which the mind is rather hardened by stubbornness, than supported by fortitude. If the world be worth winning, let us enjoy it; if it is to be despised, let us despise it by conviction. But the world is not to be despised but as it is compared with something better. Company is in itself better than solitude, and pleasure better than indolence. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, says the moral as well as the natural philosopher. By doing nothing and by knowing nothing no power of doing good can be obtained. He must mingle with the world that desires to be useful. Every new scene impresses new ideas, enriches the imagination, and enlarges the power of reason, by new topics of comparison. You that have seen the regatta will have images which we who miss it must want, and no
intellectual

intellectual images are without use. But when you are in this scene of splendour and gaiety, do not let one of your fits of negligence steal upon you. *Hoc age*, is the great rule, whether you are serious or merry; whether you are stating the expences of your family, learning science or duty from a folio, or floating on the 'Thames in a fancied dress. Of the whole entertainment let me not hear so copious nor so true an account from any body as from you. I am, dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER XXX. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Ashbourne.

I AM sure I write and write, and every letter that comes from you charges me with not writing. Since I wrote to Queeney I have written twice to you, on the 6th and the 9th; be pleased to let me know whether you have them or have them not. That of the 6th you should regularly have had on the 8th, yet your letter of the 9th seems not to mention it; all this puzzles me.

Poor dear * * * *! He only grows dull because he is sickly; age has not yet begun to impair him, nor is he such a chameleon as to take immediately the colour of his company. When you see him again, you will find him re-animated. Most men have their bright and their cloudy days, at least they have days when they put their powers into act, and days when they suffer them to repose.

Fourteen thousand pounds make a sum sufficient for the establishment of a family, and which, in whatever flow of riches or confidence of prosperity, deserves to be very seriously considered. I hope a great part of it has paid debts, and no small part bought land. As for gravelling and walling and digging, though I am not much delighted with them, yet something, indeed much, must be allowed to every man's taste. He that is growing rich has a right to enjoy part of the growth his own way. I hope to range in the walk, and row upon the water, and devour fruit from the wall.

Dr. Taylor wants to be gardening. He means to buy a piece of ground in the neighbourhood, and surround it with a wall, and build a gardener's house upon it, and have fruit, and be happy. Much happiness it will not bring him;

him; but what can he do better? If I had money enough, what would I do? Perhaps, if you and master did not hold me, I might go to Cairo, and down the Red Sea to Bengal, and take a ramble in India. Would this be better than building and planting? It would surely give more variety to the eye, and more amplitude to the mind. Half fourteen thousand would send me out to see other forms of existence, and bring me back to describe them.

I answer this the day on which I had yours of the 9th, that is on the 11th. Let me know when it comes. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

MADAM,

Lichfield, August 2, 1775.

I DINED to-day at Stowhill, and am come away to write my letter. Never surely was I such a writer before. Do you keep my letters? I am not of your opinion that I shall not like to read them hereafter; for though there is in them not much history of mind, or any thing else, they will, I hope, always be in some degree the records of a pure and blameless friendship, and in some hours of languor and sadness may revive the memory of more cheerful times.

Why you should suppose yourself not desirous hereafter to read the history of your own mind, I do not see. Twelve years, on which you now look as on a vast expanse of life, will probably be passed over uniformly and smoothly, with very little perception of your progress, and with very few remarks upon the way. That accumulation of knowledge which you promise to yourself, by which the future is to look back upon the present, with the superiority of manhood to infancy, will perhaps never be attempted, or never will be made; and you will find, as millions have found before you, that forty-five has made little sensible addition to thirty-three.

As the body after a certain time gains no increase of height, and little of strength, there is likewise a period, though more variable by external causes, when the mind commonly attains its stationary point, and very little advances its powers of reflection, judgment, and ratiocination. The body may acquire new modes of motion, or new dexterities of mechanic operations, but its original strength

strength receives not improvement ; the mind may be stored with new languages, or new sciences, but its power of thinking remains nearly the same, and unless it attains new subjects of meditation, it commonly produces thoughts of the same force and the same extent, at very distant intervals of life, as the tree, unless a foreign fruit be ingrafted, gives year after year productions of the same form and the same flavour.

By intellectual force or strength of thought is meant the degree of power which the mind possesses of surveying the subject of meditation, with its circuits of concomitants, and its train of dependence.

Of this power, which all observe to be very different in different minds, part seems the gift of nature, and part the acquisition of experience. When the powers of nature have attained their intended energy, they can be no more advanced. The shrub can never become a tree. And it is not unreasonable to suppose, that they are before the middle of life in their full vigour.

Nothing then remains but practice and experience ; and perhaps why they do so little, may be worth enquiry.

But I have just now looked, and find it so late, that I will enquire against the next post night. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, August 5, 1775.

INSTEAD of forty reasons for my return, one is sufficient—that you wish for my company. I purpose to write no more till you see me. The ladies at Stowhill and Greenhill, are unanimously of opinion, that it will be best to take a post-chaise, and not to be troubled with the vexations of a common carriage. I will venture to suppose the ladies at Streatham to be of the same mind.

You will now expect to be told why you will not be so much wiser as you expect, when you have lived twelve years longer.

It is said, and said truly, that experience is the best teacher ; and it is supposed, that as life is lengthened experience is encreased. But a closer inspection of human life will discover that time often passes without any incident which can much enlarge knowledge or ratify judgment.

When

When we are young we learn much, because we are universally ignorant ; we observe every thing because every thing is new. But after some years the occurrences of daily life are exhausted ; one day passes like another, in the same scene of appearances, in the same course of transactions ; we have to do what we have often done, and what we do not try, because we do not wish to do much better ; we are told what we already know, and therefore what repetition cannot make us know with greater certainty.

He that has early learned much, perhaps seldom makes, with regard to life and manners, much addition to his knowledge ; not only because as more is known there is less to learn, but because a mind stored with images and principles turns inwards for its own entertainment, and is employed in settling those ideas which run into confusion, and in recollecting those which are stealing away ; practices by which wisdom may be kept but not gained. The merchant who was at first busy in acquiring money, ceases to grow richer, from the time when he makes it his business only to count it.

Those who have families or employments are engaged in business of little difficulty, but of great importance, requiring rather assiduity of practice than subtilty of speculation, occupying the attention with images too bulky for refinement, and too obvious for research. The right is already known, what remains is only to follow it. Daily business adds no more to wisdom, than daily lesson to the learning of the teacher. But of how few lives does not stated duty claim the greater part ?

Far the greater part of human minds never endeavour their own improvement. Opinions once received from instruction, or settled by whatever accident, are seldom recalled to examination ; having been once supposed to be right, they are never discovered to be erroneous, for no application is made of any thing that time may present, either to shake or to confirm them. From this acquiescence in preconceptions none are wholly free ; between fear of uncertainty, and dislike of labour, every one rests while he might yet go forward ; and they that were wise at thirty-three, are very little wiser at forty-five.

Of this speculation you are perhaps tired, and would rather hear of Sophy. I hope before this comes that her head will be easier, and your head less filled with fears and

and troubles, which you know are to be indulged only to prevent evil, not to encrease it.

Your uneasiness about Sophy is probably unnecessary, and at worst your other children are healthful, and your affairs prosperous. Unmingled good cannot be expected ; but as we may lawfully gather all the good within our reach, we may be allowed to lament after that which we lose. I hope your losses are at an end, and that as far as the condition of our present existence permits, your remaining life will be happy. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, March 25, 1776.

THIS letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me ; in a distress which can be so little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

Poor dear sweet little boy ! When I read the letter this day to Mrs. Aston, she said, " Such a death is the next " to translation." Yet however I may convince myself of this, the tears are in my eyes, and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon upon him for a future comfort as you and his father reckoned upon him.

He is gone, and we are going ! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains, but that with humble confidence we resign ourselves to Almighty Goodness, and fall down, without irreverent murmurs, before the Sovereign Distributer of good and evil, with hope that though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.

I have known you, Madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for submission to the Supreme Will ; nor can my consolation have any effect but that of shewing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done you must do for yourself. Remember first, that your child is happy ; and then, that he is safe, not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being ; have seen him happy during the little life that has been granted him ; and can have no

doubt but that his happiness is now permanent and immutable.

When you have obtained by prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accustomed duties and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone. I am, dearest, dearest Madam, your most affectionate humble servant.

L E T T E R XXXIV. To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAREST LADY,

Sept. 6, 1777-

IT is true that I have loitered, and what is worse, loitered with very little pleasure. The time has run away, as most time runs, without account, without use, and without memorial. But to say this of a few weeks, though not pleasing, might be borne, but what ought to be the regret of him who, in a few days, will have so nearly the same to say of sixty-eight years? But complaint is vain.

If you have nothing to say from the neighbourhood of the metropolis, what can occur to me in little cities and petty towns; in places which we have both seen, and of which no description is wanted? I have left part of the company with which you dined here, to come and write this letter; in which I have nothing to tell, but that my nights are very tedious. I cannot persuade myself to forbear trying something.

As you have now little to do, I suppose you are pretty diligent at the Thraliana, and a very curious collection posterity will find it. Do not remit the practice of writing down occurrences as they arise, of whatever kind, and be very punctual in annexing the dates. Chronology you know is the eye of history; and every man's life is of importance to himself. Do not omit painful casualties, or unpleasing passages, they make the variegation of existence; and there are many transactions, of which I will not promise with *Æneas, et hac olim meminisse juvabit*. Yet that remembrance which is not pleasant may be useful. There is however an intemperate attention to slight circumstances which is to be avoided, lest a great part of life be spent in

writing the history of the rest. Every day perhaps has something to be noted, but in a settled and uniform course few days can have much.

Why do I write all this, which I had no thought of when I began? The Thraliana drove it all into my head. It deserves however an hour's reflection, to consider how, with the least loss of time, the loss of what we wish to retain may be prevented.

Do not neglect to write to me, for when a post comes empty, I am really disappointed.

Boswell, I believe, will meet me here. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

L E T T E R XXXV. To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, October 3, 1777.

THIS is the last time that I shall write, in this excursion, from this place. To-morrow I shall be, I hope, at Birmingham; from which place I shall do my best to find the nearest way home. I come home, I think, worse than I went; and do not like the state of my health. But, *vive bodie*, make the most of life. I hope to get better, and — sweep the cobwebs. But I have sad nights. Mrs. Aston has sent me to Mr. Green to be cured.

Did you see Foote at Brighthelmstone?—Did you think he would so soon be gone?—Life, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. Murphy ought to write his life, at least to give the world a Footeana. Now, will any of his contemporaries bewail him? Will genius change *his sex* to weep? I would really have his life written with diligence.

It will be proper for me to work pretty diligently now for some time. I hope to get through, though so many weeks have passed. Little lives and little criticisms may serve.

Having been in the country so long, with very little to detain me, I am rather glad to look homewards. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

October 10, 1777.

AND so, supposing that I might come to town and neglect to give you notice, or thinking some other strange thought, but certainly thinking wrong, you fall to writing about me to Tom Davies, as if he could tell you any thing that I would not have you know. As soon as I came hither, I let you know of my arrival; and the consequence is, that I am summoned to Brighthelmstone through storms, and cold, and dirt, and all the hardships of wintry journies. You know my natural dread of all those evils; yet to shew my master an example of compliance, and to let you know how much I long to see you, and to boast how little I give way to disease, my purpose is to be with you on Friday.

I am sorry for poor Nezzy, and hope she will in time be better; I hope the same for myself. The rejuvenescency of Mr. Scrase gives us both reason to hope, and therefore both of us rejoice in his recovery. I wish him well besides as a friend to my master.

I am just come home from not seeing my Lord Mayor's shew, but I might have seen at least part of it. But I saw Miss Wesley and her brothers; she sends her compliments. Mrs. Williams is come home, I think a very little better.

Every body was an enemy to that wig.—We will burn it, and get drunk; for what is joy without drink. Wagers are laid in the city about our success, which is yet, as the French call it, problematical. Well, but seriously I think I shall be glad to see you in your own hair; but do not take too much time in combing, and twisting, and papering, and unpapering, and curling, and frizzing, and powdering, and getting out the powder, with all the other operations required in the cultivation of a head of hair; yet let it be combed at least once in three months, on the quarter-day—I could wish it might be combed once at least in six weeks; if I were to indulge my wishes, but what are wishes without hopes, I should fancy the operation performed—one knows not when one has enough—perhaps every morning. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

October 13, 1777.

YET I do love to hear from you. Such pretty kind letters as you send. But it gives me great delight to find that my master misses me. I begin to wish myself with you more than I should do, if I were wanted less. It is a good thing to stay away till one's company is desired, but not so good to stay after it is desired.

You know I have some work to do. I did not set to it very soon; and if I should go up to London with nothing done, what would be said, but that I was—who can tell what? I therefore stay till I can bring up something to stop their mouths, and then——

Though I am still at Ashbourne, I receive your dear letters that come to Lichfield, and you continue that direction, for I think to get thither as soon as I can.

One of the does died yesterday, and I am afraid her fawn will be starved; I wish Miss Thrale had it to nurse; but the doctor is now all for cattle, and minds very little either does or hens.

How did you and your aunt part? Did you turn her out of doors to begin your journey? or did she leave you by her usual shortness of visits? I love to know how you go on.

I cannot but think on your kindness and my master's. Life has, upon the whole, fallen short, very short, of my early expectation; but the acquisition of such a friendship, at an age when new friendships are seldom acquired, is something better than the general course of things gives man a right to expect. I think on it with great delight; I am not very apt to be delighted. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, October 27, 1777.

YOU talk of writing and writing, as if you had all the writing to yourself. If our correspondence were printed, I am sure posterity, for posterity is always the author's favourite,

yourite, would say that I am a good writer too.—*Anche'io sono pittore.* To sit down so often with nothing to say ; to say something so often, almost without consciousness of saying, and without any remembrance of having said, is a power of which I will not violate my modesty by boasting, but I do not believe that every body has it.

Some, when they write to their friends, are all affection ; some are wise and sententious ; some strain their powers for efforts of gaiety ; some write news, and some write secrets ; but to make a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gaiety, without news, and without a secret, is, doubtless, the great epistolical art.

In a man's letters, you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirror of his breast ; whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process ; nothing is inverted, nothing distorted ; you see systems in their elements ; you discover actions in their motives.

Of this great truth, founded by the knowing to the ignorant, and so echoed by the ignorant to the knowing, what evidence have you now before you ? Is not my soul laid open in these veracious pages ? Do not you see me reduced to my first principles ? This is the pleasure of corresponding with a friend, where doubt and distrust have no place, and every thing is said as it is thought. The original idea is laid down in its simple purity, and all the supervenient conceptions are spread over it, *stratum super stratum*, as they happen to be formed. These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves. I know, dearest Lady, that in the perusal of this, such is the consanguinity of our intellects, you will be touched as I am touched. I have indeed concealed nothing from you, nor do I expect ever to repent of having thus opened my heart. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX. To Mrs. THRALE.

DEAR MADAM,

Ashbourne, June 14, 1779.

YOUR account of Mr. Thrale's illness is very terrible ; but when I remember that he seems to have it peculiar to his constitution, that whatever distemper he has, he always
has

has his head affected, I am less frightened. The seizure was, I think, not apoplectical, but hysterical, and therefore not dangerous to life. I would have you however consult such physicians as you think you can best trust. Bromfield seems to have done well, and by his practice appears not to suspect an apoplexy. That is a solid and fundamental comfort. I remember Dr. Marfigli, an Italian physician, whose seizure was more violent than Mr. Thrall's, for he fell down helpless, but his case was not considered as of much danger, and he went safe home, and is now a professor at Padua. His fit was considered as only hysterical.

I hope Sir Philip, who franked your letter, comforts you as well as Mr. Seward. If I can comfort you, I will come to you, but I hope you are now no longer in want of any help to be happy. I am, &c.

The Doctor sends his compliments; he is one of the people that are growing old.

LETTER XL. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

Ashbourne, June 14, 1779.

HOW near we all are to extreme danger. We are merry or sad, or busy or idle, and forget that death is hovering over us. You are a dear Lady for writing again. The case, as you now describe it, is worse than I conceived it when I read your first letter. It is still however not apoplectic, but seems to have something worse than hysterical, a tendency to a palsy, which I hope however is now over. I am glad that you have Heberden, and hope we are all safer. I am the more alarmed by this violent seizure, as I can impute it to no wrong practices, or intemperance of any kind, and therefore know not how any defence or preservative can be obtained. Mr. Thrall has certainly less exercise than when he followed the foxes, but he is very far from unwieldiness or inactivity, and further still from any vicious or dangerous excess. I fancy, however, he will do well to ride more.

Do, dear Madam, let me know every post how he goes on. Such sudden violence is very dreadful; we know not by what it is let loose upon us, nor by what its effects are limited.

If

If my coming can either assist or divert, or be useful to any purpose, let me but know. I will soon be with you.

Mrs. Kennedy, Queeney's Baucis, ended last week a long life of disease and poverty. She had been married about fifty years.

Dr. Taylor is not much amiss, but always complaining. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLI. To Mr. THRALE.

DEAR SIR,

Lichfield, June 23, 1779.

TO shew you how well I think of your health, I have sent you a hundred pounds to keep for me. It will come within one day of quarter day, and that day you must give me. I came by it in a very uncommon manner, and would not confound it with the rest.

My wicked mistress talks as if she thought it possible for me to be indifferent or negligent about your health or hers. If I could have done any good, I had not delayed an hour to come to you, and I will come very soon to try if my advice can be of any use, or my company of any entertainment.

What can be done you must do for yourself; do not let any uneasy thought settle in your mind. Cheerfulness and exercise are your great remedies. Nothing is for the present worth your anxiety. *Vivite læti* is one of the great rules of health. I believe it will be good to ride often, but never to weariness, for weariness is itself a temporary resolution of the nerves, and is therefore to be avoided. Labour is exercise continued to fatigue—exercise is labour used only while it produces pleasure.

Above all, keep your mind quiet, do not think with earnestness even of your health, but think on such things as may please without too much agitation: among which I hope is, dear Sir, your, &c.

L E T T E R

LETTER XLII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

ON Sunday I dined with poor Lawrence, who is deader than ever. When he was told that Dr. Moisy visited Mr. Thrale, he enquired for what? and said there was nothing to be done, which Nature would not do for herself. On Sunday evening I was at Mrs. Vefey's, and there was enquiry about my master, but I told them all good. There was Dr. Barnard of Eaton, and we made a noise all the evening; and there was Pepys, and Wraxal till I drove him away. And I have no loss of my mistress, who laughs, and frisks, and frolicks it all the long day, and never thinks of poor Colin.

If Mr. Thrale will but continue to mend, we shall, I hope, come together again, and do as good things as ever we did; but perhaps you will be made too proud to heed me, and yet, as I have often told you, it will not be easy for you to find such another.

Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter; if Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to let her know, that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me, has been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gypsey it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Brangton. Pray speak to Queeney to write again.

I have had a cold and a cough, and taken opium, and think I am better. We have had very cold weather; bad riding weather for my master, but he will surmount it all. Did Mrs. Browne make any reply to your comparison of business with solitude, or did you quite down her? I am much pleased to think that Mrs. Cotton thinks me worth a frame, and a place upon her wall; her kindness was hardly within my hope, but time does wonderful things. All my fear is, that if I should come again, my print would be taken down. I fear I shall never hold it.

Who dines with you? Do you see Dr. Woodward or Dr. Harrington? Do you go to the house where they write for the myrtle? You are at all places of high resort, and bring home hearts by dozens; while I am seeking for some-

something to say about men of whom I know nothing but their verses, and sometimes very little of them. Now I have begun, however, I do not despair of making an end. Mr. Nicholls holds that Addison is the most *taking* of all that I have done. I doubt they will not be done before you come away.

Now you think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity; like Shakespeare's works, such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts? The pure voice of nature and of friendship. Now of whom shall I proceed to speak? Of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakespeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings. I wish her name had connected itself with friendship; but, ah Colin, thy hopes are in vain! One thing however is left me, I have still to complain; but I hope I shall not complain much while you have any kindness for me. I am, dearest and dearest Madam, your, &c.

London, April 11, 1780.

L E T T E R XLIII. *To Mrs. Thrale.*

DEAREST MADAM,

MR. Thrale never will live abstinently, till he can persuade himself to abstain by rule. I lived on potatoes on Friday, and on spinach to-day; but I have had, I am afraid, too many dinners of late. I took physic too both days, and hope to fast to-morrow. When he comes home, we will shame him, and Jebb shall scold him into regularity. I am glad, however, that he is always one of the company, and that my dear Queeney is again another. Encourage, as you can, the musical girl.

Nothing is more common than mutual dislike where mutual approbation is particularly expected. There is often on both sides a vigilance not over benevolent; and as attention is strongly excited, so that nothing drops unheeded, any difference in taste or opinion, and some difference where there is no restraint will commonly appear, it immediately generates dislike.

Never

Never let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket; a very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed. From the author of Fitzosborne's Letters I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute reduced him to whistle; having not seen him since, that is the last impression. Poor Moor the Fabulist was one of the company.

Mrs. Montague's long stay against her own inclination, is very convenient. You would, by your own confession, want a companion; and she is, *par pluribus*, conversing with her you may find *variety in one*.

At Mrs. Ord's I met one Mrs. B——, a travelled lady, of great spirit, and some consciousness of her own abilities. We had a contest of gallantry an hour long, so much to the diversion of the company, that at Ramsay's last night, in a crowded room, they would have pitted us again. There were Smelt, and the Bishop of St. Asaph, who comes to every place; and Lord Monboddo, and Sir Joshua, and ladies out of tale.

The exhibition, how will you do, either to see or not to see! The exhibition is eminently splendid. There is contour, and keeping, and grace, and expression, and all the varieties of artificial excellence. The apartments were truly very noble. The pictures, for the sake of a sky-light, are at the top of the house; there we dined, and I sat over against the Archbishop of York. See how I live when I am not under petticoat government. I am, &c.

London, May 1, 1780.

L E T T E R XLIV. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

London, June 9, 1780.

TO the question, Who was impressed with consternation? it may with great truth be answered, that every body was impressed, for nobody was sure of his safety.

On Friday the good Protestants met in St. George's Fields, at the summons of Lord George Gordon, and marching

marching to Westminster, insulted the Lords and Commons, who all bore it with great tameness. At night the outrages began by the demolition of the mass-house by Lincoln's Inn.

An exact journal of a week's defiance of government I cannot give you. On Monday Mr. Strahan, who had been insulted, spoke to Lord Mansfield, who had I think been insulted too, of the licentiousness of the populace; and his Lordship treated it as a very slight irregularity. On Tuesday night they pulled down Fielding's house, and burnt his goods in the street. They had gutted on Monday Sir George Savile's house, but the building was saved. On Tuesday evening, leaving Fielding's ruins, they went to Newgate to demand their companions who had been seized demolishing the chapel. The keeper could not release them but by the Mayor's permission, which he went to ask; at his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. They then went to Bloomsbury, and fastened upon Lord Mansfield's house, which they pulled down; and as for his goods, they totally burnt them. They have since gone to Cane-wood, but a guard was there before them: They plundered some Papists, I think, and burnt a mass-house in Moorfields the same night.

On Wednesday I walked with Dr. Scot to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's-bench, and the Marshalsea, and Woodstreet-counter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners.

At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's-bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened; Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terror you have been happy in not seeing.

The King said in council, that the magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own; and a proclamation was published, directing us to keep our servants within doors, as the peace was now to be preserved by
force.

force. The soldiers were sent out to different parts, and the town is now quiet.

What has happened at your house you will know, the harm is only a few butts of beer; and I think you may be sure that the danger is over. There is a body of soldiers at St. Margaret's Hill.

Of Mr. Tyfon I know nothing, nor can guess to what he can allude; but I know that a young fellow of little more than seventy, is naturally an unresisted conqueror of hearts.

Pray tell Mr. Thrale that I live here and have no fruit, and if he does not interpose, am not likely to have much; but I think he might as well give me a little, as give all to the gardener.

Pray make my compliments to Queeney and Burney. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLV. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

June 10, 1780.

YOU have ere now heard and read enough to convince you; that we have had something to suffer, and something to fear, and therefore I think it necessary to quiet the solicitude which you undoubtedly feel, by telling you that our calamities and terrors are now at an end. The soldiers are stationed so as to be every where within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are hunted to their holes, and led to prison; the streets are safe and quiet; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day with a party of soldiers in my neighbourhood, to seize the publisher of a seditious paper. Every body walks, and eats, and sleeps in security. But the history of the last week would fill you with amazement, it is without any modern example.

Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered, but the high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Govern-

Government now acts again with its proper force ; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security ; and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

L E T T E R XLVI. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAREST MADAM,

London, April 5, 1781.

OF your injunctions, to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved ; and I hope to find you willing in a short time to alleviate your trouble by some other exercise of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him who knows when to give and when to take away ; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness, as a mother ; and at last the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reason yourself into tranquillity. We must first pray, and then labour ; first implore the blessing of God, and those means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds ; a mind occupied by lawful business, has little room for useless regret.

We read the will to-day ; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied ; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commended it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expences, and two thousand pounds a-year, with both the houses, and all the goods ?

I et

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall be granted us, may be well spent ; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin which shall never end. I am, dearest Madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R XLVII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

April 7, 1781.

I HOPE you begin to find your mind grow clearer. My part of the loss hangs upon me. I have lost a friend of boundless kindness at an age when it is very unlikely that I should find another.

If you think change of place likely to relieve you, there is no reason why you should not go to Bath ; the distances are unequal, but with regard to practice and business they are the same. It is a day's journey from either place ; and the post is more expeditious and certain to Bath. Consult only your own inclination, for there is really no other principle of choice. God direct and bless you.

Mr. C—— has offered Mr. P—— money, but it was not wanted. I hope we shall all do all we can to make you less unhappy, and you must do all you can for yourself. What we, or what you can do, will for a time be but little ; yet certainly that calamity which may be considered as doomed to fall inevitably on half mankind, is not finally without alleviation.

It is something for me, that as I have not the decrepitude I have not the callousness of old age. I hope in time to be less afflicted. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLVIII. *To the Same.*

DEAREST MADAM,

London, April 9, 1781.

THAT you are gradually recovering your tranquillity, is the effect to be humbly expected from trust in God. Do not represent life as darker than it is. Your loss has been very great, but you retain more than almost any other can hope to possess. You are high in the opinion of mankind ;
you

you have children from whom much pleasure may be expected; and that you will find many friends, you have no reason to doubt. Of my friendship, be it worth more or less, I hope you think yourself certain without much art or care. It will not be easy for me to repay the benefits that I have received; but I hope to be always ready at your call. Our sorrow has different effects; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have lost. I never had such a friend before. Let me have your prayers and those of my dear Queeney.

The prudence and resolution of your design to return so soon to your business and your duty deserves great praise; I shall communicate it on Wednesday to the other executors. Be pleased to let me know whether you would have me come to Streatham to receive you, or stay here till the next day. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLIX. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

Bolt-court, Fleet-street,
June 19, 1783.

I AM sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will perhaps pass over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know, and I do not blame myself, who have for a great part of human life done you what good I could, and have never done you evil.

I had been disordered in the usual way, and had been relieved by the usual methods, by opium and cathartics, but had rather lessened my dose of opium.

On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my
body

body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech he left me my hand, I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty; my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden, and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly, and very disinterested, and give me great hopes, but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

How this will be received by you I know not. I hope you will sympathise with me; but perhaps

My mistress gracious, mild, and good,
Cries! Is he dumb? 'Tis time he shou'd.

But can this be possible? I hope it cannot. I hope that what, when I could speak, I spoke of you, and to you,
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will be in a sober and serious hour remembered by you ; and surely it cannot be remembered but with some degree of kindness. I have loved you with virtuous affection ; I have honoured you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearments be forgotten, but let me have in this great distress your pity and your prayers. You see I yet turn to you with my complaints, as a settled and unalienable friend ; do not, do not drive me from you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred.

To the girls, who do not write often, for Susy has written only once, and Miss Thrale owes me a letter, I earnestly recommend, as their guardian and friend, that they remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced, (it sticks to our last sand,) and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have two on now of my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence, but I am satisfied that what can be done is done for me.

O God ! give me comfort and confidence in thee : forgive my sins ; and, if it be thy good pleasure, relieve my diseases for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written, let it go. I am, &c.

L E T T E R L. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

DEAR MADAM,

AMONG those that have enquired after me, Sir Philip is one ; and Dr. Burney was one of those who came to see me. I have had no reason to complain of indifference or neglect. Dick Burney is come home five inches taller.

Yesterday in the evening I went to church, and have been to-day to see the great burning glass, which does more than was ever done before by the transmission of the
rays,

rays, but is not equal in power to those which reflect them. It wastes a diamond placed in the focus, but causes no diminution of pure gold. Of the rubies exposed to its action, one was made more vivid, the other paler. To see the glass, I climbed up stairs to the garret, and then up a ladder to the leads, and talked to the artist rather too long; for my voice, though clear and distinct for a little while, soon tires and falters. The organs of speech are yet very feeble, but will I hope be by the mercy of God finally restored: at present, like any other weak limb, they can endure but little labour at once. Would you not have been very sorry for me when I could scarcely speak?

Fresh cantharides were this morning applied to my head, and are to be continued some time longer. If they play me no treacherous tricks, they give me very little pain.

Let me have your kindness and your prayers; and think on me, as on a man who, for a very great portion of your life, has done you all the good he could, and desires still to be considered, Madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R LI. *To the Same.*

DEAREST MADAM,

London, July 1, 1783.

THIS morning I took the air by a ride to Hampstead, and this afternoon I dined with the club. But fresh cantharides were this day applied to my head.

Mr. Cator called on me to-day, and told that he had invited you back to Streatham. I shewed the unfitness of your return thither, till the neighbourhood should have lost its habits of depredation, and he seemed to be satisfied. He invited me very kindly and cordially to try the air of Beckenham, and pleased me very much by his affectionate attention to Miss Vezy. There is much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge.

Queeney seems now to have forgotten me. Of the different appearance of the hills and vallies an account may perhaps be given, without the supposition of any prodigy. If she had been out and the evening was breezy,

the exhalations would rise from the low grounds very copiously; and the wind that swept and cleared the hills, would only by its cold condense the vapours of the sheltered vallies.

Murphy is just gone from me; he visits me very kindly, and I have no unkindness to complain of.

I am sorry that Sir Philip's request was not treated with more respect, nor can I imagine what has put them so much out of humour: I hope their business is prosperous.

I hope that I recover by degrees, but my nights are restless; and you will suppose the nervous system to be somewhat enfeebled. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LII. *To Mrs. THRALE.*

London, October 9, 1783.

TWO nights ago Mr. Burke sat with me a long time; he seems much pleased with his journey. We had both seen Stonehenge this summer for the first time. I told him that the view had enabled me to confute two opinions which have been advanced about it. One, that the materials are not natural stones, but an artificial composition hardened by time. This notion is as old as Camden's time; and has this strong argument to support it, that stone of that species is no where to be found. The other opinion, advanced by Dr. Charlton, is, that it was erected by the Danes.

Mr. Bowles made me observe, that the transverse stones were fixed on the perpendicular supporters by a knob formed on the top of the upright stone, which entered into a hollow cut in the crossing stone. This is a proof that the enormous edifice was raised by a people who had not yet the knowledge of mortar; which cannot be supposed of the Danes, who came hither in ships, and were not ignorant certainly of the arts of life. This proves likewise the stones not to be factitious; for they that could mould such durable masses could do much more than make mortar, and could have continued the transverse from the upright part with the same paste.

You have doubtless seen Stonehenge, and if you have not, I should think it a hard task to make an adequate description.

It is, in my opinion, to be referred to the earliest habitation of the island, as a druidical monument of at least two thousand years; probably the most ancient work of man upon the island. Salisbury cathedral and its neighbour Stonehenge, are two eminent monuments of art and rudeness, and may shew the first essay, and the last perfection, in architecture.

I have not yet settled my thoughts about the generation of light air, which I indeed once saw produced, but I was at the height of my great complaint. I have made enquiry, and shall soon be able to tell you how to fill a balloon. I am, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER LIII. *To the Same.*

DEAR MADAM,

London, Dec. 27, 1783.

THE wearisome solitude of the long evenings did indeed suggest to me the convenience of a club in my neighbourhood, but I have been hindered from attending it by want of breath. If I can complete the scheme, you shall have the names and the regulations.

The time of the year, for I hope the fault is rather in the weather than in me, has been very hard upon me. The muscles of my breast are much convulsed. Dr. Heberden recommends opiates, of which I have such horror that I do not think of them but *in extremis*. I was however driven to them last night for refuge, and having taken the usual quantity, durst not go to bed, for fear of that uneasiness to which a supine posture exposes me, but rested all night in a chair with much relief, and have been to-day more warm, active, and cheerful.

You have more than once wondered at my complaint of solitude, when you hear that I am crowned with visits. *Inopem me copia fecit*. Visitors are no proper companions in the chamber of sickness. They come when I could sleep or read, they stay till I am weary, they force me

to

to attend when my mind calls for relaxation, and to speak when my powers will hardly actuate my tongue. The amusements and consolations of languor and depression are conferred by familiar and domestic companions, which can be visited or called at will, and can occasionally be quitted or dismissed, who do not obstruct accommodation by ceremony, or destroy indolence by awakening effort.

Such society I had with Levet and Williams; such I had where—I am never likely to have it more.

I wish, dear Lady, to you and my dear girls many a cheerful and pious Christmas. I am, your, &c.

L E T T E R LIV. *To Mrs. Piozzi.*

DEAR MADAM,

London, July 8, 1784.

WHAT you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England: you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security: your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy.

I am afraid however that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated

rated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection pressed her to return. The Queen went forward.—If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther.—The tears stand in my eyes.

I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,
your, &c.

P R A Y E R S

COMPOSED BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

On my Birth-Day.

September $\frac{7}{14}$, 1738.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Father of all mercies, I thine unworthy servant do give Thee most humble thanks, for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to me. I bless thee for my creation, preservation, and redemption, for the knowledge of thy son Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and the hope of glory. In the days of childhood and youth, in the midst of weakness, blindness, and danger, Thou hast protected me; amidst afflictions of mind, body, and estate, Thou hast supported me; and amidst vanity and wickedness Thou hast spared me. Grant, O merciful Father, that I may have a lively sense of thy mercies. Create in me a contrite heart, that I may worthily lament my sins and acknowledge my wickedness, and obtain remission and forgiveness, through the satisfaction of Jesus Christ. And, O Lord, enable me, by thy grace, to redeem the time I have spent in sloth, vanity, and wickedness; to make use of thy gifts to the honour of thy name; to lead a new life in thy faith, fear and love; and finally, to obtain everlasting life. Grant this, Almighty Lord, for the merits and through the mediation of our most holy and blessed

bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghoſt, Three Perſons and One God, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

Transcribed June 26, 1768.

This is the firſt ſolemn prayer, of which I have a copy.
Whether I compoſed any before this I queſtion.

Prayer on the Rambler.

ALMIGHTY God, the giver of all good things, without whoſe help all labour is ineffectual, and without whoſe grace all wiſdom is folly; grant, I beſeech Thee, that in this my undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be with-held from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the ſalvation both of myſelf and others; grant this, O Lord, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

Compoſed by me on the Death of my Wife, and repoſited among her Memorials, May 8, 1752.

DEUS EXAUDI.—HEU!

April 24, 1752.

ALMIGHTY and moſt merciful Father, who loveſt thoſe whom Thou puniſheſt, and turneſt away thy anger from the penitent, look down with pity upon my ſorrows, and grant that the affliction which it has pleaſed Thee to bring upon me, may awaken my conſcience, enforce my reſolutions of a better life, and impreſs upon me ſuch conviction of thy power and goodneſs, that I may place in Thee my only felicity, and endeavour to pleaſe Thee in all my thoughts, words, and actions. Grant, O Lord, that I may not languish in fruitleſs and unavailing ſorrow, but that I may conſider from whoſe hand all good and evil is received, and may remember that I am puniſhed for my ſins,

sins, and hope for comfort only by repentance. Grant, O merciful God, that by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit I may repent, and be comforted, obtain that peace which the world cannot give, pass the residue of my life in humble resignation and cheerful obedience; and when it shall please thee to call me from this mortal state, resign myself into thy hands with faith and confidence, and finally obtain mercy and everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

May 6, 1752.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, without whom all purposes are frustrate, all efforts are vain, grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that I may not sorrow as one without hope, but may now return to the duties of my present state with humble confidence in thy protection, and so govern my thoughts and actions, that neither business may withdraw my mind from Thee, nor idleness lay me open to vain imaginations; that neither praise may fill me with pride, nor censure with discontent; but that in the changes of this life, I may fix my heart upon the reward which Thou hast promised to them that serve Thee, and that whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever are pure, whatever are lovely, whatever are of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise, I may think upon and do, and obtain mercy and everlasting happiness. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Fl. Lacr.

March 28, in the morning, 1754.

O GOD, who on this day wert pleased to take from me my dear wife, sanctify to me my sorrows and reflections. Grant that I may renew and practise the resolutions which I made when thy afflicting hand was upon me. Let the remembrance of thy judgments, by which my wife is taken away, awaken me to repentance; and the sense of thy mercy, by which I am spared, strengthen my hope and confidence in Thee, that by the assistance and comfort of thy Holy Spirit, I may so pass through things temporal,

as finally to gain everlasting happiness, and to pass, by a holy and happy death, into the joy which Thou hast prepared for those that love Thee. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Jan. 23, 1759.

(The day on which my dear Mother was buried.)

ALMIGHTY God, merciful Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now feel. Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother; and whatever I have omitted to do kindly. Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and to reform my life according to thy holy word, that I may lose no more opportunities of good. I am sorrowful, O Lord; let not my sorrow be without fruit. Let it be followed by holy resolutions, and lasting amendment, that when I shall die like my mother, I may be received to everlasting life.

I commend, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful, into thy hands, the soul of my departed mother, beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is most beneficial to her in her present state.

O Lord, grant me thy Holy Spirit, and have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

And, O Lord, grant unto me that am now about to return to the common comforts and business of the world, such moderation in all enjoyments, such diligence in honest labour, and such purity of mind, that, amidst the changes, miseries, or pleasures of life, I may keep my mind fixed upon Thee, and improve every day in grace, till I shall be received into thy kingdom of eternal happiness.

March 25, 1759.

ALMIGHTY God, heavenly Father, who hast graciously prolonged my life to this time, and by the change of outward things which I am now to make, callest me to a change of inward affections, and to a reformation of my thoughts, words, and practices; vouchsafe, merciful Lord, that this call may not be in vain. Forgive me
what-

whatever has been amiss in the state which I am now leaving, idleness, and neglect of thy word and worship. Grant me the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that the course which I am now beginning may proceed according to thy laws, and end in the enjoyment of thy favour. Give me, O Lord, pardon and peace, that I may serve thee with humble confidence, and after this life enjoy thy presence in eternal happiness.

And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful for me, I commend to thy Fatherly goodness, my father, my brother, my wife, my mother. I beseech thee to look mercifully upon them, and grant them whatever may most promote their present and eternal joy.

O Lord, hear my prayers for Jesus Christ's sake, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, Three Persons and One God, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

O Lord, let the change, which I am now making in outward things, produce in me such a change of manners, as may fit me for the great change through which my wife has passed.

Jan. 1, primâ mane, 1770.

ALMIGHTY God, by whose mercy I am permitted to behold the beginning of another year, succour with thy help, and bless with thy favour, the creature whom Thou vouchsafest to preserve. Mitigate, if it shall seem best unto Thee, the diseases of my body, and compose the disorders of my mind. Dispel my terrors; and grant, that the time which Thou shalt yet allow me, may not pass unprofitably away. Let not pleasure seduce me, idleness lull me, or misery depress me. Let me perform to thy glory, and the good of my fellow-creatures, the work which Thou shalt yet appoint me; and grant, that as I draw nearer to my dissolution, I may, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, feel my knowledge of Thee increased, my hope exalted, and my faith strengthened; that when the hour which is coming shall come, I may pass by a holy death to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

January 1, 2 P. M. 1777.

ALMIGHTY Lord, merciful Father, vouchsafe to accept the thanks which I now presume to offer Thee, for the prolongation of my life. Grant, O Lord, that as my days are multiplied, my good resolutions may be strengthened, my power of resisting temptations encreased, and my struggles with snares and obstructions invigorated. Relieve the infirmities both of my mind and body. Grant me such strength as my duties may require, and such diligence as may improve those opportunities of good that shall be offered me. Deliver me from the intrusion of evil thoughts. Grant me true repentance of my past life; and as I draw nearer and nearer to the grave, strengthen my faith, enliven my hope, extend my charity, and purify my desires; and so help me, by thy Holy Spirit, that when it shall be thy pleasure to call me hence, I may be received to everlasting happiness, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father—

Sept. 18, 1779.

ALMIGHTY God, Creator of all things, in whose hands are life and death, glory be to Thee for all thy mercies, and for the prolongation of my life to the common age of man. Pardon me, O gracious God, all the offences which in the course of seventy years I have committed against thy holy laws, and all negligences of those duties which Thou hast required. Look with pity upon me, take not from me thy Holy Spirit, but enable me to pass the days which Thou shalt yet vouchsafe to grant me, in thy fear, and to thy glory; and accept, O Lord, the remains of a mispent life, that when thou shalt call me to another state, I may be received to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

June 22, 1781.

ALMIGHTY God, who art the giver of all good, enable me to remember with due thankfulness, the comforts and advantages which I have enjoyed by the friendship of Henry Thrall, for whom, so far as is lawful, I humbly implore thy mercy in his present state. O Lord, since thou hast been pleased to call him from this world, look with mercy on those whom he has left; continue to succour me by such means as are best for me, and repay to his relations the kindness which I have received from him; protect them in this world from temptations and calamities, and grant them happiness in the world to come, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

On leaving Mr. Thrall's Family.

October 6, 1782.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercy, help me, by thy grace, that I may with humble and sincere thankfulness remember the comforts and conveniencies which I enjoyed at this place, and that I may resign them with holy submission, equally trusting in thy protection when Thou givest and when Thou takest away. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me.

To thy fatherly protection, O Lord, I commend this family. Bless, guide, and defend them, that they may so pass through this world, as finally to enjoy in thy presence everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[The following Prayer was composed and used by Doctor Johnson previous to his receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, on Sunday, December 5, 1784.]

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the * last time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ our

* He died the 13th following.

Saviour

Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

F I N I S.

